

MARCH
1961

15¢

The Canadian Home Journal

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



What you hate about housekeeping

"I'm glad I kept my illegitimate child"

"Women's clubs should be abolished!"

Why I left Canada by Mordecai Richler



New Spring Fashions in *Racing Colors* — page 46

Does she... or doesn't she?*



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

Wonderful how she finds time for all the little things that add up to a feeling of well-being for her family—and for herself, too! For instance, she likes knowing that she looks younger than she is. Doesn't every woman? So she keeps her hair sparkling with fresh, young color! With Miss Clairol, it takes only minutes, looks natural, and keeps her hair in beautiful condition—soft as silk to the touch!

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EDITORIAL

To unsung heroines

FEW CREATURES on this earth can rise to perform the impossible in the face of a crisis to the extent that a woman can. We are always reading in our papers about mothers who battled fire and smoke to rescue their children from burning buildings. Every day in our social agencies stories unfold of the superhuman sacrifices made by women under terrible burdens of fatigue and lack of money. Time and time again in history, dazzling success has blossomed out of black despair, simply because somebody's wife or mother, against all reason and common sense, refused to give up hope.

But before we all pause for a few modest moments of awed silence for our own impressive sex, I would like to mention (while the medals are being handed around) another breed of heroine, of which I sadly confess I am not an example. These are the women who remain serene and smiling in the face, not of the big crisis calling for superwoman heroics, but before the maddening little irritations that plague all our everyday lives.

At the drop of a hem

The kind of situation I mean is the moment when you are just about to rise to give the thank-you speech at the Home-and-School meeting and you realize that your hem has fallen just as decisively and obviously as the curtain at the Metropolitan Opera. Or the time when you are at the door balancing four bags of groceries in one arm and on one knee (your nose usually needs blowing, too) and suddenly the lock acts as though it had never seen the key before in its life. Or the time when the heel of your good little pair of comfortable walking shoes simply drops off in the middle of a frantic shopping blitz. Or the time when your good old tried-and-never-failed recipe comes out of the oven soggy and spiritless on the very night your mother-in-law is arriving for dinner for the first time. Then, of course, there are the countless occasions when those dear unpredictable cherubs, your children, who can bring tears to your eyes, very occasionally, because you can scarcely believe your good fortune in being the mother of such incomparable darlings, suddenly become whining demons who jump on chesterfields and paw precious bric-a-brac when they go visiting.

And I haven't even begun to mention streetcars that nonchalantly shunt off just as you pound gasping up to the corner, traffic lights that maliciously wait for your arrival to turn red, vanishing gloves and mittens, elastics that snap, buttons that fall off, garters that give, stockings that run and hair that suddenly develops a will and direction of its own.

Heroines are rare and fairly public, and they deserve all the acclaim they get. But the woman who also gets my stunned admiration is the one who can hold her tongue and temper and smile when confronted with a balky zipper, a stubborn jar top or a fallen cake.

Doris McCubbin Anderson

EDITOR



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, MARCH 1961

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ONLY one margarine gives you the grown-in goodness of 100% corn oil



FLEISCHMANN'S 100% CORN OIL MARGARINE

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Only Fleischmann's margarine is made from fine, pure corn oil—the most desirable of all vegetable oils. It gives you and your family the grown-in goodness of golden corn. And it's low in saturated fats—ideal for modern diets.

Sweet, natural flavor. Fleischmann's has a flavor like the expensive spread. So delicious—you'll be surprised to learn it's margarine. And it always spreads smoothly, even just out of the refrigerator.

*the Surprise
is when
you learn it's
Margarine*



WHAT'S NEW WITH US

Where's Charlie? Author Lynch (left) incognito in a PTA skit.



The man who would abolish women's clubs

The solid citizeness (above left) is not really hiding behind a woman's skirts although he might after you read his article "Women's Clubs Should be Abolished" (page 35). Charles Lynch of Ottawa, Chief of Southam News Services, has strong opinions on many subjects, but claims clubwomen is a favorite. His wife, who isn't a clubwoman at all, in fact, doesn't share his critical views on the subject. His five children, he says, are simply embarrassed by his views on women (and on just about everything else). His hobbies are harmonica playing and fishing.

A new look for Your World

One of our firmest convictions (in fact, some people think we're a bore on the subject) is that alert, moving-ahead women of today want a much more varied intellectual fare in women's magazines than they did twenty, or even ten, years ago. Convincing as we are of this, we started the column **It's Your World** two years ago. Last month the column was given a new editor and a new look.

From now on, we are going to run a short, clear summing-up page



of background information about tangled world situations. This is the kind of information you need to have to be able to read the daily newspaper with interest and intelligence, yet it is the kind of informa-

tion that is very difficult to find in any one place.

The column's name has been changed to **Your World Notebook** for a very good reason, because we hope you will cut the page out and keep it in a scrapbook.

The editor of the page is Christina McCall Newman, a CHATELAINE staff writer, who lives in Ottawa. Here she is seen chatting with Amita Malik, an Indian journalist who is visiting Canada on a ten-months cross-country tour sponsored by the Canadian Women's Press Club. Christina is an honors graduate from the University of Toronto, and has an impressive list of by-line credits. She and we welcome comments on Your World Notebook.

She hates housekeeping

Anna Davies, unlike the two hundred and fifty homemakers in our survey, **The Canadian Homemaker — what you think of your job** (page 54), says she hates housekeeping (page 56). But nevertheless she describes herself as a typical suburban housewife. She is the mother of four children and holds executive jobs in four community organizations. Born in Berlin, Germany, she was educated in England, studied art there, and married an artist. She

and her husband and baby son came to Canada in 1952. Her hobby used to be writing letters to editors, legislators, and the like. But now she says she writes for pleasure and money. She is currently working on a book. Next to writing, her favorite hobby is talking. Her pet hate, of course, is housekeeping.

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WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU

BY JESSIE LONDON

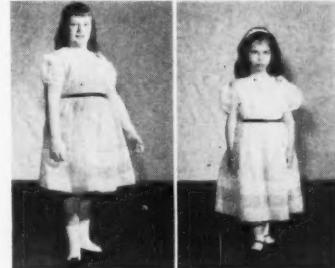
A female hockey fan, **Runciman**, Sask., born **Margaret Scott**, has turned into one of Canada's most-read hockey authorities. Her by-line appears in many issues of the **Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens' Sport Magazine**, which is sold at Gardens' games, and turns up from time to time in other hockey publications. Hearing hockey broadcasts led Margaret to make hockey scrapbooks. When she was nineteen she contributed hockey crossword puzzles to **Hockey News**, and when material was scanty for one issue in 1949, she produced her first story. Petite Margaret writes as knowledgeably about the wives and families of **National Hockey League** stars as she does about their shooting and scoring. Next in her literary plans: a book about NHL players, based on the homey biographies she has compiled during the last ten years, and supplemented by infor-



Writer Margaret Scott with Armstrong, Mahovlich, Kelly, Harris and Duff. Information from her fifty-four hockey scrapbooks. Margaret, married since May 1957, to **Murray Earle**, a chemist, of New Toronto, Ont., never dated hockey players. "I've always looked at them analytically," she says. "I am interested only in their hockey playing."

They're doing something about: the size of children's clothing
You'll soon be able to find a few items of children's clothing with the new **Canada Standard Size** label, and marked by body size instead of a shifty age figure. First on the market will be such things as pyjamas, underwear and T shirts. Production

of Canada Standard Size clothing is the outcome of a dogged eight-year research program sparked by the **Canadian Association of Consumers** and carried out by the government-



Girls, eight, in same size-eight dress.

sponsored **Committee of Standardization of Garment Sizes** (on which **Mrs. T. B. Earle**, of Ottawa, sits for CAC). They began with a U.S. department of Agriculture survey tested for validity in Canada.

To round out the U.S. findings, which did not include tiny children, the **Toronto** branch, CAC, headed by **Mrs. K. B. Heisey**, measured five hundred and twelve toddlers. Now a combination of numbers and letters will be assurance of a fit according to the child's measurements.

Manufacturers of clothing are being licensed by the **Department of Trade and Commerce** to use the CSS label on garments that conform to Canada Standard Size. Retail stores are being supplied with charts on which customers can instantly determine the proper size to buy to fit any child.

Some manufacturers have been reluctant to prepare for the change, says **I. M. Staples**, Ontario Research Foundation chemist, who chaired the committee. Retailers, weary of customer complaints on helter-skelter sizing, are enthusiastic.

Now it's up to Canadian women to demand the Canada Standard Size label so they will no longer buy

What's New Continued on page 4



Label to look for.

FATIGUE— A FRIEND IN DISGUISE



Nobody welcomes fatigue. Yet, it can be a friend in disguise. Without a sense of fatigue, we would often push ourselves beyond the limits of our endurance—and the diagnosis of certain diseases, of which fatigue is an early symptom, might be long delayed.

There are many kinds and many causes of fatigue. For example, there's simple physical fatigue which you feel after a strenuous "work-out." Actually, it's a beneficial type of fatigue—usually easy to cope with. You rest or get a good night's sleep—and it vanishes.

Fatigue may also be caused by low blood sugar—especially among people in the habit of eating little or no breakfast. Any healthy person who "tires out" before noon should have a breakfast high in protein foods—especially meat, eggs and milk. Thus a steady supply of "fuel" is available to sustain your energy.

In contrast, there's the persistent and exhausting form of fatigue that's entirely unrelated to physical effort

or diet. This is nervous or emotional fatigue. Brought on by anxiety, tension or boredom, it is a steady and stubborn drain on your energy.

If you are persistently tired, take a look at your way of life. How much exercise do you get? Physical activity is often the one thing most needed to overcome emotional fatigue. Whenever possible, a change of pace or a brief respite from routine may also help.

When fatigue persists, you should consult your physician. A check-up will reveal whether there's any disease to account for your tiredness. Or a frank talk about your worries may help untangle the emotional knots that make you "tired all the time."

Remember: for the most common forms of fatigue, "tonics" are seldom, if ever, of value. If fatigue doesn't disappear after sleep or rest, avoid self-medication. Fatigue, like any symptom of physical or mental distress, should be investigated by your physician.

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INGERSOLL

Cheese Adventure-of-the-Month



QUICK WELSH RAREBIT

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup (1 half-pound jar)
Ingersoll Cheese Spread or new
Ingersoll Picnic Cheese
Spread

Measure cheese spread and evaporated milk or light cream into top of double boiler. Heat over boiling water, stirring constantly, until smooth. Beat egg slightly; stir in part of hot cheese sauce, then return it to remaining sauce in double boiler. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Serve at once over hot buttered toast. Serves 4.

Try both Ingersoll real cheese taste treats! Each one is specially blended to bring out the true, natural taste of delicious aged Canadian Cheddar.



Cheddar blended with imported cheese for a tangy new taste! Look for the tiny flavor flecks.

Made with fine Canadian cheddar, aged just right for smooth, real cheese flavor. Wonderful in snacks, sandwiches, hot dishes.

INGERSOLL

REAL CHEESE TASTE TREATS

WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU

Continued

a size-ten garment that's too skimpy for a six-year-old.

Since **British Columbia** chose the dogwood blossom as its official floral emblem in 1956, a B.C. woman, **Marjorie Carveth Speer**, of dogwood-treed **Quamichan Lake**, near Duncan on Vancouver Island, has found herself skyrocketed to fame and fortune. The reason: two years earlier, in 1954, novice potter Mrs. Speer decided to use the dogwood



Mrs. Speer: first with B.C. dogwood.

as the symbol of her own creative pottery designs. She had sold a few dogwood plaques for which she had perfected a technique to reproduce the delicate coloring of the blossoms. When the dogwood became a much-wanted design for souvenirs, Mrs. Speer added plates, lamps, tea ware and jewelry to her line. She now sells her work to gift shops as fast as it can be produced in her home studio.

In the nine years since **Toronto Hadassah's Aviva Chapter** introduced its annual art auction, a total of one hundred and seventy-five young artists have been boosted toward public recognition through the event. This year's auction to be held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Royal York Hotel, March 25 following a two-week preview at Simpson's, will add another dozen hopeful artists to the list. To enter pictures for exhibit and prizes totaling six hundred dollars, the artists must have held at least one exhibition of their work. The artists receive sixty percent of picture-sale price; forty percent is used by Aviva to send Canadian supplies for **Youth Aliyah** child-rescue work in **Israel**. Now-successful women artists among Aviva's protégés are **Libby Altweber**, **Mary Schneider**, **Betty Machizuki** and **Betty Jean Drummond**. **Montreal Hadassah's Her-**

man Abramowitz Chapter

, which adopted Aviva's auction-pattern for money-raising, is now getting ready for its fifth annual November Art Auction.

24 for working her way to the top

Real-estate selling, one of the fastest-developing careers for women, has produced its first married woman **Fellow of the Canadian Real Estate Institute**. She is **Calgarian Evelyn M. Hinds**, owner-manager of an all-woman real-estate firm. Mrs. Hinds' interest in real estate began in Winnipeg, where she held a "man's job" — Rentals Investigational Officer — during the Second World War, and was known as E. M. Hinds to her Ottawa chief, who assumed the initials were a man's. When her daughter, Lindy Lou, now eleven, started kindergarten Mrs. Hinds began selling real estate. Last year she tied for top marks in a three-year University of Toronto extension course in real estate. Now she is doing field reports to qualify as an accredited appraiser of real estate. As the only Canadian charter member of the new U.S. Inter-City Real Estate Referral System she's enlisting other Canadian realtors in a reciprocal plan to help home owners trade old houses for new when they're transferred. Late last year she organized — and is president of — the only real-estate Women's Council in western Canada. Mrs. Hinds' other talents include music and skating. In 1952 she founded Calgary's **Toastmistress Club**.



Evelyn Hinds.

Quote of the month

Controller Ada Pritchard, of **Hamilton**, chairing a Business and Professional Women's Club housing survey: "We seem to have been concerned about subsidized housing for everyone who needs it — except for single women. Too many of them eke out a miserable existence in shabby rooms all over Canada."

What's New *Continued on page 6*



Busy hands stay beautiful with Jergens Lotion

Smooth on creamy Jergens Lotion after every job! Only Jergens gives you all this care: Stops detergent hands! You can actually feel dryness soothed into softness, as Jergens helps replace the natural oils and moisture that water and harsh detergents drain away. Protects! Absorbs in seconds . . . penetrates deep into the skin to combat red roughness. Beautifies! No other lotion is as lovely to use as Jergens. Rich beauty oils leave your hands lightly scented, soft, alluring.

Jergens beautifies your hands as nothing else can



Always safe... never sorry... with *Kleinert's* Stay-Rite Shields



Stay-Rite Shields hook on like your bra . . . stay comfortably in place without sewing or pinning. Just one set protects your entire wardrobe. There's a Kleinert Shield style for every type of sleeve, every type of dress! All attach quickly, easily, wash in a jiffy. Priced from 49¢. And remember, Kleinert guarantees to refund the purchase price and assume responsibility for any resulting damage to clothes! Available at better department and specialty stores everywhere.

Ask for

Kleinert's

Scarborough, Ontario



WHAT'S NEW IN THE SHOPS

A boost for baths

To help ease yourself safely into or out of the bathtub, Kleinert's have developed the **Savafall** tub grip to mold firmly into place on any-width tub edge. It's plastic over a flexible core, comes in black, white, green, blue, pink or yellow, to match your



bath décor. You can buy Savafall at drug and department stores across Canada, about \$2.50.

Say when

Here's one of those why - didn't-someone-ever-do-it-before? items — a **twist-in pouring spout** for cans of liquid. The stainless steel piercing point opens the can top, then is turned in a spiral until the plastic spout seals it against leaks. Juices poured through the spout don't drip or spatter, and the spout has its own cap to protect can contents. The pouring spout is 50 cents at hardware and houseware shops.



A spectacle for yourself

Now a small, gold, pressure-sensitive sticker can save you the loss of costly eyeglasses. Your name, ad-



dress and phone number are ink-inscribed on self-adhering **I-Dens stickers** that attach inconspicuously to the inside frame of your glasses. Then, if your eyeglasses get lost, the finder knows where to find you. Available at the Optical Depart-

ment, Simpson's, Toronto, at 35 cents for a two-line set.

Style looks to a First Lady

The most influential fashion personality of the year is **Mrs. John F. Kennedy**, wife of the president of the United States. The smartest fashions for the young matron — the kind she wears — are easy-fitting and understated. Here are the **trends to watch for** when you shop this spring — wide coats, dresses and overblouses with loose ties of leather or fabric, sleeveless, collarless styles that make throat and arms seem longer, knitted suits, pleated skirts, culottes. Look for new colors and gay combinations of color. Watch for yellow, blue and flamingo (see pages 46 to 51).

Canadian originals

Indian craftsmen at **Barrie, Ont.**, are turning to a new mode that's in keeping with our zooming interest

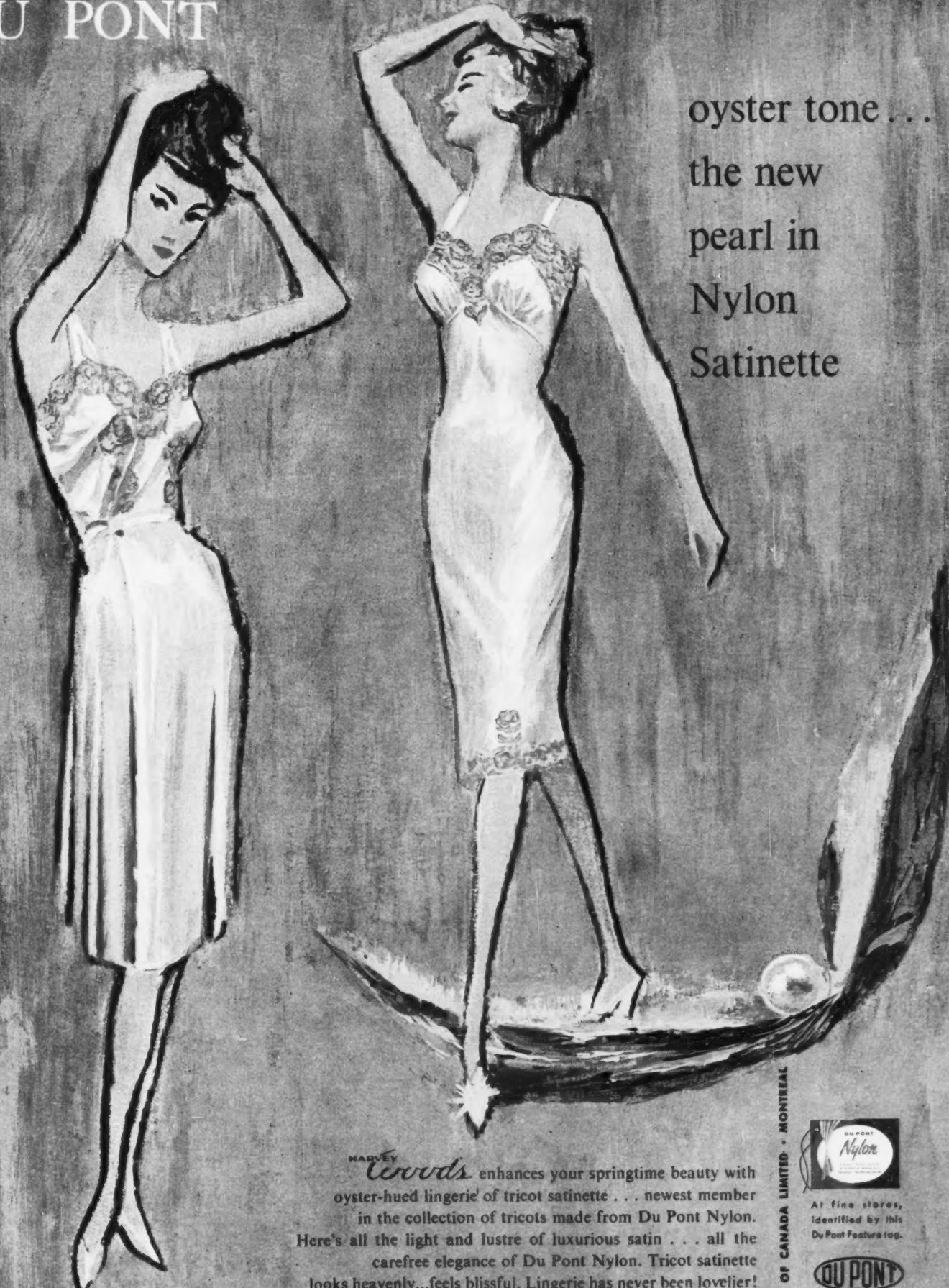


in Canadian Colonial. (See pages 124-125.) Their **Huron Crafts**, inspired by pioneer items, are made of wood. The candle holder with its own tiny match-drawer is in butternut, \$3. The mugs are finished with urthane varnish which is waterproof and resists mild acid, alkali and heat. The tall mug is butternut with walnut inset rings. The smaller mug, of sumac, has a stein-style clear-glass base. Either mug, \$5.50. Huron Crafts can be ordered from The Artisans, 51 Gerrard Street West, Toronto, if 15 cents an item is added for postage.

What's New Continued on page 8

DU PONT

oyster tone . . .
the new
pearl in
Nylon
Satinette



NYLON

MARVEL
Curvés enhances your springtime beauty with
oyster-hued lingerie of tricot satinette . . . newest member
in the collection of tricots made from Du Pont Nylon.
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carefree elegance of Du Pont Nylon. Tricot satinette
looks heavenly...feels blissful. Lingerie has never been lovelier!

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ONE-A-DAY (BRAND) MULTIPLE VITAMINS supplement your daily diet with seven essential vitamins. These added vitamins help maintain your good health, help you resist infection and colds, and keep appetites hearty.

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The constant quality and potency of every tablet is guaranteed.

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WHAT'S NEW TO
SEE
AND
HEAR
BY EDNA MAY



Johnny Mathis and Edna May:
"Let's say women are very efficient."

Women and Johnny Mathis

Johnny Mathis is one celebrity who believes in women executives. When I asked him why both his manager and press representative, key positions in a celebrity's staff, are women, the singing star, sometimes shy and retiring in conversation with press, freely admitted, "I've just always had more success with women than men. Actually, I owe my first contracts with Columbia Records to **Helen Noga**, my manager, who signed me up when I was still a San Francisco collegian. As for the efficiency of women, let's say they tend to be very efficient — even officious at times, but never indifferent. Perhaps that's why I like them on my staff." Behind his quiet manner, Johnny Mathis is a bright businessman himself; two years ago he had the foresight to buy all the rights to the music in **Black Orpheus**, the renowned French movie filmed during the carnival in Rio de Janeiro. Mathis hopes to record some of the fascinating South American rhythms this year.

National Ballet — tenth year and biggest yet

This tenth anniversary season is the biggest yet for the **National Ballet of Canada**. For the first time the company took over the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto for a full five weeks, and their Canadian-American tour is the longest on record (Oct. 24-May 14). Most interesting aspect is the way Canadians are emerging to create ballets. Dancer **David Adams** and composer **Lou Applebaum** came up with a new version of folk ballad Barbara Allen; Edmonton-born **Grant Strate** choreographed the light comedy Antic Spring, and young Stratford designer **Mark Negin** did original

costumes and décor. The new Remarkable Rocket ballet sparkles with choreography by **Don Gillies** (of The Don Gillies Trio, noted for CBC-TV work), décor and costumes by distinguished painter **Jack Nichols** and special music by **Maurice Surdin**, Toronto musician who composes scores for CBC-TV and radio dramas. Compliments also to **Angela Leigh** who shines as a soloist this year.

No spark in Spartacus

I can't agree with the many Canadian critics who praised **Spartacus**, this year's answer to Ben-Hur. For me the twelve-million-dollar spectacle-epic dragged, and the acting was uneven. I got sick of long and innumerable close-ups of rugged **Kirk Douglas** as the gladiator-slave. Douglas is owner of the



Boss Kirk Douglas (left) in *Spartacus*: did too many bosses cook it too long?

company which made the film in co-operation with Universal-International, and after a disagreement with his first director he chose young thirty-two-year-old Stanley Kubrick to direct. Could it be that too many bosses overcooked the bubbling broth? Most of the stars have directed and each goes his own way on the big screen. Douglas is brash and blunt, **Sir Laurence Olivier** gently aristocratic while **Charles Laughton** with his grandiose manner seems to be com-

What's New Continued on page 11

Cook's Nook



AT GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



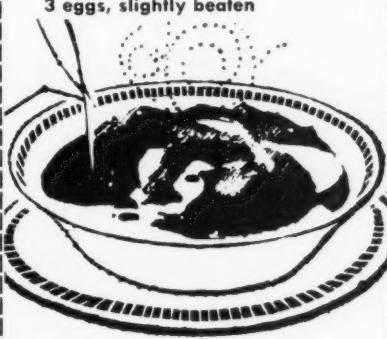
"What's for dessert, Mom?"

This question has a familiar ring, all year 'round! It deserves some new and especially interesting answers to brighten up the month of March indoors, as early crocuses do outdoors. So try these tested recipes from General Foods Kitchens. They're guaranteed to please the whole family, from smallest fry right up to Father.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

March this mouth-watering hot dessert to the table soon. It's a winner for wonderful flavor and tender texture.

1/2 package (4 squares) Baker's Sweet Chocolate
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
3 eggs, slightly beaten



Heat chocolate and milk in top of double boiler over hot water until chocolate is melted. Combine remaining ingredients in a bowl. Add a small amount of the chocolate mixture gradually, stirring constantly; return to double boiler. Cook over vigorously boiling water and beat with egg beater 1 minute. Then cover and continue cooking 20 minutes longer. Serve immediately with plain or whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.



COCONUT ORANGE SQUARES

Chewy dessert squares that mingle coconut, orange and chocolate in a delicious flavor combination.

3/4 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon milk
1 cup Baker's Coconut
1/2 package (4 squares) Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate, melted

Measure sifted flour, add baking powder and salt, and sift together. Cream butter. Gradually add sugar and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg, orange rind, and milk; beat well. Add flour mixture and coconut, mixing only enough to blend. Place in an 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan which has been lined on bottom with paper and then greased. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes. Remove from pan and trim off edges. Spread with melted chocolate. Cool. Makes 16 squares.

BROWNIE PUDDING

You're sure to have repeat requests for this pudding with the built-in hot chocolate sauce. Every bit as delectable as its name suggests!



1 1/2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
2 tablespoons shortening
1 1/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
2 cups water
1 1/4 cups sugar
1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Melt 1 1/2 squares chocolate and the shortening together. Cool. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and 2/3 cup sugar, and sift again. Add milk and vanilla; mix only until smooth. Stir in cooled chocolate mixture. Then add nuts. Turn into greased 8 x 8 x 2-inch baking dish.

Combine water, 1 1/4 cups sugar, and 1 square chocolate in saucepan. Place over medium heat and stir until sugar is dissolved and chocolate is melted. Bring to a boil. Pour over top of batter. (This makes a chocolate sauce in bottom of pan after pudding is baked). Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

HOT FUDGE SAUCE

Here's a velvet-smooth hot chocolate sauce to top off ice cream, cake or other family desserts.

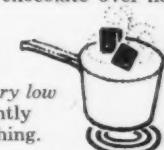
1/2 package (4 squares) Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate
6 tablespoons water
1/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Combine chocolate and water in saucepan. Place over low heat and cook and stir until chocolate is melted and mixture is smooth. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Boil gently 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add butter and blend. Serve hot. Makes 3/4 cup sauce.

How to melt Baker's Chocolate

BAKER'S UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE

1. Melt squares of chocolate over hot water.
2. Place squares of chocolate in a saucepan over *very low heat*. Stir constantly to prevent scorching.
3. In some recipes, especially desserts, the squares of chocolate may be combined with the liquid. Heat the mixture gradually over low heat, stirring constantly. If the liquid is milk or cream, heat over hot water to prevent scorching. After chocolate is melted, beat with egg beater until mixture is smooth and blended.
4. Place wrapped chocolate, folded edges up, in top of double boiler over boiling water for 10 to 12 minutes. Carefully lift out chocolate. Open wrapper and scrape off melted chocolate with a rubber scraper or spatula.



BAKER'S SWEET CHOCOLATE AND CHOCOLATE CHIPS

Melt over hot water, as suggested for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. These chocolates are thick when melted, and will not become thinner by melting longer.

BAKER'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE

Melt chocolate over hot water. Heat only until partly melted; then remove from hot water and stir rapidly until entirely melted.



SWEET CHOCOLATE
For Fancy Baking



SEMI DOT SWEET CHOCOLATE
For Frostings, Candies, Sauces



UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
For Regular Baking

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DOMINION LINOLEUM**

Doing things differently can be — magically — the difference between the "so-what" and the so delightful! Consider this grey, soft-sheen Dominion Linoleum for your living-room... a little unexpected yet such an urbane stage for the ravishing new purples you've been dying to use in home decoration. Be original again by adding one of the new inset designs shown on the opposite page. You can create these yourself by using, as a guide, Dominion Linoleum's paper templates (patterns), available free. Another of the many exciting ideas with the all-practical, all Canadian smooth-surface flooring!



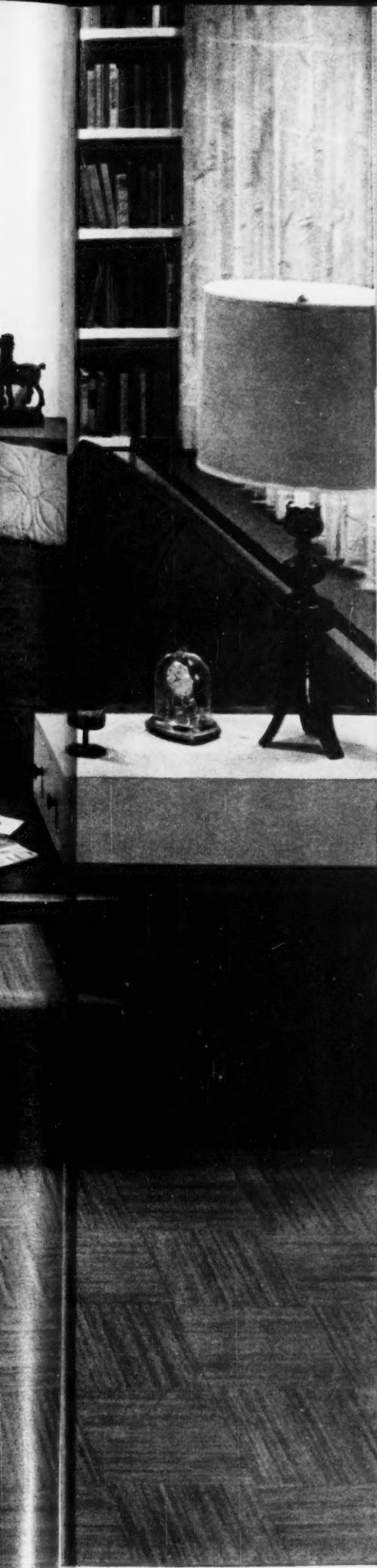
For the "Sophisticated You" ... the season's high-fashion colours in beautiful restraint ... all deftly tied together with a floor of grey "Jaspé" tiles (No. 737) in soft-sheen Dominion Linoleum. The smart decorative motifs are created from inset No. 101.

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You can now obtain home improvement loans even more easily than mortgages.

BY-THE-YARD FOR THE SMART SEAMLESS LOOK, OR
IN TILES FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS ... MARBLEUM
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TILECRAFT... MADE ONLY IN CANADA... SOLD BY
STYLEWISE CANADIAN STORES.

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited.
Makers of Dominion Linoleum, Dominion Vinyl
Tile, Asphalt Tile and Associated Products.



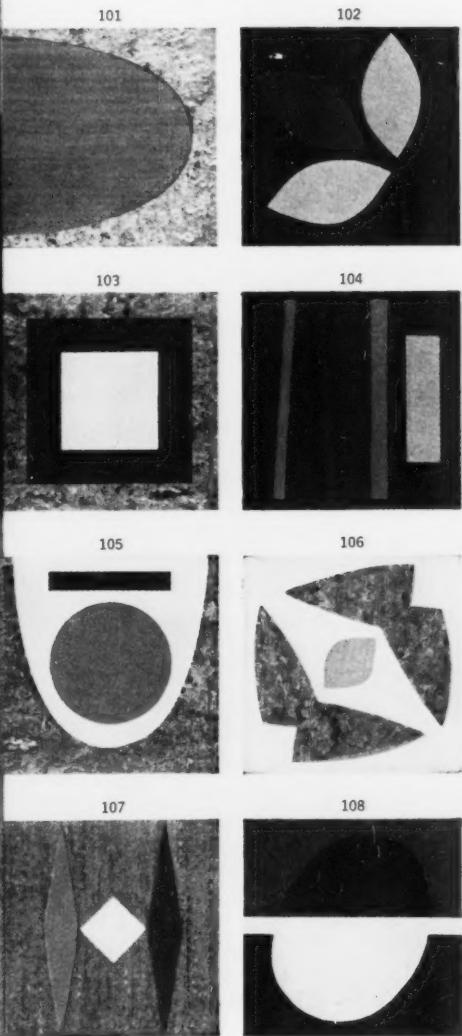
The new **Linoleum** **Insets**

Created by Dominion Linoleum's décor-conscious designers, these smart insets make you your own floor stylist. Easy to do yourself! Spot them on the floor where your eye tells you, for conversation-making design and dramatic colour interest. Ask your dealer, or write to us, for free cutting guides (templates). Full instructions are included. Write also for illustrated literature and linoleum information to: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited, 2200 St. Catherine Street East, Montreal.

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YOU CAN CHANGE THEM ANYTIME
FOR A COMPLETE NEW FLOOR DECOR



FLOORS BY DOMINION

Chatelaine • March 1961

WHAT'S NEW TO SEE AND HEAR

.....*continued*.....

peting with the clowning style of **Peter Ustinov** in a series of scenes that struck me as so overdone they can only be classified as "ham." The scenes at the gladiatorial school are captivating, but from then on the whole effort is over-romanticized.

For bookworms on budgets

Readers' Club of Canada has now passed its first birthday and has more than two thousand members.



A. R. M. Lower. Farley Mowat.

including university presidents, farmers, businessmen, career girls and housewives. The club is a boon to bookworms on budgets because it offers books at reduced prices and there is no membership fee and no obligation to buy a set number of books — purchase of just one title gives you membership and a subscription to a monthly bulletin, **The Canadian Reader**. The club's three top sellers during the past year have been **Canadians in the Making**, A. R. M. Lower's disturbing analysis of our civilization and how it got that way (published at \$8.50, members' price is \$6.50); **Eskimo**, the deluxe word-and-picture book by Edmund Carpenter, Frederick Varley and Robert Flaherty (\$4.95 — members' price, \$3.95); and **Morley Callaghan's Stories**—fifty-seven in all (\$4.95 — members' price, \$3.95). A current selection is **Farley Mowat's Ordeal By Ice** (\$6 — members' price, \$4.95).

END

King Saul's concubines, written by **Charles E. Israel** (author of **The Mark**) — of Rizpah's youth in Israel, her capture by Philistine marauders, her sale in the slave market of Ascalon and her liaison with a prince. All of this leads up to the fury of events which involve Samuel, Saul and David. **Resistance, Rebellion and Death** (McClelland & Stewart, \$4.50); French writer and Nobel Prize winner **Albert Camus** in the last two years before his death selected the pieces in this volume. They represent the sum total of his life and give you his views on every major issue of our day.

Charles Israel.





two years before
Albert Camus. his death selected
the pieces in this volume. They
represent the sum total of his life
and give you his views on every
major issue of our day. END



Charles Israel

My own book list for March

Rizpah (Macmillan, \$4.95): This is the fascinating

A black and white portrait of Albert Camus, looking slightly to his left with a serious expression. He has dark hair and is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt.

CHATELAINE

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NUCLEAR WEAPONS: WHY CANADA CAN'T MAKE UP HER MIND

Most Canadians—even those who feel strongly about banning the bomb—tend to think of atomic weapons as being the problem of other, bigger nations, the **United States**, the **United Kingdom**, the **U.S.S.R.** But this year Canada must make up her mind about the most important military problem in her history: should we or shouldn't we arm our own defense forces with atomic weapons? To clear up the misunderstanding clouding this issue, here are the facts that will have to be considered in making this all-important decision.

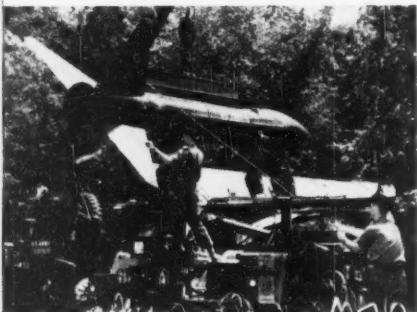
Will Canada ever get its own atomic bomb? No. Our nuclear research establishment at **Chalk River**, Ont., could produce an atomic weapon, but it's an expensive, wasteful process for a country our size.

What, then, is our dilemma? Since we're unlikely to have an atomic bomb of our own, what's the current Canadian nuclear debate all about? It involves the decision we must make this year—whether or not, and under what conditions, we should accept nuclear arms from the United States. The Americans are quite willing to give us these weapons but under their law (the **McMahon Act** of 1946), control over the warheads—that is, if and when they should be used—must remain in U. S. hands. This, the Canadian government rightly claims, interferes with our sovereignty—our right to declare war when we feel such a declaration is justified. The Canadian government has so far not committed itself definitely to taking the weapons. **Prime Minister John Diefenbaker** has said only that if and when we take nuclear weapons, they will have to be under joint Canadian-U. S. control.

What is the argument for us taking these atomic weapons?

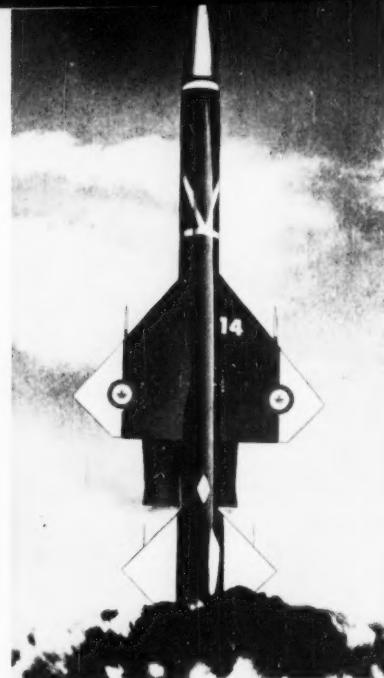
As a member of the Western alliance, Canada bears the responsibility for two aspects of defense: 1 the defense of our own country within the

limits of our own defense budget; 2 a limited but important contribution to the armed forces of the **North Atlantic Treaty Organization**, the fifteen-member alliance to which Canada has belonged since its formation in 1949 as a preventive against a Russian attack on Western Europe. Under each of these two responsibilities we are currently modernizing our military contribution through the purchase of three new weapons: the **Bomarc**, the **Honest John** and the **CF-104**. The only weapon to be used for defense at home is the controversial **Bomarc**, an anti-bomber missile. Two Bomarc launching sites are now under construction at **North Bay**, Ont., and **Mont Laurier**, Que. The other two atomic weapons are to be used by Canadian troops abroad. The **Honest John** is a ground-to-ground missile being adapted for use by our army brigade stationed in Europe as part of the NATO shield. The **CF-104** is a supersonic jet aircraft that the RCAF plans to use from its bases in



Honest John: This is an artillery rocket ordered for our brigade stationed in West Germany as part of the NATO shield. So far, only one battery of Honest Johns has been purchased. It's a highly mobile weapon that can be fired from a large truck or railway flatcar. It has an operational range of up to twelve miles. For the battery Canada is paying around three millions.

ground-to-ground missile being adapted for use by our army brigade stationed in Europe as part of the NATO shield. The **CF-104** is a supersonic jet aircraft that the RCAF plans to use from its bases in



CF-104: RCAF has ordered two hundred and fourteen of these U.S.-designed fighters for use in Europe (cost to Canada: four hundred and twenty millions). Top speed: fourteen hundred mph (faster than artillery shell). Range: twelve hundred miles. A pay load of nuclear missiles turns it into medium-range bomber.

Bomarc: This missile is designed primarily for use against manned bombers, and has a range of two hundred to four hundred miles. Unless present plans are changed, two Bomarc bases (with fifty-six launching platforms) will be built at North Bay, Ont., and near Mont Laurier, Que. Building at North Bay is already well under way. Cost to Canada: fifteen millions for sites alone. Missiles and launching equipment cost seventy-two million dollars, will be paid by the U.S.

France and West Germany in reconnaissance and atomic attack missions. Delivery of these weapons will begin late this year. This is why we finally have to make up our minds whether to buy atomic warheads with which to arm the weapons we're already committed to taking.

Are these weapons useless without atomic warheads? No. Every one of these weapons can carry conventional explosives, but used in this way the weapons (which will cost Canadian taxpayers about **three quarters of a billion dollars**) are a colossal waste of money. It's a little like purchasing a Rolls-Royce to transport milk cans from your barn to the cheese factory down the road, when a Jeep would do just as well. Armed only with conventional explosives, these three weapons are about as effective against an enemy with modern equipment as a barrage of firecrackers.

Then why so much fuss about accepting the nuclear warheads?

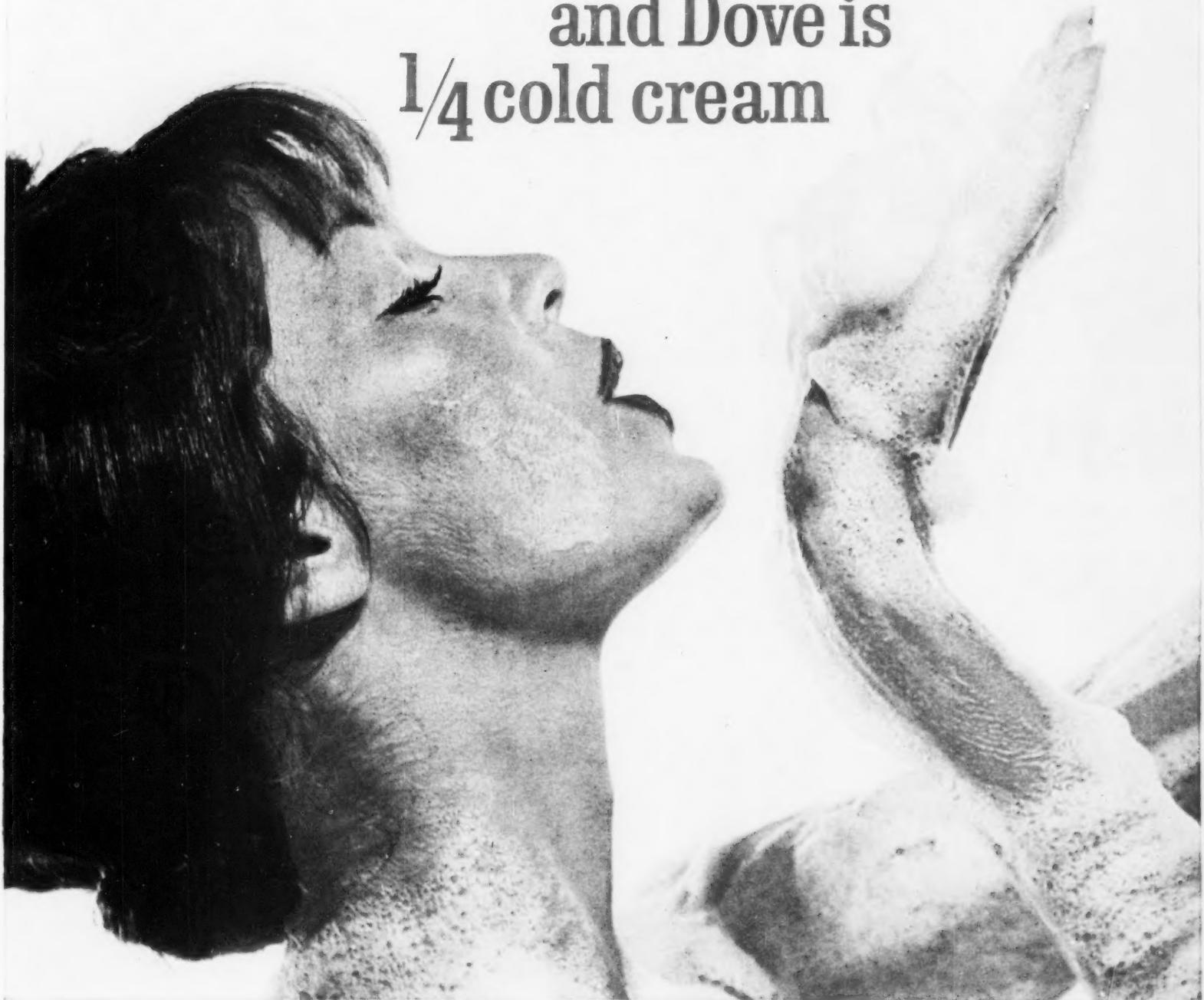
Since these weapons are obviously meant to be used as nuclear arms, and since we have committed ourselves to buying them, why do we hesitate to take the last logical step—that is, to buy the atomic warheads that will make the weapons useful? Mainly because **Howard Green**, our Secretary of State for External Affairs, is making a valiant last-ditch stand for nuclear disarmament in the councils of the world. As long as there is a chance that nations will give up their atomic bastions, Green believes Canada must push such an objective, and cannot do so as effectively if she has atomic weapons.



Howard Green: can he win his fight for nuclear disarmament?

Will the dilemma be solved in the near future? If Howard Green, or some other world statesman, fails to achieve some plan for **atomic disarmament** by the end of this year, Canada will probably take the American atomic warheads for her armed forces. It's generally agreed that Canada, because of her geography and the natural instinct of her people, can never become a neutral between the Russian and American blocs. That means we'll have to arm ourselves as effectively as our limited defense budget allows, and hope that the military strength of the Western world will prevent the outbreak of World War III. END

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that creams fresh new beauty into your skin as you bathe.
Soaps dry your skin but Dove pampers your skin all over
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You'll love new Dove.

*You can feel the cold cream in Dove.
You can feel the lovely difference
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JUST LOOK AT ALL YOU GET FROM FRIGIDAIRE!*

CHECK THIS LIST OF FRIGIDAIRE FEATURES
AGAINST ALL OTHER MAKES

1) Frigidaire Refrigerators have cross-braced doors that never sag . . . never lose shape and let in air. Does any other make have cross-braced doors?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

2) Frigidaire Refrigerators have a permanent magnet embedded in a special vinyl door seal to ensure total, tight sealing. Do all models of other makes have this magnetic door seal?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

3) Frigidaire Refrigerators have a dependable Meter Miser compressor that never needs oiling. Sealed-in-steel for lifetime protection against moisture and dirt. Quiet, economical. Does any other make have a Meter Miser compressor?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

4) Frigidaire Refrigerators have a convenient, raised food compartment to save all that unnecessary stooping and bending. Are other makes conveniently raised off the floor?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

5) Frigidaire Refrigerators have acid resistant porcelain interiors that keep their gloss for life; easy to clean as a china plate. Do others?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

6) All Frigidaire Refrigerators have a durable Dynakote exterior enamel that never discolors with age . . . never stains . . . never chips. Do all models of any other make?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

7) Frigidaire Refrigerators have a special Ice Cube Tray Release that releases the trays instantly. Does any other make have this special Ice Cube Tray Release?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

8) Frigidaire Refrigerators cost as little as \$2.61 a week. Does any other make offer so many quality features for so little?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

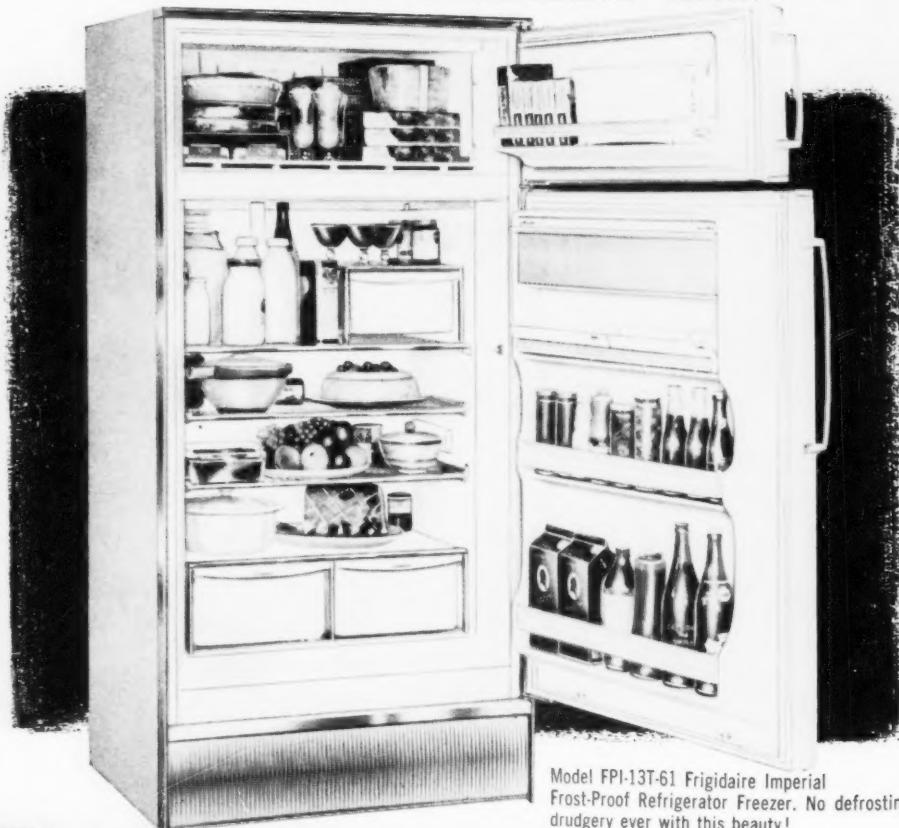
9) Frigidaire Refrigerators are a product of General Motors . . . a name you know you can trust. Can that claim be made for any other make?

FRIGIDAIRE/OTHER MAKE

(No wonder Frigidaire is worth more!)

Price, by itself, is a story without any plot! It is value — what you actually get for your money — that really counts. And, with Frigidaire appliances, you simply get more! You get more exclusive, top-quality features. And, inside and out, Frigidaire appliances are built the more expensive, quality way . . . not just to dazzle, but to last!

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Model FPI-13T-61 Frigidaire Imperial Frost-Proof Refrigerator Freezer. No defrosting drudgery ever with this beauty!



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Get a little fancy— it's easy with new Kraft Marshmallow Creme



New from Kraft,
the people who make
the marshmallows
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1 Fancy this! A marshmallow meringue that just can't miss! Beat 3 egg whites and a dash of salt until frothy. Add 1 cup Kraft Marshmallow Creme (it's so easy to spoon from the wide-mouth jar). Then continue to beat until stiff peaks are formed. Spread over pie filling. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 12 to 15 minutes, or until lightly browned.

2 Marshmallow topping—like you can't buy anywhere—in one minute. Combine 1 jar Kraft Marshmallow Creme with 3 tablespoons water. Spoon over chocolate ice cream, fruit, or pudding. For free Recipe Booklet of easy, new Kraft Marshmallow Creme desserts, candies, and drinks, write Kraft Marshmallow Creme, P.O. Box 6118, Dept. AD, Montreal, Que.

3 How to make "no-cook" Marshmallow Creme candy! Combine 1 jar Kraft Marshmallow Creme with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Parkay Margarine and 1 teaspoon almond extract. Blend in 4 cups sifted confectioner's sugar. Tint to suit yourself with food coloring. Then shape into balls, and top with nuts or roll in coconut. For parties and entertaining, make fancy shapes—squares, hearts, diamonds!

The year's recipe treasure
it's VELVET CREAM CAKE
easy and elegant with a Betty Crocker Cake Mix

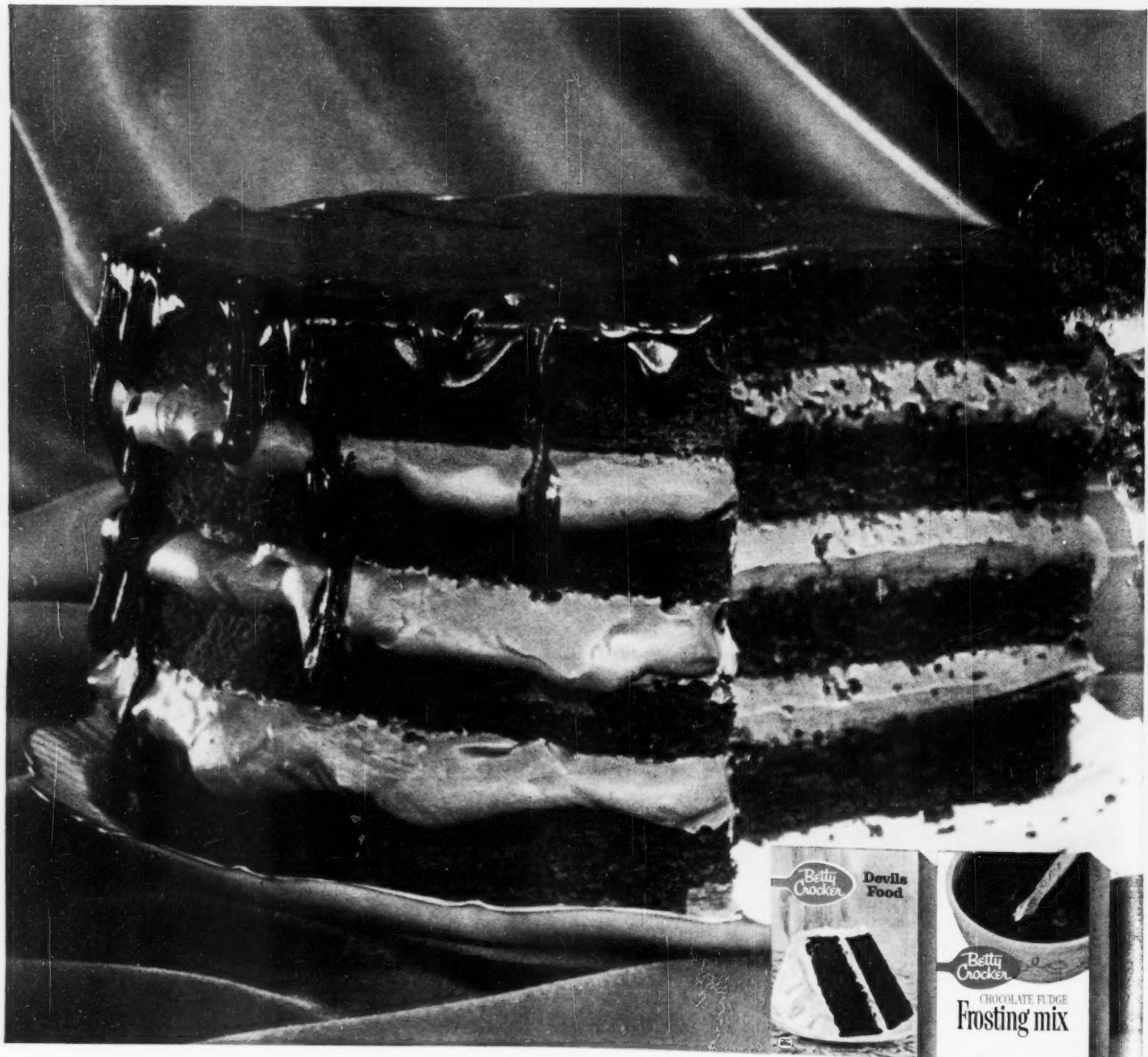
Easy as this!

Velvet Cream Cake

1. Bake up your Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food in two layers. Split layers to make four.
2. Add half of Betty Crocker's Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whipping cream. Whip until thick and smooth. Fill cake.
3. Blend remaining frosting mix with 2 tbsp. hot water, 1 tbsp. corn syrup. Beat until smooth. Spread over top of cake. Chill 2 hours. That's all.

Luxuriously rich, tender and moist. You'll think you're dining in Paris. *And so uncomplicated for you.* This beauty was made with Betty Crocker's Devils Food Cake Mix and our Chocolate Fudge Frosting. And, it's just as delectable using Betty Crocker Chocolate Malt or new Milk Chocolate Cake Mix. In fact, you can fix an elegant Velvet Cream Cake using any Betty Crocker Layer Cake Mix because there's a special recipe on every package. Surprise someone by fixing your cake the Velvet Cream way.

FINE COOKBOOK GOODNESS IS ALWAYS YOURS WITH BETTY CROCKER



BY LAWRENCE GALTON



HERE'S Health

Must an expectant mother "eat for two"?

The idea that a pregnant woman must "eat for two" is being disproved by a series of new investigations. That's the word from a University of Toronto nutrition expert. The studies show that, during pregnancy, chemical changes under the control of body hormones lead to better use of nutrients in food than at other times, so that total food intake need vary little from pre-pregnancy levels. Evidence is accumulating that a pregnant woman can absorb and utilize more calcium and iron than she could before pregnancy, and that she also uses protein more efficiently. In the nonpregnant woman, iron, for example, is lost at a rate of approximately twenty-five milligrams with each menstrual period. During pregnancy, at least two hundred milligrams of iron are saved and, in addition, the rate of iron absorption from food may increase three- to four-fold during the last three months of pregnancy. The saving of normally wasted nutrients may, in many cases, be enough to meet all needs of the growing baby.

How deadly is childhood rheumatic fever?

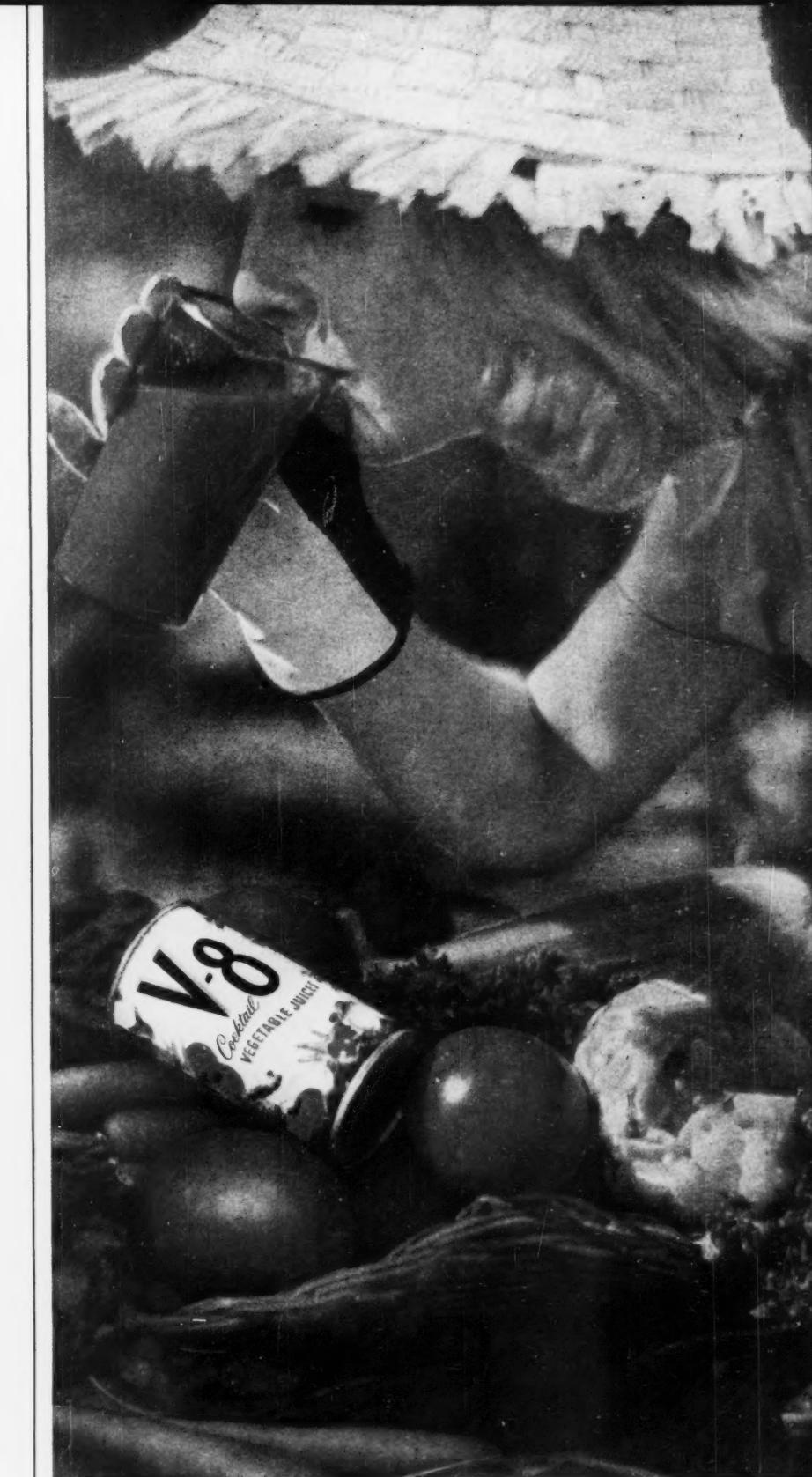
Remarkably few deaths due to rheumatic fever occur today. This was one striking finding of a five-year co-operative study carried out in medical centres in Canada, the United States, and the United Kingdom. Because it can cause severe heart disease, rheumatic fever in the past has been a major cause of death in children. But of 497 child patients studied in the three countries, only fourteen—or three percent—had died of the disease or its consequences at the end of five years, a much lower rate than previously reported.

Another significant new finding: the condition of the rheumatic-fever patient's heart at the start of treatment usually determines whether he will have heart disease at the end of five years. Ninety-six percent of the patients whose hearts were not affected when treatment began were free of any heart trouble after five years. The study also showed that ACTH, Cortisone and aspirin are equally effective in treating an acute attack of rheumatic fever and in protecting the heart.

A vitamin for acute skin diseases

Large doses of vitamin D₃ are effective in many acute skin problems, according to a German medical report. Eight hundred and seventy-four patients received three hundred thousand units of the vitamin twice daily for three days, during which they were given a diet of only milk and fruit juices. Best results were obtained in patients with acute inflammatory conditions. Eczema often subsided rapidly. Excellent or good responses occurred in pityriasis rosea, parapsoriasis, and exudative multiform erythema. Varied results were noted in hives, shingles and psoriasis. How the vitamin works is not clear. The large doses should be used only under the supervision of a physician and should not be used in patients more than seventy years old, and in others with kidney damage, high blood pressure, heart trouble and blood disorders.

Continued on page 20



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V-8...beats the taste of a single juice 7 healthy ways

V-8's special recipe gives you the goodness of 8 garden vegetables blended by Campbell's into one great drink.

Tastes real good—and real good for you
(especially if you're counting calories).

You'll like it—and so will the whole family.

Another Fine Product from *Campbell's*



How Some Canadian Beauties Stay Slim

Something new in weight control ~ the Metrecal Plan ~ is making it easier than ever for you to keep that slim, smart look

Gail leaves the models' dressing room for her smart, mid-town Toronto apartment where she prepares to receive guests.



At 22, Gail Peers is one of Canada's leading models — a beautiful, slender girl whose face and figure have earned her a top spot in the files of some of the country's best photographers. In the six years that Gail has been a model she has appeared in many of Canada's most popular magazines.

Keeping her figure photogenic is important to Gail. With only 118 pounds distributed over her five feet, eight inches, even the slightest gain in weight is immediately apparent.

Does Gail stay slim by starving herself? Decidedly not. For one thing, modelling is hard, demanding work. Without proper nourishment, Gail just couldn't keep it up. Besides, she likes to eat. In fact, she and her husband (a CBC technician to whom she has been married for four years) together with another couple, make up an informal, unofficial "gourmet" club. These two couples take turns at entertaining each other with the hostess preparing a special meal. Gail's favourite (and one that her guests find especially enjoyable) is Beef Stroganoff served with rice and salad.

While many people would find it difficult — if not impossible — to keep their weight under control with meals like this, Gail has a simple solution. Two or three days a week, she skips her usual meals. Instead she mixes two ounces of a new dietary powder in a glass of water, sits back and enjoys its chocolate, butterscotch, plain or orange flavour. Gail follows this routine four times a day.

This is the Metrecal plan, the popular, talked about, widely imitated dietary plan introduced a little over a year ago by Mead Johnson (makers of Pablum Baby Cereals and other well known pharmaceutical and nutritional products). The Metrecal Plan has achieved its remarkable popularity for a number of reasons. For one thing, the mixture satisfies the dieter's appetite. For another, there is little, if any, of the depressed feeling that accompanies most dietary plans. What's

more, the plan eliminates the tasteless, hard-to-prepare calorie-limited meals that make up most diets. Most important, of course, is the effectiveness of the Metrecal Plan.

The Metrecal Plan limits the dieter to 900 calories a day, fewer than are needed to maintain excess weight. By eliminating all other meals two or three days a week, Gail can allow herself a few more calories on special occasions.

Of course, the plan can be and is followed by people who want to *lose* weight as well as by those who wish only to maintain present weight. When weight-loss is the goal, the Metrecal Plan is followed — with no other food eaten — until the desired weight is attained. Keeping this desired weight is simply a matter of returning to the Metrecal Plan two or three days a week as Gail does.

Because the Metrecal Plan is made up of protein, carbohydrate, fats, vitamins and minerals, four glasses of the mixture a day are all that are needed to provide the dieter with sound, wholesome nourishment. Because of its pleasant taste and its appetite satisfying qualities, the Metrecal Plan is easy to stick to. And because of the convenience of the Metrecal Plan it can be said that the Metrecal Plan meets, in a modern, sensible manner, the demands of today's pattern of living.

Is the Metrecal Plan safe? Most decidedly, when taken as directed. For a full year before its introduction, the Metrecal Plan underwent exhaustive clinical testing — under many situations. As with any weight-reducing plan, however, your doctor is your best source of counsel. Extremely overweight people, patients with certain diseases and those who need special diets should always consult their physician before trying any reducing program.

From all indications, it would appear that the Metrecal Plan has earned for itself a permanent place in our society. Certainly for Gail Peers, and thousands of other Canadian women, the Metrecal Plan is here to stay; a convenient, pleasant, effective solution to the problem of dieting.

If you — or other members of your family are interested in the Metrecal Plan, first see your doctor. Then visit your local pharmacy where the Metrecal Plan is available in two sizes: an eight ounce tin of powder (one day's supply) at the new low price of \$1.29; and the 3½ lb. economy size (with handy measuring scoop) which lowers the daily cost to \$1.07.

To make the Metrecal Plan even more convenient, it will be available in liquid form early in April in a six-pack (6 ready-to-drink meals) for \$2.39.

Modelling can be demanding work. After a hard day before the cameras, Gail relaxes in an easy chair, listens to a favourite record.



 Mead Johnson
Symbol of Service in Medicine

All-Canadian Family of Macaroni Products



HERE'S Health continued

Hormone treatment for chronic ulcers

Chronic duodenal ulcers in men respond better to stilbestrol, a synthetic compound that resembles the female hormone estrogen, than to either diet or sedation. This was indicated in a British study. Among a group given small daily doses of stilbestrol for six months, two thirds were free of symptoms and showed X-ray evidence of ulcer healing throughout a five-year period after treatment — as against a prolonged improvement rate of less than one third in others treated with diet or sedation. In some cases the hormone treatment produced side effects such as decreased libido and breast tenderness and enlargement. One possibility is that shorter treatment (for three instead of six months) may reduce side effects.

How they're overcoming deafness in children

Hearing loss in some children is the result of defects in the chain of small bones in the ear. The defects may be present at birth or may develop after infection or surgery. Now a comparatively minor surgical procedure, in which the eardrum is elevated and the continuity of the chain of bones is re-established, has restored hearing in the first children on whom it has been used.

The short leg problem

Leg length differences of more than half an inch occur in about seven percent of the general population, and in about twenty percent of people with low-back pain. When standing, the person with a short leg often displays a lower shoulder and a less prominent hip on that side. To compensate for the length difference, there may be a pelvic tilt and an abnormal curve in the spinal column. In many cases, including those with low-back pain, reports a British doctor, simply using an elevated shoe may be of value.

Do women have gout?

Gout usually is considered to be a disease of men, not women. But of seventy-four patients with gout seen at two large Detroit hospitals during the past four years, nineteen were women. The average age at which gout first struck was similar in both sexes—in the late forties and early fifties. In about sixty percent of all cases, the great toe was affected in the first attack of gout; this was just as true for women as for men. The frequency of involvement of other joints, and of numerous joints at once, was the same for both sexes.

Heart disease: when other measures fail

When advanced heart disease does not respond to other measures, reducing the activity of the thyroid gland through use of radioactive iodine may be of value. Even in heart patients with normal thyroid functioning, cutting down thyroid activity reduces oxygen consumption and the work of the heart. Physicians at Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, recently reported on results of radioactive iodine treatment in two hundred and seven patients with normal thyroids and far-advanced heart trouble. Among those with heart pain (angina pectoris), seventy-six percent derived worthwhile benefit, as did fifty-six percent of those with congestive heart failure.

END

(Advertisement)

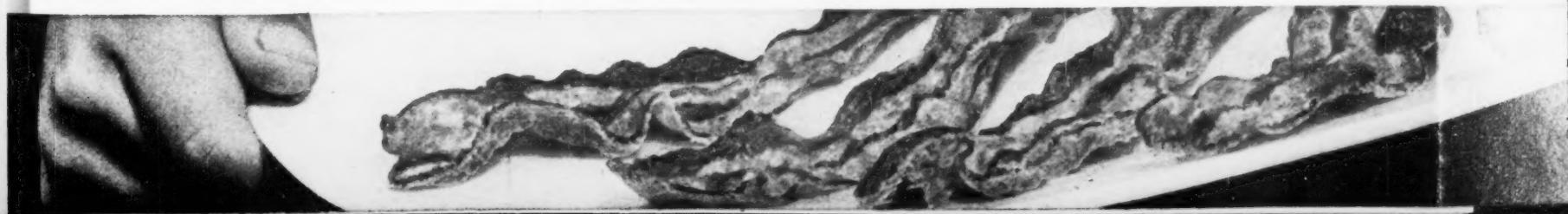
Shhhh! Bacon-snitchers at work again!

TURN BACK THIS PAGE.





A fella has to keep a sharp lookout when he's in charge of a platter of Swift's Premium Bacon. A just the kind of last resort you can expect from desperate bacon-snitchers. Canada's favorite bacon because it's brown-sugar cured and has a sweet-smoke taste that's irresistible. And there's high-quality protein in every savory slice. You get both—extra value and extra goodness when you eat bacon.



continued

to stilbestrol, a hormone estrogen, tested in a British child. Stilbestrol for six months showed X-ray evidence of growth after treatment. Less than one third of the cases show the hormone libido and breast development at shorter treatment times. Side effects.

children

effects in the chain of inheritance present at birth or in comparatively minor degree. In some cases the condition is restored hearing

occur in about twenty percent of the persons with the condition. In the hip joint, there may be a change in the spinal column. In a report a British author states:

of women. But three Detroit hospitals treat men. The average age of both sexes—in the United States, all cases, the average age was just as high as the average of other diseases for both sexes.

it

other measures, such as the use of radioactive iodine with normal results reduces oxygen consumption at Western Michigan University on results of treatment of seven patients with heart disease. Among those treated were 75 percent derived from congestive heart failure.

END



A fella has to keep a sharp lookout when he's in charge of a platter of Swift's Premium Bacon. It's just the kind of last resort you can expect from desperate bacon-snitchers. Canada's bacon is fast because it's brown-sugar cured and has a sweet-smoke taste that's irresistible. And it's packed with high-quality protein in every savory slice. You get both—extra value and extra goodness.





Premium Bacon. An ambush is
nada's favorite bacon goes so
stible. And there's energy and
goodness when the label says...



*...the two most
trusted words
in meat.*

WHY I LEFT CANADA



BY MORDECAI RICHLER

A few days after my return from Europe I had to go with my wife to see the doctor. "What," the nurse asked my wife, "is your husband's profession?"

"Novelist," she said.

"With which firm?" the nurse asked. Well, we were home again. Back in Canada after eight years. No doubt about it.

Outside, I bought a copy of the Montreal Gazette. There were sales at all the department stores in town. One advertisement offered you the possibility of a free car, another a return trip to Europe. For \$685 we could have our own family swimming pool. In yet another advertisement a bank

EIGHT YEARS AGO
THIS WELL-KNOWN
CANADIAN WRITER FELL OUT
OF LOVE WITH CANADA
AND LEFT.
NOW HE RETURNS . . .
AND FINDS HE HASN'T REALLY
CHANGED HIS MIND

to buy but to browse. An old European custom, this. "What do you want?" the salesman demanded.

"To look at the books, that's what I want."

Alarmed, the salesman stuck close with us until we fled.

At the supermarket women drove carts into my wife, snatched boxes of strawberries from under my hands, and generally conducted themselves with an astonishing rudeness. Outside, I bought a Star. The drama critic wrote that Samuel Beckett's last play lacked . . . well, "warmth." On television that night we saw some adults playing a game called Live A Borrowed Life. (It was, I must say, the sort of amusement I had given up in childhood.) We also watched Tabloid. And while I, for one, can see the charms of Percy Saltzman, I fail to understand what people find absorbing about weather that has passed.

Established in a newly acquired home a couple of days later we put our little boy out to play in the garden. We sat on the balcony. The boy went off and returned fifteen minutes later to say, "I've made a friend."

"That's swell."

"He wants to know how much money you make."

"Sock him one."

"He says his father drives a Buick. What's a Buick?"

"It's not as good as our Dauphine."

He went off again and returned five minutes later. "Are we poor?" he asked.

The same night our neighbors dropped in to say hello. I'll call them Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. Gordon, it turned out, belonged to some sort of

Continued on page 25



"Leisure has become a chore. People go about their pleasure with a dreary obligatory air."

manager looked extremely upset because we hadn't been in to ask for a loan.

"Don't laugh," a friend told me. "You'll find it difficult to get a credit card unless you've borrowed money somewhere."

I looked surprised.

"How can they tell if your credit's good unless you owe money?"

We dropped into a bookstore, not

Know the type?



Spunky Unky: Husky, hearty, surrounded by nieces, nephews. Loves good food, like golden Velveeta casseroles.

Rink-Rocket: Found on the end of a hockey stick. Grows into a star forward—with an assist from nourishing Velveeta.

Hoarse-Throated Rooter: Small, but noisy. Cheers, boos, with equal lung-power. At mealtime, she's a great Velveeta-fan!

How you can feed them right!

VELVEETA BAKED BEANS

Baked beans
Velveeta Pasteurized Process Cheese,
sliced from a 2-lb. loaf
Green pepper rings
Catsup

Heat baked beans in a rectangular casserole. Top with Velveeta slices and green pepper rings filled with catsup; return to oven until the Velveeta melts.



A good milk protein cheese

"We dropped into a bookstore. 'What do you want?' the clerk demanded. 'To look at the books,' we replied. Alarmed, he stuck close to us until we fled."

Continued from page 21
heart-ailment organization. She used to be in cancer, but she did care for the new president there. A little group, she said (looking pointedly at my wife), needed four members before it could qualify as "artery." She also said her organization did a lot of good.

"What did you do at your meeting?" I asked.

"Oh, there wasn't much of a turn out so we played cards. But only a week before," she added, "a doctor spoke to us. He lectured on what do first if your husband has a heart attack."

Mr. Gordon put out his cigarette. "It was very educational," Mr. Gordon said.

In 1954, about a year after I went to live in London, an interviewer from Toronto asked me, "How do you feel about being an expatriate?" He also wanted to know if my living there meant I had rejected Canadian values for those of an older, superior culture. It was all very weighty stuff. And my reply was as inflated, as stuck with sociological meaning, as I could make it. I didn't feel free to tell him "Well I like traveling. It's fun, you know." And it would have seemed cruel to say I had never actually decided to live in London, but got stuck there in 1953 without enough money to continue on to Paris or return to Canada.

I stayed on in London because the cost of living was relatively cheap and if necessary, I could work without labor permit.

Sure, I hadn't liked it in Canada and I left as soon as I could. But I feel that I'd have hated it—and would have had to get out—if I'd come from Birmingham (as it stands, a romantic name to me), Cape Town or New Delhi. The idea, really, was to flee home and family, and of course to travel. (Any young writer's idea, I suppose.) Anyway, I have traveled, maybe too much, and now there's a price to pay. I feel like a foreigner here.

Put yourself in my place for a minute. I've been out of this country

Know the type?



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How you can feed them right!

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Baked beans
Velveeta Pasteurized Process Cheese,
sliced from a 2-lb. loaf
Green pepper rings
Catsup

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In 1/2-lb.,
1-lb. and
economical
2-lb. packages

A good milk protein cheese

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Continued from page 21
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Put yourself in my place for a minute. I've been out of this country

for nearly eight years. Back in Montreal, where I was born and raised, I have to stop strangers to ask for street directions. A bank stands where my teen-age poolroom used to be. I've tracked down my favorite restaurant only to find a parking lot in its place.

Indeed, so very much has changed since I left for Europe in 1953 that, like any returning native, I had to adjust to a swirl of new names and conditions and attitudes. Templeton, for instance, no longer stands only for T.R.C.s. The uranium boom is over. Our government, it seems, is mildly against apartheid in South Africa and strongly against more West Indians here. They're producing Shakespeare as well as cars in Ontario. Toronto's got a subway and the country a seaway, there are no more streetcars in Montreal, Maurice Duplessis has died, and maybe next year we'll have a flag, a milder winter, a Canadian theatre, and a major-league baseball team. Everywhere I go people assure me, "Exciting things are beginning to happen here," and they mean culturally.

"It's a provincial country"

But as far as I can see there's still no theatre of consequence in Toronto and in Montreal semi-amateur groups are still doing plays like *The Corn Is Green*. Meanwhile, publishers in Toronto still bring out boring booster books about Canada by the dozen as well as "prize novels" about life on the prairies or in a lighthouse that are unspeakably bad.

There have been many changes, yes, but, to my mind, this is still a very provincial country. A cultural and political backwater.

I wonder, sometimes, what a visiting African would think. After he'd heard about the 1955 hockey riot in Montreal, been to a meeting of the Rotary or the Elks, seen the men at a wrestling match or the women at a sale; after he'd watched Don Messer's Jubilee and seen the new cars, once he'd been to a teen-age dance and

Continued on page 26

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You'll need

for the dough:

½ c. milk
¼ c. granulated sugar
1 tsp. salt
½ c. lukewarm water
1 tsp. granulated sugar
1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
1 egg, well beaten
3½ c. (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour
¼ c. soft shortening

for the filling and glaze:

soft butter or Blue Bonnet Margarine
¾ c. lightly-packed brown sugar
2 tsps. ground cinnamon
½ c. seedless raisins
¾ c. lightly-packed brown sugar

1 Scald milk; stir in ¼ c. granulated sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm.



2 Meantime, measure lukewarm water into large bowl and stir in 1 tsp. granulated sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 mins., then stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, well-beaten egg, 2 c. of the flour and soft shortening. Beat until smooth and elastic. Work in remaining 1½ c. (about) flour.



3 Knead dough until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Grease top. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1½ hrs.



4 Punch down dough. Knead until smooth. Halve dough and roll each half into a 9" square. Brush with soft butter or margarine. Combine ¾ c. brown sugar, cinnamon and seedless raisins; sprinkle over dough. Roll up jelly-roll fashion and cut each roll into 6 slices.

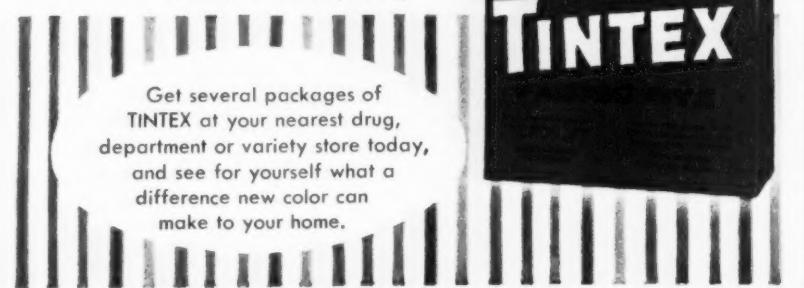
5 Melt 1 tbsp. butter or margarine in each of 2 loaf pans, brush sides of pans with fat and sprinkle ⅓ c. brown sugar in each pan. Place 6 rolls—cut sides up—in each pan. Grease tops. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about ½ hr. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about ½ hr. Makes 12 fragrant, delicious Chelsea buns, that will be snapped up by the family in no time.



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difference new color can
make to your home.

*"At the supermarket
women drove carts into my
wife, snatched boxes
from under my hands and
generally conducted them-
selves with rudeness."*



Continued from page 25

read Montreal Midnight; after he'd listened to one of our private radio stations all through the day, he would — it's true — have no complete picture of Canada. But mightn't he, as we have said of others on occasion, think we were still too simple a people to be allowed self-government?

Speaking for myself, I can't tell you who won last year's Grey Cup, but I can say that newsreels I've seen of that annual antic look as outlandish to me as, let's say, a Bantu ceremony does to most Canadians.

It's difficult for me to define what I feel about Canada.

I suppose it's a matter of self-interest. Ultimately, I think, we respond to a country in proportion to how well it treats us and how suitable it is for our jobs. My job is writing.

A lot, too much I'm sure, has already been written about how isolated and misunderstood the writer is in Canada. (When I was living here myself and was introduced to strangers as "somebody who had a book coming out," I was asked repeatedly, "What name are you using?", as if writing a novel, like going to a hotel with somebody else's wife, was only to be done under the cover of a pseudonym.) The danger to the Canadian writer it seems to me, has always lain in the other direction. Because of the paucity of good writing here there is an understandable tendency among people of good will to overpraise the still only promising young writer. He is liable to end up with an inflated notion of his own talent. And so I think it best for him to get out of the country — for a time anyway.

Of course the scarcity of talent, the absence of a national tradition, is also a tremendous advantage to the young Canadian writer. His equivalent in Dublin, London, or Oxford, Mississippi, must scrutinize his prose in the light of the giants who have been there before him. In most parts of Canada only Mazo de la Roche and snow have been there before you. (This is not to say there are no English-speaking writers of quality about,

There's Morley Callaghan for one, Ethel Wilson, Hugh MacLennan, Adele Wiseman, and a few more.) Another, and more concrete, advantage open to the young Canadian writer is the CBC and, more recently, the Canada Council, which will go out of their way to nourish the promising.

None of this, however, makes one a patriot. I can earn a better living in the United States, and in England I'm not considered an oddball.

In the end, I guess what Canada means to me is the places where I was brought up, Montreal and the Laurentian Mountains, and the experiences I had there. These are the things I write about.

There are other factors, of course.

I remember from my childhood geography books that ours is the largest unpatrolled frontier and Montreal the world's largest inland seaport. This is, they say, the land of opportunity and untold wealth, and the twentieth century belongs to it. But I can recall nothing in its history that makes me proud.

"We are still years behind"

The luncheon-club speaker and other retarded creatures would have it that this is a big, important country, and to be a citizen of it is a rare privilege. They are fond of making patronizing statements about the backward countries of Asia and the sickness of Europe. Yet we have never had a politician in Canada of the moral and intellectual stature of, let's say, Nehru, and when it comes to social legislation we are still years behind most West European countries. Our literature is impoverished compared to that of the West Indies or South Africa.

All the same there's much I'm personally grateful for. There's no compulsory military service here and so I've never had to waste two years in an army. I think Montreal is a singularly handsome city. But, all in all, this seems a dull, if decent country.

Continued on page 28

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Department of Fisheries' Chief, Home Economics Section.

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CEP 361

"Newsreels of that annual antic, the Grey Cup, look as outlandish to me as, let's say, a Bantu ceremony does to most Canadians."



Continued from page 26
like Sweden perhaps. And it's boring here, too.

Even our independence, like Poland's (to take an extreme case), is illusory. We are an American satellite. And while this, I must say, is infinitely more pleasant to being a Russian one, we do remain economically and politically dependent on the U.S.A. I don't doubt for a minute that if we ever put a Communist government into office the Marines would be heard from. But all the same agitation for a Canadian flag seems to continue on and off. It's a harmless conceit, I suppose, but rather than that I'd much prefer we chucked it all in and joined the States. (I'm all for marrying the boss's daughter, you know.) Cars, cigarettes, and liquor, to name just a few items, would be cheaper. An enchanting thought, this. And, as a political force, we could be a much greater power for the good that we are today.

It seems unlikely, though. There are too many patriots about.

In the meantime the best that can be said for Canada (and I'm not underestimating this for a minute) is that a man is better paid for his work, and can live on a higher standard here, than he can almost anywhere else in the world.

Returning from abroad after so long an absence I was most impressed by this country's affluence. I've never seen such wealth before. The cars are bigger, so are the homes, and the variety of goods and timesaving devices available in the shopping centres are astonishing.

Saying this, I'm not pandering to European culture or to their tiresome talk of materialism over here. I do prefer central heating to gas fires. I enjoy having a refrigerator in my home. Oh, I too used to consider it very old-worldly to pay more to the individualist Cockney fruit shop round the corner (rather than buy from the impersonal supermarket), and walk off with a pound of pears that had been tested for firmness first by all my nonconformist neighbors; latterly, however, I had begun to miss

the Canadian-style Cellophane wrapping.

Yet in spite of all this wealth here very few people seem to have any cash on hand, and a great many seemingly prosperous families I've met are heavily in debt. Prosperity on the installment plan, living above one's income, seems to be the norm. Hard work and thrift, what I used to think were the traditional virtues of the bourgeois, seem to be a thing of the past, like the player piano. There's also a prevailing attitude of mistrust here. It's not so in Europe.

Once, when I was in Paris for a weekend with my wife, we went into a *boutique* on the Faubourg St. Honoré and made purchases coming to roughly a hundred dollars. The saleswoman, who had never seen us before, knew we were leaving for London the same afternoon and yet she gladly accepted my personal cheque drawn on a London bank. Shopping in London I have never had a personal cheque refused. It is assumed, by and large, that people are honest. Not so here. Offer a cheque in most department stores or small shops and you invite embarrassment, scrutiny, and often rudeness. The assumption, obviously, is that some people are crooked and many more can't meet their debts.

"We say, We're nicer"

On a much higher level nobody seems truly surprised by corruption or even swindling in high places. It is, like rain some Sundays, to be expected, and besides it's so much worse in the States, isn't it? We're nicer.

Condescension about the United States, a little smile suggesting moral superiority whenever that country's name is mentioned, seems to be the rule here. I don't get it. There's little or no payola here only because our disc jockeys lack influence. We have no real colored problem because we won't let in enough Negroes to start one. Our foreign policy may be a little saner but, at the same time, it's a lot less important.

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who love coffee as much as you do. Deep, rich flavor.
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Features detachable crotch, slimming powernet, satin elastic panel, 1" elastic band at waist and leg. Sizes S, M, L. Style 805. \$5.00

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TEEN TEMPO

BY SUSAN COOPER

It's about . . . getting stuck, going steady, dining out

Dear Susan:

What do you do in a group when you're stuck with a boy you don't like? At a party everyone else paired off and I was left with this boy. I was miserable. —ELSA

Dear Elsa:

Smile your way through the evening and leave as early as you can if you're utterly miserable. Perhaps you ought to take another look at the boy, though. He may be the dud of the group but no one is completely without attraction. You didn't say *why* you didn't like him. Did he feel the same way about you?

Dear Susan:

I have been going with a boy for five months—and he says he won't go steady. But he also says he would be very unhappy if I dated anyone else. —JANICE

Dear Janice:

He has tied you down without committing himself. I would most certainly accept dates from other boys. If he likes you well enough, he'll keep asking you out. If he doesn't, then he's probably keeping you around just for the sake of convenience.

Dear Susan:

What do you do when you've been invited to someone's house for dinner and they serve something you don't like? —ANNETTA

Dear Annetta:

The only time you can refuse food you're served is if dietary restrictions don't permit your eating it. Otherwise, you eat at least a part of it, and find compliments as well.

Dear Susan:

I've always got along well with the kids and adults in my neighborhood but now I have a problem. My boy friend comes to see me every weekend on his motorcycle, as he lives a long distance away. I have gone out with him on it and now some people are saying, "And I thought she was a nice girl." Should I stop riding with him? —DONNA

Dear Donna:

Ride with him, if you enjoy it, and forget the snoopers. Despite popular myth, owning a motorcycle doesn't make a person a thug. Mature persons judge people by their character, not by their method of transportation—and your neighbors should know it.

Write to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. As only a few letters can be answered on this page, include your full name and address for a personal reply. Pseudonyms only will be published.



Good things afoot for spring

Four gay-as-springtime shoes tell a story all about heels—squash heels, pin heels, stacked heels and underslung heels. Squash-heel shoe at top page is suede with white kid insert; about \$9.95. Caramel suede shoe with underslung heel has elasticized front; about \$10.95. White shoe is pearlized leather with pin heel; about \$9.95. And the heel with stacked effect is on a suede walking shoe with contrasting toe striping; about \$9.95. All four shoes are by Savage.

END

Velva Moisture Film

Elizabeth
Arden's
Answer

for thirsting skin

Velva Moisture Film is your wellspring of beauty, the source of precious moisture-giving ingredients your skin craves and must have. Protective, lasting, invisible under Basic Sheen or Pat-a-Creme make-up Velva Moisture Film keeps your complexion luminous with allure. It smooths wherever it touches—and is the most marvelous lotion any body could ask for.

5.00, 10.00, 18.50



Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON • TORONTO



The difference in Dole is the fresh-fruit taste!

Enjoy the brisk *fresh-fruit* taste of Dole Pineapple! Frosty-cold from your refrigerator or right off the pantry shelf, Dole has a freshness no other canned fruit can match. *Quick-packed* — in Hawaii, where rich volcanic soil grows the best pineapple in the world!



Cliffs of Kauai Island
Photograph by Tom Holzman



LET THE READER BE WARNED:

THE FOLLOWING IS

OUTRAGEOUS INFAMMATORY UNTHINKABLE AND POSSIBLY UN-CANADIAN

BY A MERE MAN

(who just might have something)

**"WOMEN'S CLUBS
SHOULD BE
ABOLISHED!"**

MADAM CHAIRMAN, I move that all women's clubs and associations in Canada suspend operations for a period of twelve months, effective immediately.

That all teacups be put under lock and key; all minute books and treasurers' records be sealed; all "good works" projects be suspended.

Ladies, keep your seats — and gentlemen, withhold your cheers — until you hear what I have in mind.

Women's clubs have been good to me. From coast to coast I have appeared before them as a guest speaker, and have been plied with questions and tea and cakes and, quite often, the stronger fuels that help a speaker on his way to the next engagement. I have no complaint.

But I have come to wonder if women's clubs are good for women.

Canadian women should come out of the bushes and jump into the main stream of Canadian life. The waters are somewhat sluggish, muddy and polluted. Some sparkle and turbulence is needed, not to mention leaping and splashing. Women are the ones to provide it.

Our men — in politics, business, industry, *Continued on page 151*

By Charles Lynch

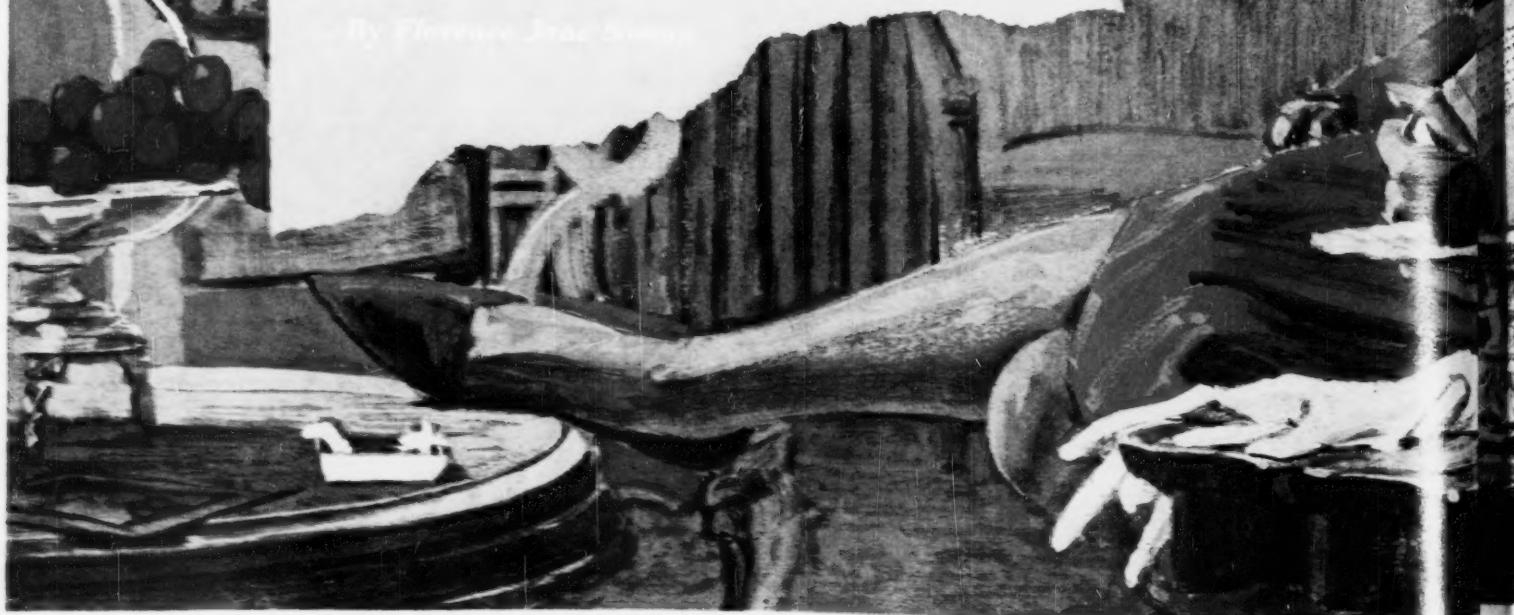
A GIRL NAMED Dooley

She was a beautiful riddle. A stranger—disturbingly inviting, strangely maddening. And then she vanished...

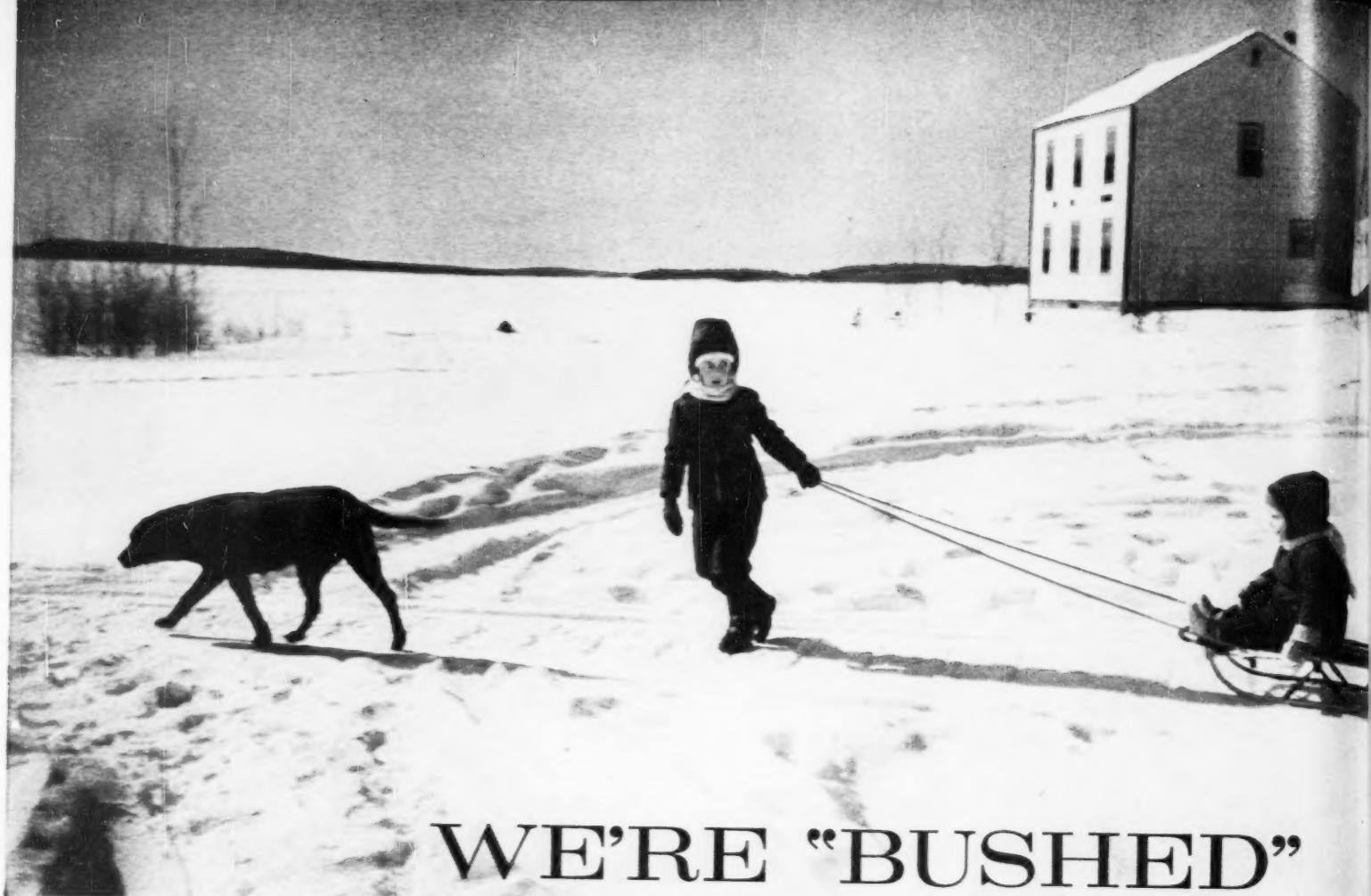
The cocktail party was just getting started; most of those in the big, smartly furnished room were beginning to feel good, a little lighter in the hands and feet. From the bar in the corner came the clatter of the cocktail shaker, always a festive sound, and yet David Warriner walked rather glumly from group to group, an almost untasted drink in his hand. He was twenty-nine, and although he was not the tall athletic type, girls found his grey eyes, his sandy-colored hair and rather thin face somehow an exciting understatement. Besides this, there wasn't a

Continued on page 118

By Florence Brackenbury







WE'RE "BUSHED" AND WE LOVE IT

"My husband is a fur trader. Our home is back of beyond in the northern wilderness. We shop by radio, our 'car' is a sled, our neighbors are Indians. And we couldn't wish for a better life"

By JUNE GIBB
as told to CATHIE BRESLIN

In most ways, my home is much like yours — comfortable, spacious enough for a medium-sized family (we have nine rooms), and served with electricity and running water. It's different in just one important respect — the nearest one like it is thirty-five miles away through the northern Ontario bush.

Home for us is Osnaburgh, three hundred and twenty miles northeast of Winnipeg. Our groceries are delivered once a week, from a store a hundred miles away, by railroad, bus and boat. Our "family car" is an old skiff powered by an outboard motor, in summer; a sled pulled by a snowmobile in winter. Our telephone is a two-hundred-foot wire stretched between the house and the Hudson's Bay Company fur-trading post managed by my husband Jock.

Aside from the handful of visitors we see

in the course of a year, our world consists of our two small boys, a baby daughter, a seventeen-year-old clerk, the three hundred Indians of the Osnaburgh Reserve, and the exhilarating wild beauty that stretches to the horizon on all sides. We love it.

Sometimes I have to remind myself that city women live in a world of supermarkets, dishwashers and department stores, to understand the questions they ask me when we leave the bush on vacation. "Don't you miss having neighbors?" they ask. "How do you ever manage without movies or television? Don't you worry yourself to death about getting sick? Aren't you bored, or scared?"

Can you explain the north?

I hardly know what to tell them. How can you explain the thrill of canoeing along the shallows of a wilderness river, with a velvet-antlered caribou lumbering alongside, close enough to touch with a paddle? Or the awe-

someness of the northern lights tearing apart the vast darknesses of the sky with riotous pinks, yellows, reds, purples and blues? Up here, each season is ruggedly and satisfactorily different from any other. We are conscious always of the world around us. We "read" our expansive skies and in them find our future weather. It is hard to realize that to most city people sky is only something that's above tall buildings, and seldom looked at.

It's true we're just like children when we get to town, going wild in the stores and stuffing ourselves in restaurants. We devour television; we even watch the commercials. In Winnipeg we saw four movies in one day, and in Montreal we sat through a Danny Kaye musical three times.

But after a few weeks of noise and dirt and rushing around, we're homesick for the bush. We'd be lost if we thought we could never go back.

There's something about a morning up north, crisp and new, that always makes it



Winter "car" — sled pulled by snowmobile — carries author June Gibb, Calum (left), Fergus. Opposite page, Fergus takes Calum on sleigh ride, led by family Labrador, past warehouse of Hudson's Bay post father runs.



Husband Jock Gibb makes daily radio report to station in Sioux Lookout, Ont., 106 miles away.



Breadmaking is part of June Gibb's routine. It's 100 miles to grocery store.



Firewood is cut by Jock near the warehouse, while Fergus helps select logs. In the distance is frozen Lake St. Joseph. At right, Jock pulls the cut wood—and a hitchhiking Calum—back up to the family's comfortable nine-room house.



special for me. About seven o'clock I pad bare-footed into the kitchen, in blouse and jeans, to make breakfast on our old wood stove which imparts a grand flavor to everything. With breakfast over and the boys sent out to play, I kiss Jock good-by as he sets out across the yard to the trading post.

Waiting is a way of life

Days the mail arrives are special events, and Jock, instead of making his usual trek to the trading post, zooms off in the skiff to Dog Hole Bay, a little twelve-man fishing settlement five miles from us across Lake St. Joseph, while I set about my housecleaning, battling the traces of soot from our wood furnace, wood stove and kerosene refrigerator — the sootiest of all.

Dinner is ready when Jock returns. But mail comes first. At our first northern post, letters were something you didn't count on — you were simply thankful when some turned up. One Christmas we received none at all. I soon learned that waiting is part of life in the north.

Now there's usually a weekly letter from my mother in Scotland. She is a very shy person and although she had five children herself she never told us much about life and marriage. Through her letters to me in my new home in Canada I've got to know her better than I might ever have back home in Scotland.

Sometimes a new store catalogue arrives, and we "shop" our way through its pages. It's a good way to shop, for you give each item more thought than you would if brows-

ing in a store, and you are less tempted by bargains you really don't need. I've given up ordering pretty things for myself; I don't need, or miss, them in the bush.

We're not solely dependent on the mails for contact with the world outside. We talk daily by radio with Sioux Lookout, a hundred and six miles to the south, reporting on the fur trading, sending through a grocery order, or just chatting.

Surprises in a grocery bag

After dinner I unpack the groceries and see what surprises they've sent this week. The grocer doesn't spoil you with special trimmings when your usual order is "ten dollars of meat and five of vegetables." I love to cook, and

Continued on next page

WE'RE "BUSHED" AND WE LOVE IT

Continued

sometimes I pine for a greater variety of ingredients to work with.

Still, we do get plenty of fresh moose and deer meat, goose and even beaver. The trading-post clerk shoots partridges, and I often fish our dinner from the lake that fronts our home. In summer we pick huge raspberries, strawberries and wild blueberries from our back yard. And sometimes we have rice, brought to us by the Indians, who probe the rice beds and shake the wild grains into their canoes. Big hotels in the east serve it as an expensive delicacy, but the Indians can't be bothered to husk it. Our five-year-old Fergus chews it instead of gum.

But city wives any day in the week can find things in their supermarkets that we never see. Liquid detergents cost too much to ship up here; we get along on powdered soap. Our milk comes powdered, too. In freezing winter weather we're lucky if the lettuce arrives without turning to water, or the bananas resembling charcoal sticks. Of course, much of our winter supply of food comes off my shelves of preserves. I won first prize one year in a canning contest open to wives of Hudson's Bay Company employees — and perhaps it was little wonder, for I'm kept constantly in practice, putting up everything from greengages to chutney pickles and lemon curd.

You have to be handy up north. My level-headed Jock fixes plumbing, batteries, generators—in other words, everything. When the well on the Osnaburgh Reserve went dry, he dug a new one. At an earlier posting he built a thirty-foot windmill to recharge our batteries.

It helps, too, to have a lively imagination, especially if you have children. I find one of the hardest things about life in the north is figuring out ways to keep our children amused. I draw pictures and play by the hour, and we're grand pals. But no matter how hard we try, Jock and I can never get back to their level.

Continued on page 58



Modern kitchen, complete with electricity and running water, is the centre of the Gibbs' family life. While June prepares food and Fergus (left) watches, Jock and Calum dine with clerk whose hunting sometimes provides game for the table.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CATHIE BRESLIN

*It's a do-it-yourself life
for June Gibb, with
little time for loneliness*



Baby Fiona, just three weeks old, is an enthralling "toy" to year-and-a-half-old Calum, who holds her. June flew to outside hospitals for the births.



Family barber is June, here giving sheet-wrapped Calum an expert trim with electric clippers powered by special generator. Jock hauls up from store.



Well-wrapped Calum is readied for outdoors play. Despite the 30- to 40-below winter temperatures, children catch few colds; other diseases are rare.



Schoolroom for five-year-old Fergus is kitchen. He takes a correspondence course, taught by June, who guides him here through a painting lesson.

I'm glad I kept my child

ILLEGITIMATE

**I was the Other Woman, and I paid dearly for it.
But the child I bore changed my entire life**

By Sara LeGrand

A tired old jalopy painted yellow has just pulled up at my front door, and half a dozen boisterous teen-agers dressed in white and headed for the tennis courts are honking for Ronnie. A voice from downstairs yells a cheerful, "Bye, Mom," a door slams, and I stand in my bedroom window watching my tall curly-headed son climb into the back seat and roar off with the high-school crowd. Once again it strikes me how like his father he is: the same unruly black hair, the deep-brown eyes, the quick smile and the quiet charm.

But Ronnie has never known his father, for I am an unmarried mother.

Eighteen years ago, I shocked my family by becoming pregnant out of wedlock. When I entered a Manitoba hospital under my maiden name, almost everyone urged me to give up my baby for adoption. I refused. They said the way would be hard, and they were right, but never for a moment have I regretted my decision.

Ronnie is my child. We belong together. I think that every unmarried mother ought to give serious thought to the possibility of keeping her baby. Provided she's got courage, single-mindedness, earning capacity, and the conviction that she's doing the right thing, I believe she can make a go of it.

She may even emerge a better person, as I believe I have done.

Looking at myself today, a middle-aged woman with a stenographer's spread and bifocals, it's hard to believe that twenty years ago I was what is politely referred to as "a party girl." Ronnie is the culmination of those years; his birth marked the beginning of a new life for me.

Growing up in a motherless home, I had been anything but wild. I was unattractive as a girl, skinny and undeveloped, with straight brown hair and a sallow skin. My three

sisters and two brothers had inherited all the good looks in the family. I felt myself unloved.

My mother had died when I was a year old, and my father had remarried an extremely pretty young woman half his age. After that, he seemed to forget he had children. I was the youngest and perhaps I felt his neglect most. I grew up silent, lonely, unhappy and unco-operative. By the time I was eighteen and entering my first year at college, all my older brothers and sisters had left home. Two of them had married and were living in another province. That Christmas nobody came home and the holidays passed slowly and miserably.

One morning I came downstairs and announced that I was quitting college and leaving home to look for a job. My stepmother smiled and my father said nothing. When I caught the night train west he wasn't even at the railway station to kiss me good-by.

I never saw him again. He died suddenly two years later. Perhaps it's just as well he never knew of my "disgrace." Or would he have cared?

First steps to trouble

World War II was raging, workers were needed, but my high-school education hadn't fitted me for specialized office work. Finally I located a job in a munitions plant inspecting shells.

I was earning fifty dollars a week and I was thrilled at my new independence. I moved into a top-floor flat with a lively young couple called Bill and Yvette. Live and let live was their motto, when they were sober enough to have one. What I did in my free time was no concern of theirs.

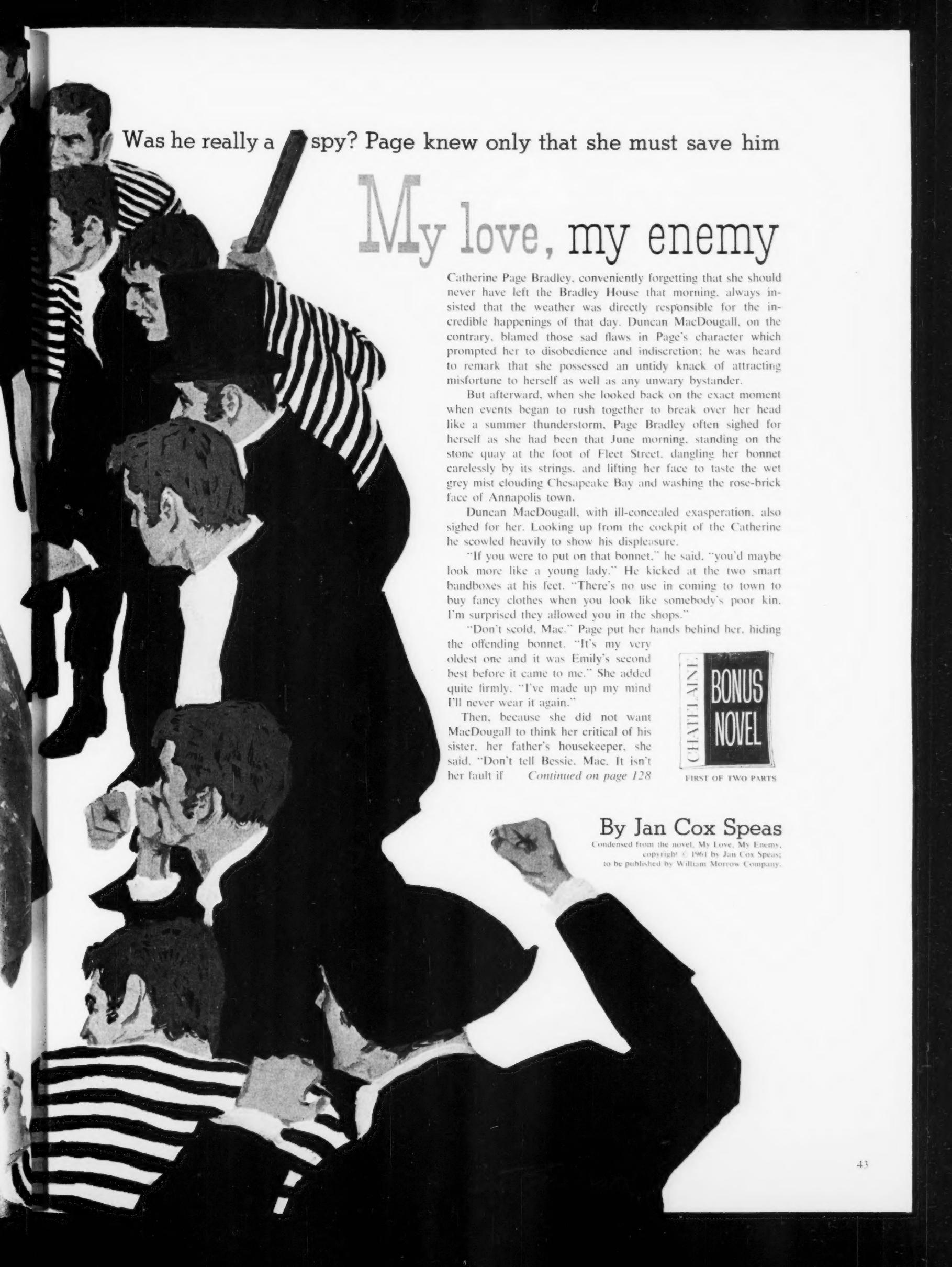
What I didn't learn from Bill and Yvette, in those first months, I learned from Betty, the pretty little blonde who worked next to me in the factory. Betty had dozens of boy friends, I thought she was *Continued on page 71*

A CHATELAINE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE STORY



Page rushed forward, hoping
desperately his surprise would
not betray them to the mob.





Was he really a spy? Page knew only that she must save him

My love, my enemy

Catherine Page Bradley, conveniently forgetting that she should never have left the Bradley House that morning, always insisted that the weather was directly responsible for the incredible happenings of that day. Duncan MacDougall, on the contrary, blamed those sad flaws in Page's character which prompted her to disobedience and indiscretion; he was heard to remark that she possessed an untidy knack of attracting misfortune to herself as well as any unwary bystander.

But afterward, when she looked back on the exact moment when events began to rush together to break over her head like a summer thunderstorm, Page Bradley often sighed for herself as she had been that June morning, standing on the stone quay at the foot of Fleet Street, dangling her bonnet carelessly by its strings, and lifting her face to taste the wet grey mist clouding Chesapeake Bay and washing the rose-brick face of Annapolis town.

Duncan MacDougall, with ill-concealed exasperation, also sighed for her. Looking up from the cockpit of the Catherine he scowled heavily to show his displeasure.

"If you were to put on that bonnet," he said, "you'd maybe look more like a young lady." He kicked at the two smart bandboxes at his feet. "There's no use in coming to town to buy fancy clothes when you look like somebody's poor kin. I'm surprised they allowed you in the shops."

"Don't scold, Mac." Page put her hands behind her, hiding the offending bonnet. "It's my very oldest one and it was Emily's second best before it came to me." She added quite firmly. "I've made up my mind I'll never wear it again."

Then, because she did not want MacDougall to think her critical of his sister, her father's housekeeper, she said, "Don't tell Bessie, Mac. It isn't her fault if

Continued on page 128



FIRST OF TWO PARTS

By Jan Cox Speas

Condensed from the novel, *My Love, My Enemy*,
copyright © 1961 by Jan Cox Speas;
to be published by William Morrow Company.



Tricia had a handsome husband, children and a beautiful chalet in the Laurentians. Everything—but freedom to get away from it all. Then she took the plunge...

THE SKIS SHE LEFT BEHIND HER

She looked down from the upper landing of the floating stairway into the vast party-peopled living room with as much curiosity as though she were a guest. The range of costume was, in itself, incredible. There were women in brocade cocktail dresses, women in ski clothes with the narrowest of stretch slacks and the bulkiest of hand-knit sweaters. The men's outfits were correspondingly diversified, some of them country tweed jackets with leather elbow patches, some of them good dark worsteds, a few gay-colored pull-overs. Oddly, though, you couldn't pair the couples by what they were wearing. Marian Woodley always loved dressing to the nines; Gerry, her husband, was never seen, on the mountain at least, in anything but ski and after-ski wear. Presumably he wore business suits in Montreal.

But I never see any of them in Montreal, Tricia realized silently, only here.

The most casual guest, even the last-minute fringe ones Chris sometimes included without remembering to tell her, could have stood here on this exact spot, looking down as she was looking now, and be struck breathless both by the view below and the distant vista, through the wall of glass, of the light-studded mountains beyond. She and Chris never drew the curtains across the window wall except during a raging blizzard when their fireside seemed safer with the night world shut outside.

As if he had somehow sensed her presence, his dark head turned and he stared upward.

"Tricia." She saw his lips move and his brows pull together in a slight. *Continued on page 95*



BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER



"That's unfair, Tricia," Chris said. "Besides, how about now?"

RACING COLORS in the winner's circle

By VIVIAN WILCOX
Chatelaine Fashion Editor

Colors bright as jockeys' silks are fashion's favorites this spring and the odds are you'll select a coat, suit or dress in one of the lead contenders—yellow, blue or flamingo. Here we show some of the smartest. And to keep you in the winner's circle we've included accessory tip-offs for each one of them.

YELLOW—WIN, PLACE AND SHOW

THE TIP-OFF If you choose a yellow and white suit such as the one at near right, best plan is to stick to these colors for your accessories. When the outfit of your choice is all yellow, consider a white flower hat with green leaves and pumps in a pale green such as those worn by the racing fan standing behind the jockey. An alternative: taupe pumps, a taupe and green hat, green bag, beige gloves. Or try the unexpected—not a blend, but a bang. Coral shoes, for instance. In the costume at far right, just a glint of coral is echoed in the band of the hat. It's new to combine two or three colors. But the old system holds true: they must be interdependent. As for the bold accents, don't press your luck. Where one may be a knockout, a second or a repeat is apt to look spotty. The jewelry for yellow: Gold and topazes. The hose? Pale—ivory or yellow cast.



Opposite page: the yellow wool suit with white binding offers a new fashion formula—short jacket, full skirt. By Val Hughes, sizes 8 to 20, about \$115. The wool-fence coat, centre, brings news in width and curve and colorband. It's by Allensby, sizes 6 to 16, about \$109.50. Far right: another wool suit with a dropped jacket—this one, slightly fitted and fringed. By Wilson, in sizes 8 to 18, about \$109.50.

Photographs by Paul Rickett

*Furs and accessories from Simpson's.
For WHERE-TO-BUY Racing Colors fashions see page 95.*

Racing Colors: continued

For the golden look that will give you a glowing aura in your yellow ensemble, see Make-up to Racing Colors, page 104.

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For cosmetic hues to put you in a flattering light with blues, see *Make-up to Racing Colors*, page 104.

RACING COLORS *Continued*

BLUE—ACROSS THE BOARD

Blue is back. Not the traditional navy, but a myriad of light and bright blues. And we're placing the odds on the zingiest of them all—brilliant Bristol and vivid peacock blue

THE TIP-OFF Like most racing colors, blue looks wonderful with black and white. We show a blue suit with white hat, black-and-white shoes. The gloves are white, the bag (not shown) is white, too. The dazzler on the jacket: an emerald-green stone banked in pearls and brilliants. With this same suit you could wear a yellow straw hat, blue shoes, an opaque white pin. With the peacock-blue coat, there's a turban in a swirl of blues and greens. Imagine the same coat with a blue and spicy-brown hat—perhaps flowered—blue shoes and spice bag. Imagine the blue coat topping a chalk-white dress on a cool summer evening. Imagine it over a pale-green, pink or coral dress, with shoes to match the dress color.

In addition to the wonderfully flattering color of the clothes on the opposite page, there's news in their silhouettes. Notice the ease of jacket, the width of skirt in the Gordi suit, left. It's French worsted wool, in sizes 5 to 15, about \$55. The coat—another example of the new width, the new mobility—has both side vents and rippling back fullness. It's in peacock-blue wool fleece. By Allenby, sizes 6 to 16, about \$89.95.

Racing Colors: continued



on the
the ease
worsted
the new
ness. It's
\$89.95.

inued

1961

FLAMINGO—AN EASY WINNER

Flamingo is a hot pink, a shocking pink, a dazzler. It's the color of the clothes you see on the opposite page. Admittedly this color is not for the timid. It's for the woman of strong fashion convictions and fashion knowhow. For her, it's an easy winner

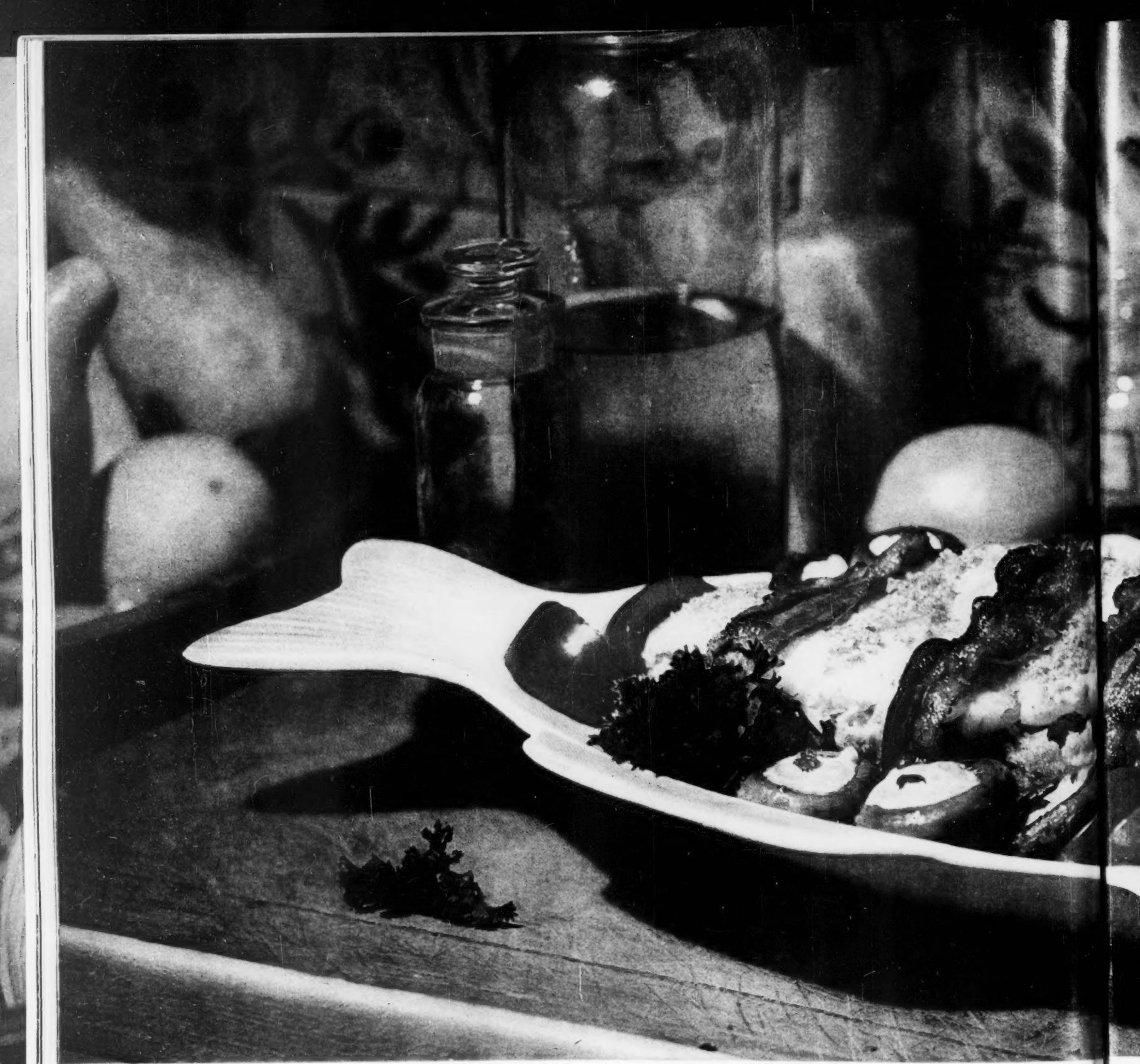
THE TIP-OFF With a color as racy as this one, bold contrast can be disastrous. The exception: black. With a flamingo coat you could wear a black straw hat, black patent shoes. But we think blending shades, as you see here, more springlike. With a flamingo dress, matching shoes are in order. With a flamingo coat or suit, consider burgundy shoes such as those worn by the racing enthusiast, right. Pick up the burgundy, flamingo and a paler pink — perhaps a touch of green — in your hat. Choose gloves in a neutral shade — white or off-white, pearl grey; long ones are a must with this season's short sleeves. Your jewelry could be a multistrand necklace in pinks and red. Or pearls — a safe bet with any racing color.



Beauty techniques for a rosy flush of success with flamingo fashions are given in Make-up to Racing Colors, page 104.

Opposite page: the flamingo silk-linen dress, left, counts among its charms a bell-shaped skirt with scalloped hem. By Junior Sophisticates, sizes 5 to 15, about \$45. The wool-fleece coat, centre, has an inverted pleat to shape the back. It's by Allenby, sizes 6 to 16, about \$89.95. The coat at far right is collarless. You add the scarf when you wish, tie it as you please. By Gordon, in sizes 8 to 14, about \$69.95. END





We found the twelve varieties of fresh and frozen fish most popular with Canadians coast to coast. And for each we have created an original, easy-to-prepare recipe that brings out the best of your favorite fish

FISH
that taste better than
FISH



ROAST COD

2 lbs fresh or frozen cod fillets
Vegetable Dill Stuffing*

Maitre d'Hôtel Butter**
Rindless side bacon

Thaw fish fillets if frozen. Place half the fillets in greased foil in a shallow bake dish. Spread with the moist vegetable stuffing, then cover with remaining fillets. Spread with Maitre d'Hôtel Butter and arrange slices of side bacon over the top. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water or milk around the fish. Bake at 450 F for 25 minutes or until fish flakes easily and bacon is lightly browned. Remove to a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce. Serves 5 or 6 generously.

*VEGETABLE DILL STUFFING: Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft white or cheese bread crumbs with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup onion sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter or oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dill seeds and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup mixed cooked vegetables. Moisten with a little French dressing.

**MAITRE D'HÔTEL BUTTER: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter with a tablespoon

chopped parsley, the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Add salt and freshly ground pepper to taste.

TOMATO SAUCE: Simmer 2 cups canned tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ small onion, sliced, or 1 teaspoon onion flakes, 1 bay leaf, 1 or 2 whole cloves and a slice of lemon, for 10 minutes. Strain and whisk in 2 tablespoons flour creamed with 2 tablespoons soft butter. Flavor with sugar and salt and add about 2 tablespoons cream.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.50. Calories per serving: 300.

By ELAINE COLLETT

Director Chatelaine Institute

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

Recipes for 12 fish varieties continue page 76

A Special Chatelaine Report

the CANADIAN HOMEMAKER

what you think of your job

- * Here are your most hated tasks and your favorites
- * How you'd spend a week off
- * Who handles the money in the family
- * Why 86.7 percent of you call your job the best in the world

By JEAN YACK

You live in a home, not a house, and the happiness of the people who live there counts more to you than all the shiny gadgets and beautiful things assembled in it. The fact that you want your daughters to be housewives proves your faith in your job. In spite of little daily rubs, you would not trade it for any other in the world.

To find out what Canadian housewives think of their jobs, CHATELAINE recently set its research department to work on a three-month survey. Two hundred and fifty carefully selected representative homemakers were chosen from among the Chatelaine Consumer Councilors across Canada. (These are the volunteers who regularly answer our questions on products and homemaking problems.)

The women we wanted to know about were chosen from two age groups: thirty and under, and thirty to forty-five. Income brackets were \$2,000 to \$3,000; \$3,000 to \$5,000; \$5,000 to \$10,000, and over \$10,000. Answers were received from every province but Prince Edward Island; from a village of 152 population, cities such as Toronto and Montreal, from a ranch in Alberta.

We particularly wanted to find out whether the stereotype of the harassed North American housewife — tense, frantic, frustrated — was fact or myth. Does today's Canadian housewife indeed feel that she lacks status and self-respect; that she's pushed and pulled under terrible pressure; that sometimes she's "a pie being cut into six pieces and served to a dinner party of ten"?

One finding emerged immediately from our survey. Whether you're a housewife living in a Canadian city of one million or a town

of two thousand, you see your family, your life and its goals in remarkably the same perspective.

The second discovery: there is remarkably little evidence of "housewifeitis" (a mid-twentieth-century affliction we might define as compounded of frustration, fatigue, and freneticness). No whining martyrs wailed on our shoulders; you are, on the whole, a cheery lot. "Keep yourself pretty and in good humor, and nobody will mind if your house is not spic and span and the supper is slightly burned," wrote a mother of two in Montreal.

"I feel so frustrated when I spend hours cleaning and polishing, and the children undo all the work in ten minutes. So I just do what is absolutely necessary for our comfort and we all stay happy," wrote another in Richmond Hill, Ont.

A resounding 86.7 percent of you want your daughters to grow up to be housewives, rather than working wives (4.9 percent) or unmarried career girls (1.8 percent).

We asked whether, if you were assured of adequate help to look after the children, you would prefer to take employment outside the home and pay someone to do the housework. Only 6.3 percent said yes. Forty-seven percent gave an unqualified no, and 43.3 percent said they would like to do so occasionally. A number added in explanation that the only "adequate person" they could accept to raise their children was the children's mother herself. "I would never have anyone else look after my children, but I'd gladly have someone else do all my housework," wrote one young Edmonton mother.

We found the same affirmation of faith in your job and the people around you when we asked about problems. Only 17.9 percent feel they need more appreciation from their families; the majority appraise their needs as the down-to-earth matters of more money (41 percent) and more holidays (42 percent). Nineteen percent left the problem section blank.

You think the best age for a girl to marry is twenty-one or twenty-two. Many of you emphasized that in marriage, maturity counted more than calendar years—"It depends on the girl," you told us.

The ideal family numbers four children, 41.5 percent told us. One woman named one as her ideal; one (and only one) suggested nine. A number agreed with the Peterborough, Ont., wife who was happily awaiting her seventh child that "as many as the family can afford" was the best possible number.

This, then, is the general picture. Here are how some of you see the specifics of your day.

Continued on page 82



Dave Portigal



Mrs. James McKay, Crystal City, Man., is the busy mother of three: "I like cleanliness, order and a place for everything, and everything in its place."

Above, Mrs. Beverley Linklater, Winnipeg, with two of her three children: "After twelve years I am not, as yet, a 'good' housekeeper, but I try . . . One has to be unselfish, and a teacher. Twenty-four hours a day."

Across Canada, you report on your job, its joys and pains



Denny Ransom

Mrs. Mollie Burns, Kamloops, B.C., finds there's always time for sharing with her children and their friends: "How I wish I were a good housekeeper! The basketball hitting the side of the house, and I'm out . . . Cutouts for my six-year-old and I'm lost . . . The vacuum in the middle of the floor never bothers me. Oh me! Next year I'm going to change."



Robert Benyas

George Fenyon



Mrs. G. E. Nadeau, Montreal.

Believes this young mother of two: "All it takes is a lot of love; love your husband as he is, your children as they are . . . Never give up being the heart of your home."

Mrs. Avery Fleming, Edmonton, with her daughters April and Carolyn: "A housewife should not have a set routine for housework. Nothing causes boredom quicker. An efficiency engineer would probably throw up his arms in disgust at my lack of routine but anything is worth avoiding housework's biggest bugbear—boredom!"

Jack Long



Let's face it—not everyone likes housekeeping. If you don't (and feel guilty), turn the page for some devastating words by an author who thinks like you ►



"I HATE HOUSEKEEPING!"

*"It's frustrating and futile,
time-wasting and mentally deadening.
The accepted view of it is obsolete.
Its methods are outdated."*

And here are an angry author's reasons why

By ANNA DAVIES

Nothing in my early education prepared me for housekeeping, and I'm not sorry. On the contrary, I'm thankful now for all the hours I spent reading and studying, instead of learning time-honored methods of making short pastry and starching frills.

I was trained for what I fondly hoped would be the life of a modern woman. My educators, assuming this would require an ability to think, taught me to think. And the thinking I have done during fourteen years of marriage, over dishwashing, bedmaking and vacuuming, has led me to the conclusion that our methods of housekeeping in this age of industrial organization and scientific accomplishment are obsolete.

It's time to revolt!

My dissatisfaction, which I share with many others, arises not out of an immature disinclination to do necessary work, but out of the recognition that I spend my days in completely futile and unnecessary toil. And for that reason alone, I hate housekeeping.

Moreover, I am no longer interested in learning how to do housework quickly, painlessly, efficiently or well. I'm only interested in abolishing it. Should this necessitate a social revolution, so much the better. Societies thrive on them.

If a bowling alley can provide mothers with a fully equipped and supervised nursery to care for their children while they bowl, then surely we could make provision for those who want to spend time more constructively—on an afternoon's work which they enjoy and are trained for.

And if an afternoon—why not two or three? Why not a short working week for both men and women? We're always talking about it.

As an enthusiastic proponent of marriage and motherhood, I attack only the outworn image of a backdrop against which the family phase of human existence should be enacted. I'm intolerant of the old routines, increasingly impossible for women to play with conviction.

I realize I was led up the educational garden path, as thousands of girls were and still are, but I do not reproach those responsible. I wish them *Continued on page 92*

SAUCE IT!

—the good and easy way
with *Campbell's Soup*

Let Campbell's Soups add creamy goodness and rich, full flavor to your favorite meats and vegetables. See how easy it is to make delicious main dishes everyone will enjoy.

Chicken Divan. Arrange 1 lb. broccoli, (or 10-oz. pkg. frozen), cooked and drained, in shallow baking dish; top with 3 to 4 servings sliced, cooked chicken. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; pour over all; sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded Cheddar cheese. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) till lightly browned, about 10 min. Or broil about 5 inches from heat, for 8 min. 3 to 4 servings.



Tuna Croquettes. Mix 2 cans (7 oz. each) tuna, drained and flaked, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine dry bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion, 1 egg (beaten), 3 tsp. lemon juice. Make 8 croquettes; roll in crumbs. Cook in 2 tbsp. butter. Sauce: Blend remaining soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise; heat; pour over; top with parsley. 4 servings.



Creole Hamburgers. In saucepan, cook $\frac{1}{2}$ medium onion, sliced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ medium green pepper, sliced, in 2 tbsp. shortening until tender. Add 1 can Campbell's Old-fashioned Tomato Rice Soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. whole thyme. Cook over low heat about 10 minutes. Stir now and then. Makes about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Serve over sizzling hamburgers. There's a tempting main dish the youngsters are sure to go for.



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stay soft and fluffy.



WE'RE "BUSHED" AND WE LOVE IT

Continued from page 40

Jock thinks the north is best for them; but sometimes I worry about them having so few children of their own age to play with.

Their schooling is currently the most pressing problem facing us. I'll teach them from correspondence courses—but that may be quite a job. Sooner or later they'll have to go out to boarding school, or back to their Scottish grandparents. We don't much like that, but it's part of our life to take what comes.

One thing in particular we're grateful to the north for is the relative absence of catching diseases, such as measles and mumps. Fergus has had only one cold, even though in weather of forty below he plays outside for hours. But in summer we do have black flies and bulldogs (horseflies) which get into our clothes and take bites the size of a pinhead. And swimming has its hazards: unless you swim underwater you're eaten alive.

Jock has had to fly out only once with a toothache. We can reach a doctor by radio at any time during the day, and the Hudson's Bay Company provides us with a medical book and a complete chest full of sutures, drugs—everything for an emergency. If things should really get bad the Pickle Crow mine doctor is only twenty minutes away by plane. Appendicitis is the only thing most bush people really worry about (one northern trader paid to have his healthy appendix taken out, just to play safe). But there's not much point sitting and thinking about what might happen.

Reminders of isolation

As a matter of fact, we seldom give a thought to our isolation because, though it may seem to be a contradiction in terms, we share it with so many other people. There are our boys, of course, and our clerk, and then there are the Indians, who are drawn to our post from miles around. We have reminders of isolation, of course, if we care to think about them. There is, for instance, the fully equipped nursing station — closed down two years ago when the nurse left. There's the Anglican church, now abandoned, where I sometimes slip in to play the wheezy old organ (We used to have an old warehouse, too, until the Anglican minister moved it across onto the Indian reserve so he could compete



Snowshoeing is one of Fergus' favorite sports. He can tramp for miles at a time on shoes bought from the Indians.

with the Roman Catholic chapel.) There's even an Indian burial ground, and a lovely lonely beach with a sand-hill three times as high as a room.

I got a 391-page letter

On summer nights, when the children are in bed, Jock and I sit on the porch and listen to our record player. Jock makes pictures with inlaid wood, while I knit. Across the shore the lights flicker on the reserve, and everything is hushed and peaceful. That's the time when I wouldn't trade our life for anything in the world.

I remember when I was a schoolgirl, hearing about the fur traders of the Canadian north, but even in my wildest imaginings I never thought that some day I would be married to one and call the remote frontier my home. We lived in a little town eighteen miles from Edinburgh, where I worked as a secretary, after a history exam kept me out of art school. One day while playing tennis I met Jock Gibb, an Aberdeen boy on holiday from his northern Ontario fur-trading post at Ogoki, some two hundred miles east of our present home at Osnaburgh. We had time for only a few dates before he sailed back to Canada, but that was long enough to fall in love. Then came a letter from him—in a box, all three hundred and ninety-one pages of it. He wrote about the day—the plane came, and swore at some of the Indians, and complained about the flies. He didn't paint a rosy picture, but I didn't much care.

Continued on page 61

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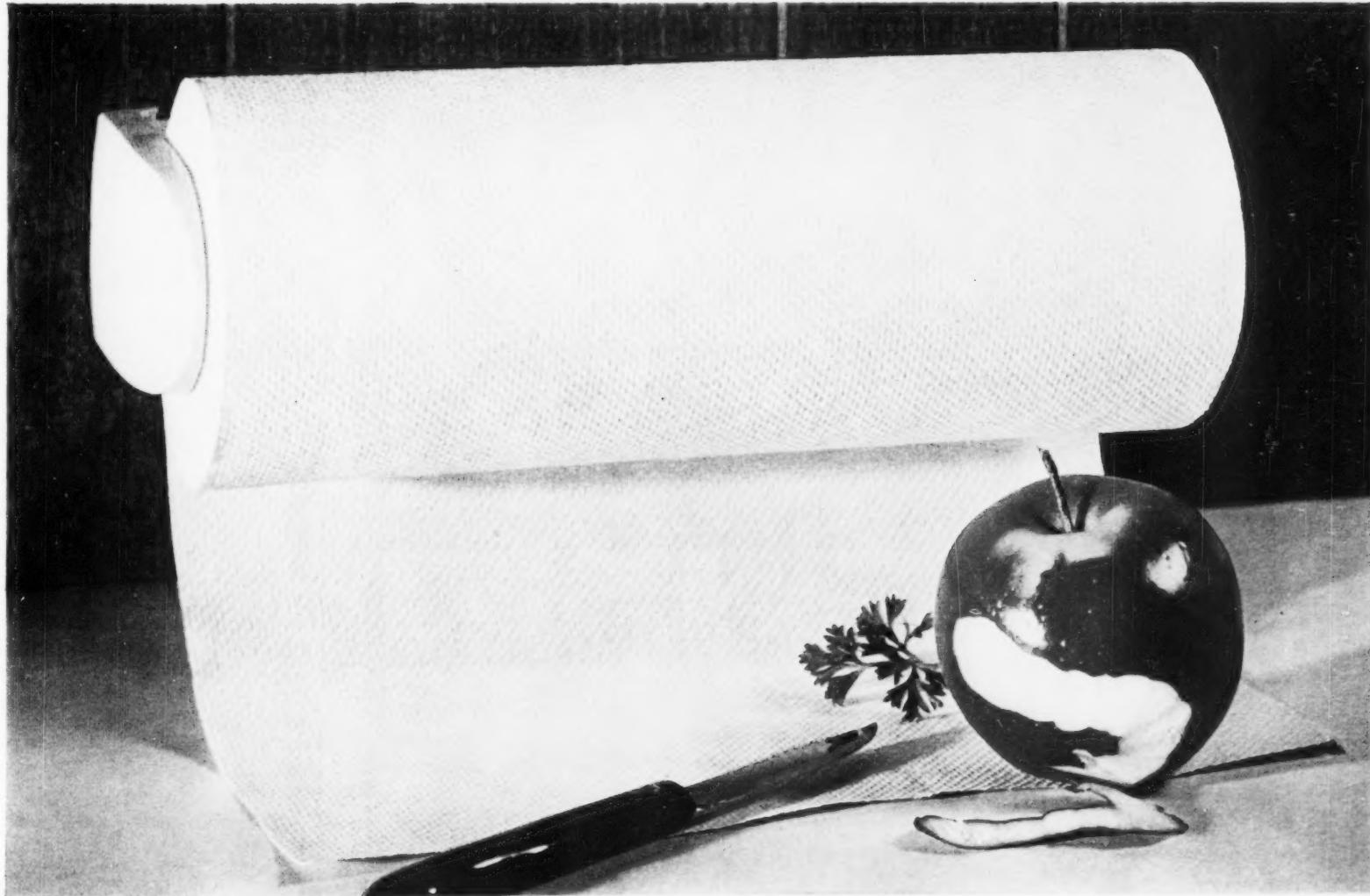


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We also make Scotkins.

Continued from page 58

On my eighteenth birthday Jock sent me money to buy an engagement ring. We planned to be married in Scotland when I was twenty, but when Jock began writing about his pretty Indian housekeeper I decided it was time to fly over. It all happened so fast that it

wasn't until I climbed on the plane that I realized what I was doing.

We were married in the northern Ontario settlement of Sioux Lookout. Jock's boss gave us a reception, and we spent our honeymoon in a lakeshore cabin. A little piece appeared in the local paper about the crazy Scot-

ish couple who were cycling all over Sioux Lookout on borrowed bicycles.

I must admit I wasn't much impressed with Canada at first. From what I'd seen it seemed full of dirty streets and stores and railroad stations. Soon I found another Canada, which I came to love:

We climbed into a bush plane and set out over the desolate country to Jock's trading post at Ogoki. Even from that height you could pick out the odd moose track, and see the caribou crossing the lake. It was something very new, and gradually the bigness and stillness won my heart.

Awaiting me was a nice house with a beautiful garden—not at all as rough as I expected. But the most surprising thing was the Indians who trooped from the nearby reservation to look me over. As a shy young bride just out of Scotland I wasn't used to the sight of a woman sitting on the floor of a store, smoking a pipe, drinking from a pop bottle, and nursing a baby—all at the same time. And it startled me to see little brown faces peeping in every window of the house.

Later I learned that Jock had prepared the Indians of the area for my coming by teaching them to knock before opening a door. They were just like children—good and simple, and utterly trusting. After a trip along their trap lines they would come to the store and act out their experiences for Jock, waving their arms and crawling on all fours.

I was impressed with my new husband. In the city he was big enough to sweep me off my feet, but in the bush where he belonged he seemed ten feet tall. The Indians for miles around came to him to joke and trade and ask advice. They trusted him completely, and he knew them all by name and record. He holds the same position of esteem with the Indians at the Osnaburgh Reserve today.

Jock let me bathe first

For a week there was so much to see and explore at Ogoki that I couldn't settle down to housekeeping. Still, there was much that had to be done. We filled the kitchen water barrel from the river, two pails at a time, and two big kettles were always heating on the wood stove. It wasn't too bad, except for the weekly bath (Jock bathed after me—he said I was cleaner) and the washing (it took fifteen trips to the river to fill the machine and rinse tubs). In winter Jock hacked a hole in the ice and fetched the water in ten-gallon jugs.

Our "outdoor bathroom" was fine, except in winter. Often I'd chop my own wood, just for the exercise; sometimes I'd peel my potatoes on the dock and watch the peelings float downstream. Between house chores I helped with display and bookkeeping in the

**"Darling,
I'm so glad
you phoned"**

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store. I was still getting acquainted with the powerful country I'd come to live in.

In spite of all the work, there was still time left for play. Even when I was seven months pregnant I used to toboggan every day with the Indian children — until the day we overshot the bank and sailed fifteen feet out onto the river ice! I lost the sled and found myself just sitting in air. It gave me such a fright that I was sure Fergus was going to come right on the spot.

Babies on the trap line

The possibility of Fergus' premature arrival was a constant worry for Jock, and he read the midwife's manual so often he knew it by heart. I was a little nervous, too—not at all like the Indian women who never worry; if a baby comes on the trap line, why, the husband makes a fine midwife. A fine idea, we thought, but not for us and our first baby.

So I flew out to Sioux Lookout two months before Fergus was due. After all that waiting I had such an easy time I hardly knew I was having a baby. Just a week later, I was home again.

Now, with a baby, managing the wash without running water became an even greater problem. Often, instead of filling the washing machine with water by making fifteen bucket-carrying trips to and from the river, I would simply rinse out the baby's diapers down at the river, as the Indian women did.

After four years in Ogoki, Jock had begun to feel out of touch with the world. I was homesick and anxious to show off my first baby back home. I became disheartened, and I guess I made Jock that way, too. We were fed up.

So when Fergus was sixteen months old we left to see a little of town life. Jock wanted to send me home until he settled into another job, but I said we'd rough it together.

I guess "roughing" is the right word to describe the year we started at the line post of Nakina, a hundred miles south of Ogoki. Jock took a job with the Indian Affairs Branch of Ontario and stared at papers on his desk until he couldn't take it another minute. Then he managed a grocery store while the owner was on vacation, and I took in boarders. Before long Jock was running a drugstore, while I worked at the snack bar, and we lived in the two rooms behind. Then we heard of a



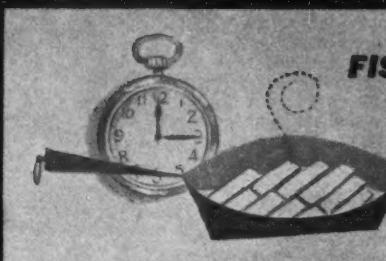
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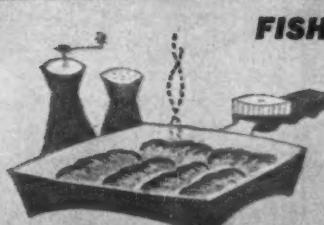


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French trader down the line who needed a general-store manager and offered to share the business. Most of our customers were lumberjacks and Indians, and we had to fix a shack just like one of them. I did my washing in a big tub in the middle of the floor. Our kitchen table looked like it came out of an old west parlor—which it had.

We stayed this way for three months, until the trader decided he couldn't afford our winter salary. We could hardly have been happier. We'd had enough of "civilization." Jock was tired of tending over the trading post at Oshawaug. We sold our furniture and came to our present home in the north.

After that year, the bush was luxury. We were our own bosses again.

More babies in the bush

Sometimes I still get spells of the blues for a few days. I can't be helped, even on the outside. There, of course, you can go to the movies to snap out of it. At Oshawaug it sometimes takes a little longer. But I've never really missed the social life.

Fergus was happiest of all to settle down with all the moving he didn't know if he was coming or going. I'd give over the idea of my folks seeing him as a baby. In fact, before long there was another baby to be thinking about. Soon it was time again to head for the hospital at Sioux Lookout.

A month later my pains started on a Saturday, and early Monday morning began again. An hour and a half later I heard my second son, Calum, come into the world. A week later I flew back to Oshawaug.

When our third child was arriving I thought I'd bear the calendar and went up to Pickle Lake just a week before it was due. Twenty-two days later Fiona came. We were so thrilled to have the little girl we hadn't dared hope for. I forgave her for being so late.

The big moments in the bush are seldom the big, a trip north to Pickle Lake or chukchement enough for three days. election day—a great event. For the 1958 election I was appointed Chief Returning Officer at Oshawaug, and Jock was my clerk.

After all the forms I'd filled out in triplicate, the actual voting was the easiest part. Our clerk was too young to vote, and one half-breed was out on the trap line. So Jimmy Lawson, the fifty-year-old half-breed who used to run the Rat Rapsos power station

near Dog Hole, walked across the ice and voted Conservative, like Jock and me. The Indian widow of a 1914 war veteran picked the handsomest candidate, who was CCF. So the final total in the big metal box we sealed up and sent off on the toboggan to meet the next taxi was three-to-one Conservative. I don't think that it made much difference to Mr. Diefenbaker.

For the annual Treaty Party an Indian agent, a Mountie, a government officer and a doctor come to pay the treaty money, and the Indians for miles around gather from their trap lines. All get an X-ray and a big feed, and in Jock's store there's a run on macaroni, bread, jam and sometimes even fancy pastry and fruit. Everybody buys himself a new set of clothes for the Indian version of a square dance.

It starts with an old woman beating out the rhythm on a skin drum. Then the melody is picked up on guitar by young boys, who learned the instrument by listening to western records. The boys wear blue jeans and plaid shirts; the girls, simple blouses and dirndl skirts. All the girls wear lipstick, some sport home permanents, but one thing Jock can't sell any of them at the store are fancy lace-trimmed slips. They make their own from pink flannel, and they can't seem to pluck up the courage to try something new.

Danny reads a dictionary

People on the outside seem to think that because Indians live simple lives, they are dull. It isn't so. Many of them have a good sense of fun, and have good inquiring minds. Danny Tukesin, for example, taught himself German during the war—with the help of prisoner-of-war orderlies—while he was recovering from a polio attack in a Winnipeg hospital. To polish his English, he reads a dictionary in his spare moments, and frequently assists the chief, James Masakayash, whose English is not so sure.

Sandy Lawson, Jimmy's half-breed brother, works as catechist to Reverend Morgan Bebee at the Pickle Lake Anglican Church. Sandy, who is eighty-five, hasn't missed an evening service in forty years—which is saying a lot for anyone.

Of course, most of our Indians lead simpler lives. They can make several thousand dollars a year on fur and fish, but spend much of it on guns or bigger outboard motors. (One more-

imaginative Indian hunter hires a plane to drop food supplies along his trap line.) They live on moose meat (when they have it) and flour, baking powder and lard mixed in a fried batter.

I've never seen an Indian raise a hand to a child—and some of the little toughies could use it. But they're sweet and shy when they play with Fergus, better even than white children.

You can hear the silence

Up north you meet all kinds of people—such as the Danish dentist who was best man at Gina Lollobrigida's wedding, and taught me to cook Danish duck; and the eighty-three-year-old Scottish fisherman, who decked himself out with bagpipes to give two canoeing tourists the strangest welcome that they ever saw in the bush!

You get to know people here, and you like them for what they are. We have the Anglican minister with us one week, and the Roman Catholic priest the next. In a city you don't even care who your next-door neighbor is.

Jock and I feel that whatever Power there is, we're closer to It here. And that's a feeling no supermarket, dishwasher or bustling city street can ever give you.

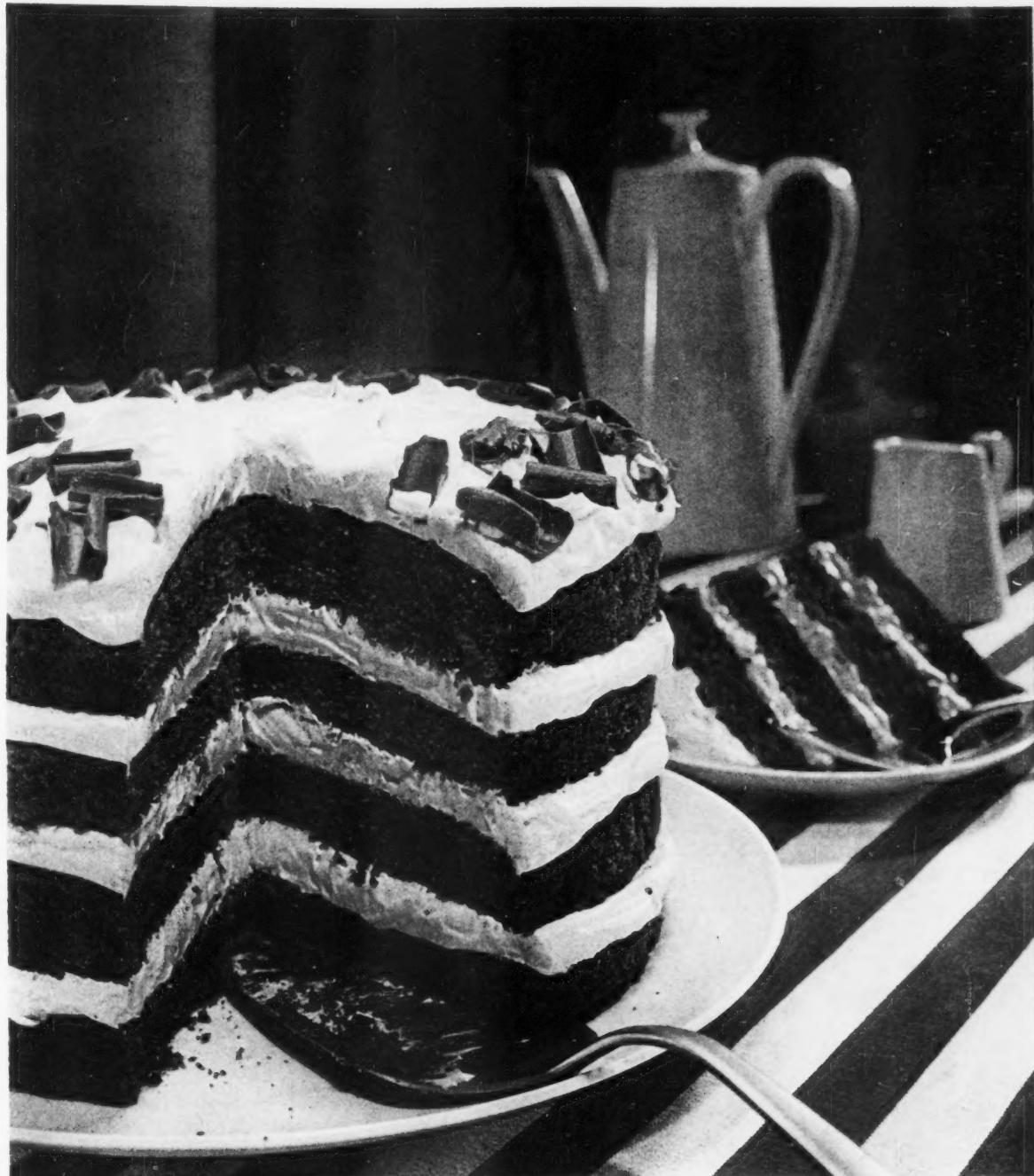
I remember one summer night when Jock called me softly to the door. "Listen, June," he said. "You can almost *hear* the silence."

And you could.



End of trail brings snowshoeing Fergus to abandoned Anglican church, one of four buildings in Gibbs' settlement.

END



Four fine-textured layers of rich chocolate cake alternating with cool, peppermint-flavored whipped cream. And using the one-bowl method it's surprisingly easy! Bake it with Magic, serve it with pride!

CHOCOLATE MINT DREAM CAKE

Sift together into a bowl
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all-purpose flour
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Baking Powder
3/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 c. fine
granulated sugar
1/2 c. cocoa

Add
2 1/2 c. soft shortening
1 c. milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat 300 strokes with wooden spoon or 2 mins. with electric mixer set at medium speed.
Add
2 eggs
and beat another 150 strokes or 1 min. Turn into 2 greased 8" round layer cake pans, lined in the bottom with greased waxed paper. Bake in a mod. oven 350°, 35 to 40 mins. Stand on wire racks for 10 mins. Turn out, peel off paper and allow cakes to cool completely.

Split cold layers horizontally. Put layers together again with filling and topping of Peppermint Whipped Cream Filling. Decorate with curls of chocolate.

Yield: about 10 servings.

Peppermint Whipped Cream Filling. Beat 1 pt. (2 1/2 c.) whipping cream until softly stiff. Add and beat in 1 1/3 c. icing sugar and 1/2 tsp. peppermint extract. Tint delicately with green food coloring.

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WHY I LEFT CANADA

Continued from page 28

The typical Canadian attitude toward Europe seems to be even more offensive.

The man who has just paid five dollars to fix a speeding ticket tells you with enormous confidence that Europe is corrupt. His wife, who assures you that life is decadent over there, is afraid to walk home alone in the dark. Speaking with one voice they tell you that Europe is no place to bring up your children, but a moment later they are likely to add that their own children see the analyst weekly.

Well, I'd think twice before I'd bring up my child over here. I don't want him learning to write by copying out advertising slogans. I'm not particularly anxious for him to be well adjusted. Neither do I expect him to run our home and, from what I've seen of children here, that's exactly what they usually do. Pop, it seems, wants to be more than a parent, he wants to be his son's pal.

Another objection to Europe, it seems, is the class system, and I'm certainly not going to defend it. But somebody I know here who objects strongly to it has admitted to me that he belongs to a golf course for "ten-thou-

sand-a-year" men and doesn't see much of an old friend who can afford membership in a club where almost everyone earns fifty thousand a year. There is, of course, a system of social stratification here that's just as odious as the one in Europe.

Look here, it's indisputable that Canadians on all levels are better off materially than people are in Europe, but they also seem less happy, more incomplete.

Leisure has become a chore.

The people I know go about their pleasure with a dreary obligatory air. It appears to me that in America today, and in this instance (and indeed in many others) the difference between American and Canadian is negligible, everything must be good for you. Golfing isn't fun, it's good exercise (and business), vintage wines are okay (they've got a high vitamin content), idleness helps you store up energy, breaking a leg gives a guy time to think, even love-making clears up your inner tensions sort of, and while bopping somebody on the head is not exactly togetherness it's . . . well, a welcome release from the pressures of everyday living.

It seems that little is done for its own sake or simply because it's enjoyable.

Which seems a pitiable waste of life — in our "land of plenty." END

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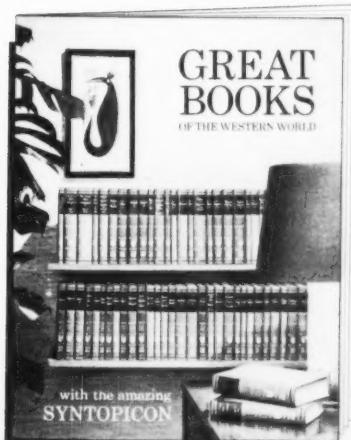
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WHY I LEFT CANADA

Continued from page 28

The typical Canadian attitude toward Europe seems to be even more offensive.

The man who has just paid five dollars to fix a speeding ticket tells you with enormous confidence that Europe is corrupt. His wife, who assures you that life is decadent over there, is afraid to walk home alone in the dark. Speaking with one voice they tell you that Europe is no place to bring up your children, but a moment later they are likely to add that their own children see the analyst weekly.

Well, I'd think twice before I'd bring up my child over here. I don't want him learning to write by copying out advertising slogans. I'm not particularly anxious for him to be well adjusted. Neither do I expect him to run our home and, from what I've seen of children here, that's exactly what they usually do. Pop, it seems, wants to be more than a parent, he wants to be his son's pal.

Another objection to Europe, it seems, is the class system, and I'm certainly not going to defend it. But somebody I know here who objects strongly to it has admitted to me that he belongs to a golf course for "ten-thou-

sand-a-year" men and doesn't see much of an old friend who can afford membership in a club where almost everyone earns fifty thousand a year. There is, of course, a system of social stratification here that's just as odious as the one in Europe.

Look here, it's indisputable that Canadians on all levels are better off materially than people are in Europe, but they also seem less happy, more incomplete.

Leisure has become a chore.

The people I know go about their pleasure with a dreary obligatory air. It appears to me that in America today, and in this instance (and indeed in many others) the difference between American and Canadian is negligible, everything must be good for you. Golfing isn't fun, it's good exercise (and business), vintage wines are okay (they've got a high vitamin content), idleness helps you store up energy, breaking a leg gives a guy time to think, even love-making clears up your inner tensions sort of, and while bopping somebody on the head is not exactly togetherness it's . . . well, a welcome release from the pressures of everyday living.

It seems that little is done for its own sake or simply because it's enjoyable.

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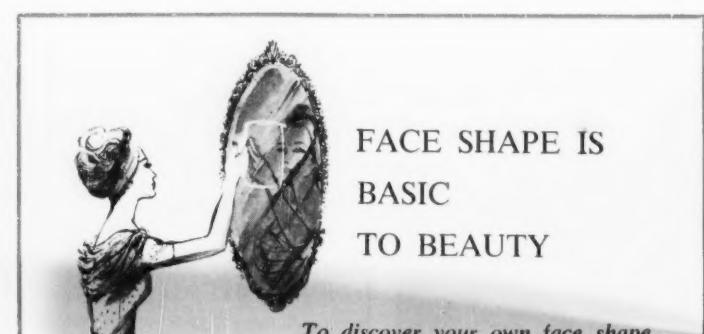
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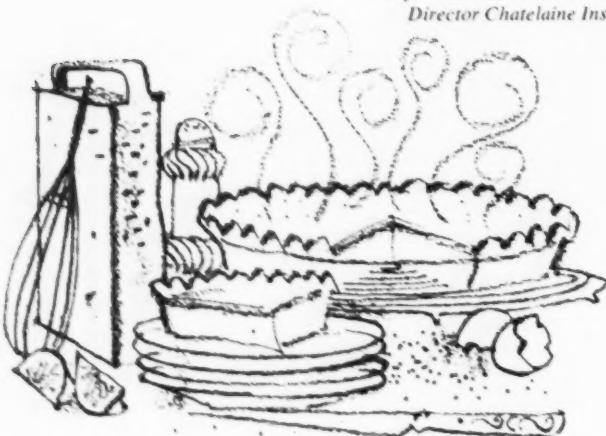
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SIZZLING DESSERTS

CHASE CHILL MARCH WINDS

Eight new recipes for a colorful array
of piping-hot fruit dishes that put sunny
color and summer flavor on your table

By ELAINE COLLETT
Director Chatelaine Institute



TANG IN SPARKLING YELLOW

Stuffed Apple Crumb Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake and pastry flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
1 cup lightly packed brown sugar	3 large tart apples
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter	6 crumbled macaroons
1 egg, beaten	Sherry or brandy
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vanilla	1 tsp cinnamon
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp each nutmeg and allspice
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp soda	

Mix the first three ingredients together until crumbly. Measure out $\frac{1}{4}$ cup and set aside. Beat the egg, vanilla, salt, soda and milk into remaining crumbs and spread in a greased 6x9-inch bake dish. Core and peel apples, then cut in half crosswise and space evenly on the batter. Fill centres with crumbled macaroons moistened with sherry. Mix spice with remaining crumbs and spread over the top. Bake at 350°F for 45 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve with lemon sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 50 cents. Calories per serving: 435.

Lemon Sponge Pie

1 (8-inch) deep unbaked pastry shell	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
3 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp grated lemon rind
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp salt
1 lbs flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Beat the eggs until very thick. Add sugar and flour and beat until smooth. Fold in the remaining ingredients and pour into the pastry-lined piepan. Bake at 425°F for 15 to 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°F and continue baking for 20 minutes or until set.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: 34 cents. Calories per serving: 345.

CHOICE PINKS

Rhubarb Puff Squares

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt
2 tbs molasses	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp spice (your favorites)
1 egg	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup rolled oats
1 tsp vanilla	1 (16-oz) pkg frozen rhubarb*
$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake and pastry flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp soda	

Cream the first five ingredients together and add sifted dry ingredients and oats. Spread half the mixture in a greased 8x8-inch bake pan. Cover with defrosted rhubarb or frozen rhubarb, broken apart with a fork. Drop remaining batter in small spoonfuls over the rhubarb and don't attempt to spread. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake at 350°F for 50 to 60 minutes. Serve in squares with pouring cream or butterscotch sauce. Makes 9 servings.

*Substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced pink rhubarb and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar for frozen rhubarb.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 52 cents. Calories per serving: 235.

Cherries Jubilee Pudding

1 (15-oz) can sweetened Bing cherries	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry red wine*	1 tsp grated orange rind
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fine dry bread crumbs
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter	3 egg yolks, well beaten
1 tsp vanilla	3 egg whites
	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

Drain and pit the cherries, then simmer juice, cherries, wine and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar for 5 minutes and drain again. Cream the next four ingredients together and stir in bread crumbs, egg yolks and drained cherries. Fold in the egg whites stiffly beaten with the sugar. Bake in a well-greased 9x6-inch bake dish at 350°F for 40 to 45 minutes. For sauce, thicken the juice with 4 teaspoons cornstarch mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Add a tablespoon lemon juice. Makes 6 servings.

*If sweet red wine is used reduce the sugar in the sauce to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 82 cents. Calories per serving: 320.

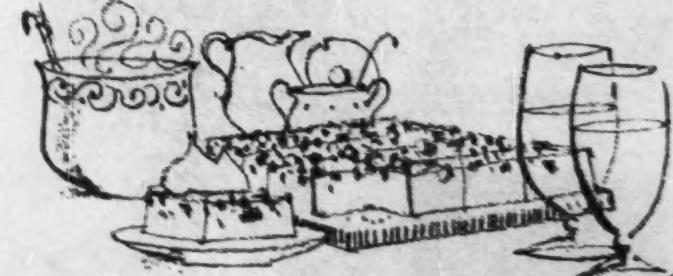
Cranberry Pineapple Cheesecake

1 (10-oz) can crushed pineapple	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ can diced jellied cranberry sauce*	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake and pastry flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sprayable cheese	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Spread the crushed pineapple and juice in the bottom of a greased 8x8-inch pan. Evenly distribute diced cranberry sauce over the top. Beat the next four ingredients together until smooth and fold in the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Spread batter over the fruit and bake at 350°F for 45 minutes. Invert and serve in squares with your favorite hot sauce. Serves 9.

*Substitute 1 cup sliced cranberries and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 49 cents. Calories per serving: 285.

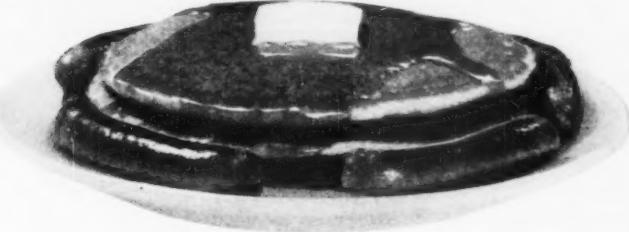


Continued on page 70

Scrumptious "Brunches" for a Month of Sundays!

1. "I sure go for Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Pancakes!"

A man can get mighty hungry by Sunday "brunch-time" . . . and nothing is as hearty and satisfying as a stack of golden-brown Aunt Jemima Buckwheats! And if he's an extra good husband (or an extra hungry one) find room on the plate for some bacon or sausage. Man, that's Sunday feasting!



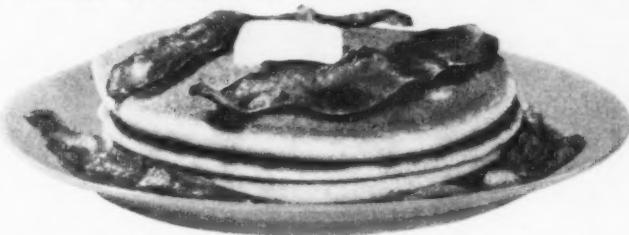
2. "Wonderful Aunt Jemima's Buttermilk Pancakes!"

Call it breakfast . . . call it lunch . . . call it "brunch" . . . there's no Sunday treat like delicious Aunt Jemimas! For the second Sunday in the month, try Aunt Jemima's Buttermilk Pancakes—with the buttermilk right in the mix to make them extra light, extra delicious!



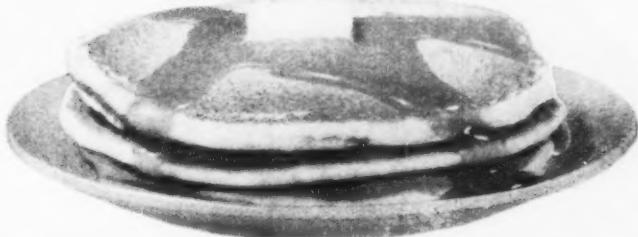
3. "How about some Regular Aunt Jemimas, Mom?"

How long has it been since you tempted your family with Aunt Jemima's original recipe . . . the regular-style pancakes that have been Canada's favorites for years and years? It's easy as 1-2-3 to shake or mix 'em up . . . pop 'em on the griddle . . . and pop 'em on the table. So why wait till Sunday, Mom?



4. "New! Aunt Jemima's Country Style Wheat cakes!"

Good thing there are at least 4 Sundays in every month! Because now you can thrill your family with Aunt Jemima's newest recipe . . . real country style wheatcakes. It's the wheat flour that gives 'em such a different pancake flavor. It's Aunt Jemima's secret that makes 'em so perfect!"



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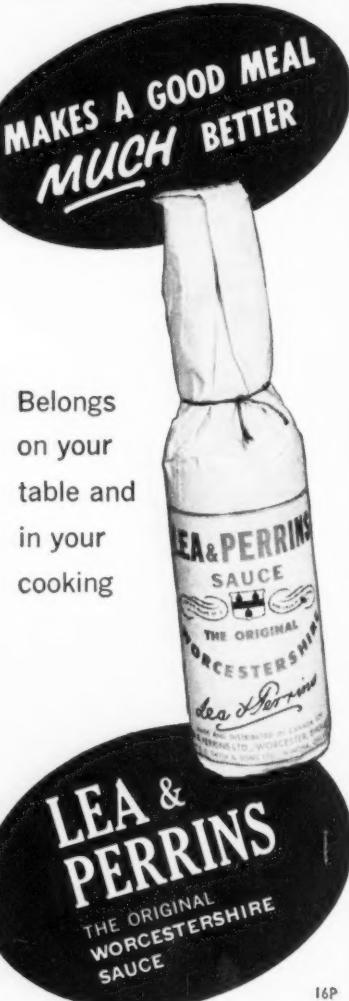
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63

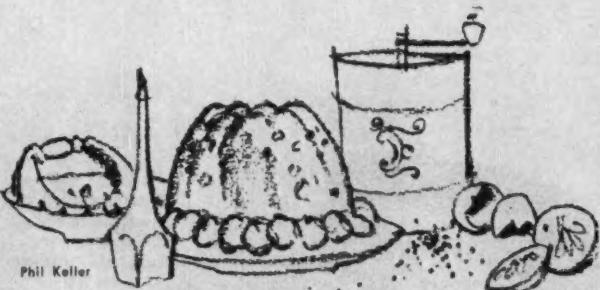
70



16P

ZEST IN GOLDEN FLAVORS

Continued from page 68



Steamed Apricot Almond Pudding

1/2 lb dried apricots	1/2 cup milk
2 cups water	3/4 cup sifted cake and pastry flour
1/4 cup margarine	1/4 tsp salt
3/4 cup sugar	1/2 tsp soda
1 egg	1 1/2 tsp baking powder
1/4 tsp almond extract	1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs

Simmer apricots and water together until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain and dice the apricots. Cream margarine, sugar, egg and almond extract together, then add the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Stir in the bread crumbs and 1 cup of the apricots. Pour into a buttered pudding pan and cover with foil. Steam for 1 hour. Reheat apricot juice and remaining apricots. Add 3/4 cup sugar and 2 teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in 1/3 cup orange juice. Cook until thickened and serve over the pudding. Makes 8 or more servings.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 96 cents. Calories per serving: 335.

Orange and Date Torte

1 cup chopped dates	3/4 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup chopped nuts	2 tsp grated orange rind
1/2 cup sifted cake and pastry flour	1 tsp vanilla
2 tsp baking powder	1/2 cup crushed graham wafers
1/2 tsp salt	Juice of 1 orange
4 eggs	1/4 cup sugar

Dredge the dates and nuts with 1/4 cup of the flour. Sift remaining flour with baking powder and salt. Beat the eggs until thick, then add the brown sugar and continue beating until very smooth. Fold in orange rind, vanilla, dry ingredients, crushed wafers and dredged dates and nuts. Spread in a greased 8x8-inch pan and bake at 350°F for 45 minutes. Spoon a mixture of the juice and sugar over the top and return to the oven for 5 minutes. Serve in squares with whipped topping.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 55 cents. Calories per serving: 235.

Orange Soufflé

2 tbs cornstarch	2 tsp grated lemon rind
1/2 cup sugar	2 tbs butter
1 cup orange juice	4 egg yolks
2 tsp grated orange rind	4 egg whites

Mix the cornstarch, sugar and orange juice together in a saucepan. Cook until thick and clear. Remove from heat and stir in orange and lemon rind, butter and beaten egg yolks. Fold mixture into the stiffly beaten egg whites and scrape into a generously buttered soufflé dish or casserole that has been sprinkled with sugar. Bake at 350°F in a pan of hot water until set, about 50 minutes. Serve hot with almond-flavored whipped cream. Serves 6.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 68 cents. Calories per serving: 325.

END

I'M GLAD I KEPT MY ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

Continued from page 41

wonderful. I was flattered when she included me in double dates and parties. We'd go dancing with a couple of fellows and end up the evening with a bottle from the corner bootlegger.

A psychiatrist would have a field day explaining just why all my men friends happened to be married. Looking back now, I guess I felt that married men were no threat. I craved independence. I wanted to do whatever I pleased, when I pleased, with whom I pleased. I wasn't out to snare any man into marriage. Maybe I was afraid of marriage. Since I was not an attractive girl, maybe I subconsciously knew that no eligible young man was going to fall in love with me and propose marriage. Married men, on the other hand, could feel perfectly safe with me.

My shoulder to cry on

Yet, I craved affection. I wanted to have friends, especially friends who needed me—and all my married men friends had problems. They'd tell me their troubles and I'd provide a shoulder to cry on. I didn't mind, and when sex entered the picture it didn't seem too important, considering how miserable they were. I guess I was a kind of all-embracing mother to all of them.

The night I met Julian, who was to be Ronnie's father, Betty and I had been celebrating a girl friend's engagement. When the party ended at midnight she phoned her boy friend and asked him to bring along somebody for me. The "somebody" was Julian, a big, shy, curly-headed fellow whom I liked immediately. He was married, but his wife had taken their three little girls to visit their grandmother for the weekend.

I could see right away that he wasn't used to stepping out in her absence. Nevertheless, the evening followed the usual pattern and we ended up in the motel on the edge of town at two in the morning. A couple of hours later, he drove me home (I had a place of my own by now). I never expected to hear from him again, but that night he phoned.

We began to see each other almost every night. When it dawned on me that Julian was fond of me in a senti-



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mental as well as a physical sense, I broke off permanently with Jimmy, my steady.

I remember that Julian and his wife were in that difficult fifth year of their marriage then. They seemed to spend most of their time quarreling. She didn't know about me but they quarreled about everything else. He'd come running to my place and pace up and down, muttering how unreasonable she was and how he was going to walk out on her one of these days if she didn't stop her nagging. In books, the Other Woman is usually pictured as a wicked wanton, bent on breaking up a man's marriage. Believe me, I was just the opposite. I spent more hours than I can count, arguing with Julian, trying to put across his wife's point of view, trying to save his marriage. When he calmed down, I'd send him home to her.

Then, I discovered I was pregnant. There was no doubt the baby was Julian's.

Maybe I had a compulsive streak toward motherhood—I had always loved babies—maybe I was subconsciously yearning for a tiny thing who would love me and need me. Whatever the reason, far from being worried, I was delighted. Now that I was to become a mother, I was determined to change my way of living. No more liquor parties. No more motels. I wanted my child to be proud of me.

The doctor was my friend

But though I was overjoyed by the discovery I was to have a baby, Julian was stunned. He suggested that perhaps I should find someone to help me out of my trouble. I was furious. I lashed out at him that this was my baby and I intended to keep him. He didn't press the matter. He wasn't the only one who suggested an abortion. My elderly spinster cousin, to whom I mistakenly confided the news, was outraged. "An unmarried woman with a baby? Get rid of it immediately," she advised.

The only person who backed me up was the doctor. When I consulted him early in my pregnancy, he snapped, "Young lady, if you've come to me for an abortion you're wasting your time!" After I assured him that I had come to him because I knew he wouldn't do such a thing, we became the best of friends.

He suggested that I go to the Children's Aid Society for help and advice. I went, declaring my firm intention to keep my baby, and the agency did everything it could to help me. The plump, grey-haired little woman who handled my case was sympathetic, but she pointed out how difficult the years ahead were going to be. Had I thought how I'd support my child? I told her I'd saved five hundred dollars, my brothers and sisters had promised to stand behind me if I needed more, and Julian was going to contribute ten dollars a month. (As it turned out, he made only one payment, because his wife discovered the receipt in his pocket and made such a fuss that I finally convinced him he needed all his money for his own family.)

How was I going to care for my child while I worked, the CAS woman



asked. I told her I wanted her to find a good foster home where both my baby and I could live. I'd get my old job back and the foster mother could care for my child during the day. I'd have evenings and weekends with him; I'd be able to mother him and watch him grow.

I asked what kind of clothes I should buy for my baby's layette, and she gave me a list. Because it was wartime, clothes were scarce, but I was determined that my baby should have the best of everything. I walked miles to buy good flannelette for his diapers, to find long white stockings, bootees—which I bought by the dozen—and sweaters, nightgowns, blankets and toys. Finally, I had enough baby clothes for quintuplets. I guess I was trying to make up for the fact that my baby would have no father.

During my pregnancy I was healthier than I've ever been before or since. Maybe all the walking did it. I was still working in the factory but my boss had sympathetically listened to my story and had switched me into another department, away from my old friends, where I could do lighter work, sitting down, until the seventh month. I told my fellow workers that I was married to a

soldier who had just been shipped overseas. Things like that were happening every day.

Ronnie was born on a stormy summer night. By the time I phoned for the taxi that would take me to the hospital, everything had been planned. I had been determined that my baby wouldn't be born in a charity ward, and had paid in advance for a private room. I registered under my maiden name, explaining frankly that I wasn't married.

My own baby to love

Meanwhile, the CAS had found a nice clean foster home where baby and I could go when we left the hospital. I didn't get in touch with Julian; I had broken off with him midway through my pregnancy, feeling that I had enough problems.

Because Ronnie was a small baby, only four pounds, he was kept in an incubator for two weeks. Then I took him home.

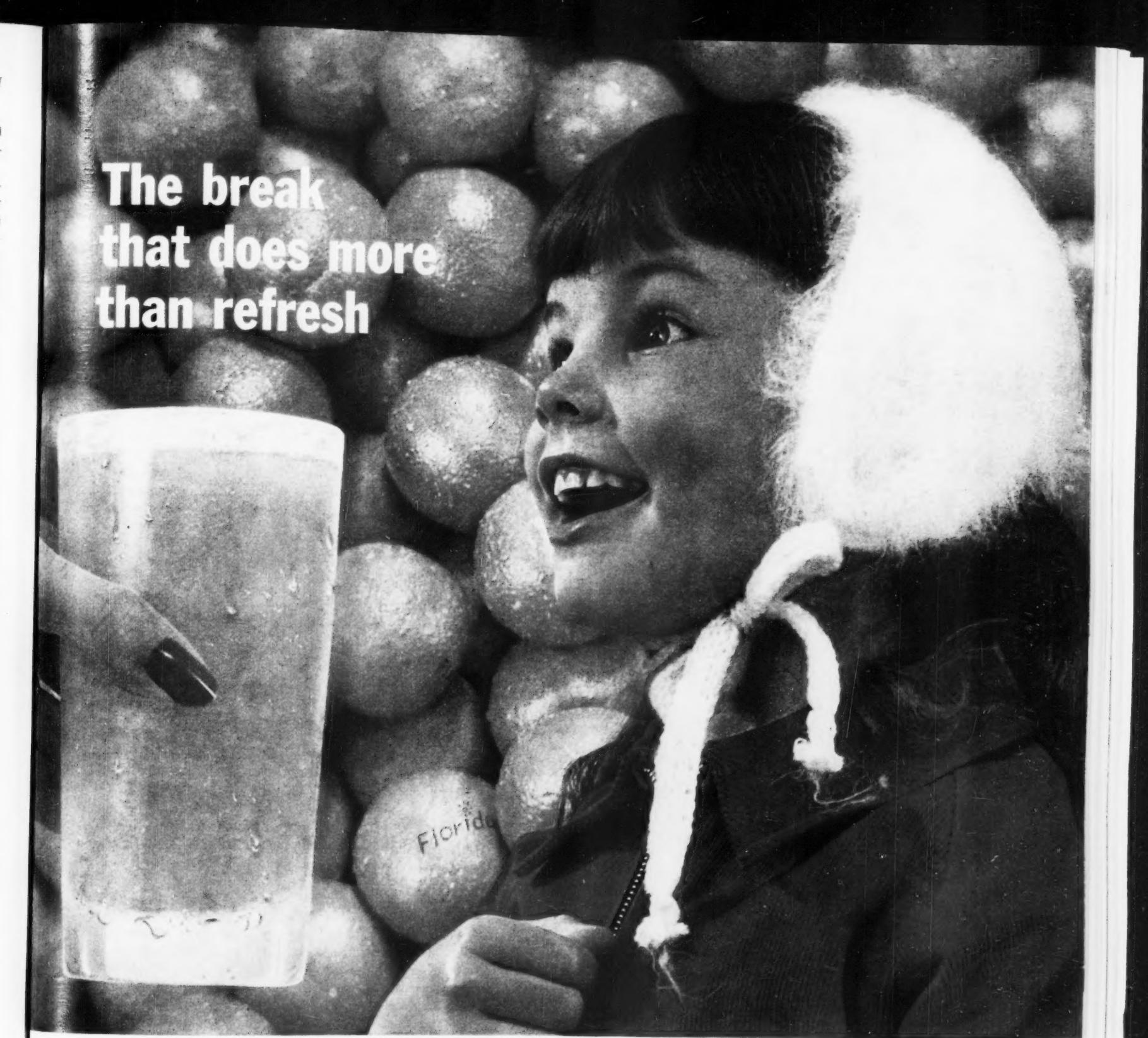
The foster home was a pleasant place, run by a God-fearing woman of the Pentecostal church. She knew my whole story and was anxious to help me mend my ways. She took me to her church, and everyone made me welcome. One Sunday I felt so "re-born" that I went up front when the preacher called, and declared myself "saved." It was a wonderful feeling. The old days seemed far away. I had my baby to love now.

A few months after Ronnie's birth, Julian discovered where we were and began to drop in for a visit every Saturday night. My landlady was willing to let a father visit his baby son, so long as we behaved ourselves, under her chaperonage. In the five years I lived with her, I never broke her rule.

As time passed, new problems arose. In the factory the "dope" (as we called the paint on the shells) began to sicken me. Finally, I quit and took a series of lower-paying jobs. At one point, I remember, I was earning seventeen dollars a week, and paying fifteen dollars for room and board. When my landlady's health broke down and she was ordered away to a warmer climate, it seemed a good time to take stock of my life.

Julian was leaning on me more than ever. He was divided in his loyalties, and very unhappy. I didn't want to break up his home, and he couldn't have shouldered the financial burden of two separate houses.

Continued on page 74



The break
that does more
than refresh

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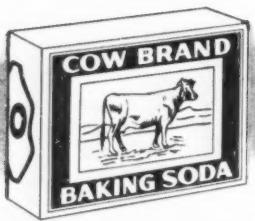
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Cow Brand Soda is a safe, mild cleanser for baby items. It's the secret of that wonderful 'baby sweet' freshness. It's pure bicarbonate of soda — the purest cleansing agent possible.



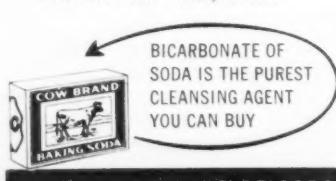
Two tablespoons Cow Brand Soda in the bath water pampers your baby with gentle, soothing skin comfort and helps relieve 'diaper rash'. To clean baby's folding bath, just sprinkle a little Cow Brand Soda on a damp cloth and wipe over fabric.



Two tablespoons Cow Brand Soda will soften the wash water — helps get baby's diapers clean, soft and fresh. For stubborn stains pre-soak diapers in a solution of 3 tablespoons Cow Brand Soda to 1 gallon of water (half a pail). Use Cow Brand Soda when washing all baby things — underclothing, sweaters, sheets, blankets as well as diapers. By making clothes softer Cow Brand prevents irritation of baby's tender skin.



Add a half teaspoon Cow Brand Soda to each bottle after washing, fill with warm water. Shake, rinse and sterilize. Makes bottles gleaming clean and fresh — ready for use.



PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

Continued from page 72
holds in any case. I decided that the thing to do was to break with him completely, and to find a job as housekeeper where Ronnie and I could be together. Ronnie was now a rosy-cheeked boy of five, with more toys and better clothes than any other child in the block. He was still wearing little white shoes, and I had refused to have his hair cut. I doted on him. Looking back now, it's a wonder he wasn't hopelessly spoiled.

I answered an advertisement in an out-of-town newspaper, and found a housekeeping position on a farm many miles away. When Julian turned up for his regular Saturday-night visit, we were simply gone.

Why did I take him back?

After two years he found us. One day I answered a knock at the front door, and there he was, begging me to let him come back. "Just to put my arms around you," he said. Since the birth of his fourth child he and his wife had been physical strangers. I was his real wife, he said.

I could not turn him away.

Why did I take him back? First, I felt I was partly to blame for his unhappiness, and that I had some sort of responsibility to "make it up to him" in whatever way I could. Second — and this is hard to explain — I fell head over heels in love with him in a way I had never imagined possible. It was wonderful to be together again. I told Ronnie, who was seven now, that this was his daddy, but that he couldn't live with us because we had something called a divorce and Daddy was married to someone else now.

I'd like to say right here that being the Other Woman is not the fascinating life some believe it to be. I wouldn't advise any girl in her right mind to take on the role — it will break her heart if she loves the man. For the next few years our life was one of subterfuge and moments stolen from Julian's family. We'd arrange to meet on my day off. I only saw him when he felt like seeing me. I couldn't phone him at his office, for someone might tell his wife. He promised to phone me on Friday mornings, and I'd wait for his calls like a schoolgirl, but he'd get caught up in his work and he'd forget to phone. If I complained, he'd lose his temper. "I can get this kind of yattering at home," he'd say. "Why should I come twenty miles into the country to get it from you?"

As the Other Woman, I found I had to be perpetually cheerful, constructive, sympathetic and uncomplaining. I had no legal rights. I had no financial support. I had no one to cheer me up if I felt blue. I was afraid to say anything for fear he'd go away and never come back.

It began to be more hell than heaven. To make matters worse, Ronnie was getting out of hand.

He was a beautiful, clever child, but he didn't relish being the housekeeper's son. "Why do you have to run when they ring the bell at the table?" he'd ask me. He knew I was always worried about money, although I got little presents from my family every so often, and I began to find extra change in my purse that he'd taken from the housekeeping funds and put there. Talking to him didn't seem to do any good. He hated it when Julian came because then I'd rush him into an early bedtime so his father and I could spend the time alone. He had a terrible temper, and

in putting his father before him. I knew what I had to do.

That night I wrote to my brother and sister-in-law, who lived in the Maritimes. I reminded them of their promise to help me if I needed help. I asked if Ronnie and I could come and live with them. They wired back, "Come right away. Our home is yours."

Julian insisted I tell him where I was going. I refused though my heart was breaking. I promised to write him for the first couple of months, through a mutual friend. I was deeply in love with Julian by now. What had started out so casually and sordidly ten years before had changed into something I couldn't handle any more. I had a huge trunk full of souvenirs of our years together: birthday presents and pressed flowers and all the gifts I'd given him that he couldn't keep at his home for fear of discovery. I had letters we wrote each other, addressed to "My dear wife" and to "My darling husband." I took the trunk with me. (I still have it. I suppose I should destroy everything in it, but how can I?)

Leaving Julian was as bad as I had feared. For months I cried myself to sleep and went about in a daze all day. My brother and sister-in-law had told everyone in town that I had divorced my husband and was coming to live with them. They found me my present position as head clerk in an insurance company, and they let me know that they stood behind me all the way for whatever I needed. They took Ronnie to their hearts. He became a brother to their little girl.

Back I went to the Children's Aid Society for help. They made an appointment for me with a child psychologist, who examined Ronnie a couple of times and advised me to quit my housekeeper's job if at all possible. Ronnie had a high IQ, he said, and he could not accept a subservient role in the household. He resented my strict discipline (I was always trying to keep him quiet and on his best behavior) and he was likely to get worse if we stayed on the farm.

That was enough for me. I determined to quit my job and break with Julian permanently. I knew in my heart of hearts our extramarital relationship wasn't right, and I realized that he'd never be able to solve his marital problems so long as I was around to sympathize and to bolster his ego. I realized I had been unfair to my child, who had no one but me,

WHITE HYACINTHS

*Choirs of
Cherub angels
In samite surplices
Clustered about one tall slender
Steeple.*

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

one day he got so mad that he picked up the hammer and went at the farmer's child with it.

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My son doesn't know

I've never heard from Julian since that day. I hope with all my heart that he and his wife are making a go of it. Some days I'm cynical enough to be quite sure they aren't. Some days I'm naive enough to imagine that one bright morning the doorbell will ring and Julian will walk in.

What would happen then, I can't imagine. It might be the worst thing that could happen to Ronnie, who never mentions his father. If he has ever wondered if his father and I weren't "divorced" as I once told him, he has never said so, and frankly

I'm afraid to broach the subject myself. Some day he may ask me, and then I'll tell him. Perhaps that's why I keep the trunk full of souvenirs, to lend credence to my feeling that Julian was a good man who had simply taken on more responsibility than he could handle.

As for me, I'm not any more inclined to marriage than I ever was. Since my baby was born, apart from Julian, men have meant nothing to me. I have a fine job with a good salary and promotion in the air, good friends, wonderful brothers and sisters and a handsome son who intends to be a chemical engineer and who is accepted by the best families in town. It's true I cheated him of the love and companionship of a father, but I believe I've been able to make up for it reasonably well. Today Ronnie is a good boy and, I believe, a happy boy. I think he's better brought up, politer, smarter, and a whole lot more considerate than most of the teen-agers I've met—especially those from homes where there's constant bickering and tension in the air.

Did I do the right thing?

Would he have been better off if I'd put him out for adoption? I say no. I don't think any other woman, no matter how loving and well-meaning, could understand Ronnie the way I do, simply because I'm his natural mother. I know the limits of his temper, and the way his mind works, and I remember how he was as a child. Perhaps if he'd developed along those same lines in a new home, they'd have handed him back to the adopting agency, and he might have spent all his life in a series of foster homes.

But I could never have given him up. I'd have spent my whole life wondering where he was, worrying about him. I'd have kept track of his age, been torn by a desire to see what he looked like, and I'd have stared at every boy on the street and wondered, "Is it you? Is it you?" I'd have felt guilty for deserting him after bringing him into the world.

For some girls, keeping their baby may turn out impossible. As I've said, it takes determination, single-mindedness and a sense of responsibility. I was lucky to have brothers and sisters who stood behind me, and the ability to earn good money and pay my own way.

I'm sure I did right to keep my child.

END

Pick your favourites... bake 'em all at once!



Delicious, time-saving idea! A whole variety of cookies in **one** baking step. Just follow this easy recipe, and use Five Roses—the all-purpose flour that makes all your home-baking better.

Basic Refrigerator Dough Recipe

Cream $\frac{2}{3}$ cup butter. Gradually add 1 cup brown sugar and cream well. Add 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla, and beat well. Sift $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour

with $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking soda; stir into batter. Use dough as it is or in any of the variations listed below. Shape finished dough into long rolls, about 2" in diameter. Cover with waxed paper and chill until hard. Slice thinly, place on cookie sheet. Bake at 350° for 7-10 mins. Makes 6 dozen cookies. (Use $\frac{1}{3}$ of dough for each variation.)

Variations:

1. **Orange:** Add 1½ tbsps. grated orange rind.
2. **Chocolate Nut:** Add 1 oz. melted unsweetened chocolate for chocolate dough. Add 4 tbsps. chopped nuts.
3. **Lemon-Coconut:** Add ½ tsp. lemon extract and 2 tbsps. shredded coconut.
4. **Turtles:** Between 2 slices of chocolate dough, place whole pecan (for head) and 4 pieces chopped pecan (for legs).
5. **Sandies:** Bake a plain cookie. Dredge with (coloured) powdered sugar while still warm.
6. **Black & White:** Use chocolate dough. Top with miniature marshmallow for last 3 mins. of baking.
7. **Jewel:** Add 2 tbsps. chopped red and/or green maraschino cherries and 2 tbsps. chopped nuts.
8. **Pinwheels:** Roll out rectangles of chocolate and vanilla dough. Place one on top of other and roll together.
9. **Almond:** Add ½ tsp. almond extract. Before baking, top each cookie with almond half.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR
CANADA'S MOST RESPECTED NAME IN BAKING



Five Roses Flour is pre-sifted through silk to save you baking steps.

FISH THAT TASTE BETTER THAN FISH

Continued from page 53

Baked Cucumber-Stuffed Whitefish

1 (2-lb) dressed whitefish
Cucumber Stuffing*
2 or 3 tbs salad oil

Wipe the fish inside and out with a wet cloth. Pat dry with paper toweling. Stuff with Cucumber Stuffing and lace the opening closed with string, metal skewers, toothpicks or safety pins. Place directly in a bake pan lined with greased foil, or set on a thin bed of sliced raw carrots, onions and celery—the vegetable base will keep fish from sticking. Brush well with a mixture of salad oil, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Bake at 400°F for 20 to 25 minutes. Baste twice during baking with a little more oil and lemon. Serve with lemon butter or chopped egg sauce. Serves 4.

*CUCUMBER STUFFING: Combine 1 cup soft day-old bread crumbs, 1/4 cup melted butter, 1/2 cup grated peeled cucumber, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind, chopped parsley, a pinch of crumbled tarragon and salt and pepper to taste.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.05. Calories per serving: 375.



TRY THIS . . .

To bone a fish so little of the good eating portion is lost, I use this technique. I start at the head end of a dressed fish (head, fins and scales removed) and insert a sharp knife between the meat and the backbone. Then, keeping the knife blade close to the rib bones, I cut the flesh loose the full length of the fish, then turn the fish, cut the other side, and lift out the entire bone.

Diane Colter

Director Chatelaine Institute

Sautéed Haddock Provençale

2 lbs fresh or frozen haddock fillets
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 or 2 tbs ketchup
3 tbs milk
Dry bread crumbs
Seasoning salt

Salad oil or butter
3 tbs butter
1/2 clove garlic, crushed
1 tbs lemon juice
Egg and Caper Sauce

Cut the fillets into serving pieces and dip them first in a blended mixture of egg, ketchup and milk, then in dry bread crumbs flavored with seasoning salt. Sauté in shallow hot oil until lightly browned on both sides. Do not overcook. Drain and place on a hot platter. Melt butter in a small saucepan and add the garlic. Stir-fry on low heat for 1 minute. Add the lemon juice and pour over the fish. Garnish with parsley and serve with white sauce to which diced hard-cooked eggs and chopped capers have been added. Makes 6 or 7 servings.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.50. Calories per serving: 265.

Scallops Royale

1 lb fresh or frozen scallops
French dressing
2 eggs, beaten
1 tbs milk
1/2 cup minced cooked ham

1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
2 tbs Parmesan cheese
1/8 tsp onion salt
Hot oil
Tartare sauce

Sprinkle the scallops with French dressing and let them stand for about 30 minutes. Meanwhile, mix the eggs and milk together and set aside. Combine the ham, crumbs, cheese and salt. Drain the scallops well. Dip them first in the egg mixture, then in crumbs. Repeat. Fry in hot deep oil at 375°F until brown, about 3 minutes. Drain. Serve with tartare sauce. Serves 4.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: \$1.50. Calories per serving: 590.

Poached Halibut

2 lbs fresh or frozen halibut fillets	Few celery leaves
2 cups water or fish stock	1/2 tsp salt
1 cup white wine*	Parsley sprigs or flakes
1 small onion stuck with 3	1/2 bay leaf
or 4 cloves	Few blades thyme
1 sliced carrot	

Wrap the fish in cheesecloth and tie the ends to make lifting easier. Bring the remaining ingredients to a boil in a covered skillet and simmer 10 minutes. Add the fish and, if necessary, just enough boiling water to barely cover the fish. Simmer for 10 to 12 minutes. Lift out and carefully unwrap. Place on a heated platter. Keep hot. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with hot lemon butter sauce or Court Bouillon Sauce. Serves 6.

COURT BOUILLON SAUCE: Simmer the Court Bouillon (poaching liquid) until reduced to half. Strain and thicken slightly with 2 tablespoons flour mixed to a smooth paste with 3 tablespoons water. Turn heat low and stir in 2 egg yolks mixed with 1/2 cup cream. Taste and correct the seasoning.

*As a substitute for wine, use 1/4 cup lemon juice or white vinegar.

Preparation time: 25 minutes. Cost: \$1.85. Calories per serving: 248.

Pickerel with Almond Butter Sauce

2 lbs fresh or frozen pickerel fillets	1/4 cup butter or margarine
Milk	1/2 cup blanched slivered almonds
Seasoned flour	1 tbs chopped parsley
Salad oil	1 tbs lemon juice

Cut the fillets into 6 serving pieces and dip them in milk, then in seasoned flour (1/2 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and pepper). Heat 1/4 inch of salad oil in a large skillet and add the fillets. Sauté quickly on both sides until lightly browned. Do not overcook. Drain and place on a heated platter. Keep hot. Melt the butter in a separate pan and add the almonds. Stir on low heat until a light toast color. Remove from heat and add parsley and lemon juice. Pour over the fillets and garnish with lemon wedges. Serves 6.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 95 cents. Calories per serving: 250.

Butter-Baked Smelts

1 lb fresh or frozen pan-dressed smelts	1/2 cup crushed barbecue-flavored potato chips
1/4 cup melted butter	Pink Tarragon Sauce*
1 tbs lemon juice	

Wipe the smelts inside and out with a damp cloth. Melt the butter in a shallow pan, large enough to bake one layer of smelts. Add the smelts, turning in the butter to coat each well. Sprinkle with lemon juice, then crushed potato chips. Bake at 450°F for 5 to 10 minutes, depending on size of smelts. Serve each hot crispy mound of smelts with small lettuce cups of Pink Tarragon Sauce. Serves 4 or 5.

*PINK TARRAGON SAUCE: Combine 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1 or 2 tablespoons each tomato paste and chili sauce, 1/2 teaspoon tarragon, 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish and 1/4 cup chopped cucumber or water cress.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 60 cents. Calories per serving: 415.

Bake-and-Serve Dressed Trout

2 lbs frozen lake trout fillets	3/4 cup sweet or sour cream
Lime or lemon juice	Pinch thyme
1 (10-oz) can mushroom pieces	1 chopped fresh tomato, drained
or 1 cup fresh sliced mushrooms	Salt and pepper
2 tbs butter	Chopped parsley
1/4 cup chopped onion	6 squares foil
2 tbs flour	

Cut the trout fillets in 6 serving pieces and sprinkle with lime juice. Let stand for 1/2 hour. Drain the mushrooms and chop into small pieces. Sauté in the butter for 2 or 3 minutes. Add the onion and stir-fry until onion is tender and liquid has evaporated. Stir in the flour, then add the cream and thyme. Cook until very thick. Remove from heat and add tomato, salt and pepper to taste. Lightly grease the foil squares and place a serving of trout on each. Cover top of the trout with the mushroom mixture. Sprinkle with parsley. Bring up and fold the edges together well to make the packages airtight. Place on a cookie sheet and bake at 425°F for 20 minutes. Serve on individual plates and eat directly from the package. Pass hot lemon butter sauce.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: \$2.15. Calories per serving: 325.

Continued on page 78



Honest, mellow, seasoned by time...

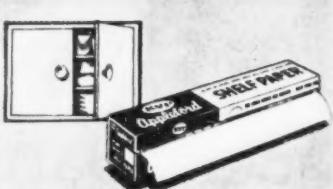
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This gloriously mellow, creamy-crumbly natural cheddar offers you the taste of truly old-time goodness . . . nostalgic as the memory of the corner grocer's shop, where good friends gathered around the cracker barrel. All through the making and patient aging, Cracker Barrel Cheese is in the care of master cheesemakers, men devoted to the art of making the finest cheddar of them all. There's an old-world leisure about the whole procedure—no giving in to half-way standards of perfection. Enjoy it with flakey crackers, on fragrant bread or luscious pies, with fresh fruit, or just to nibble on. Enjoy it Mild, Medium, or Old—but do enjoy the pleasure of this incomparably delicious cheese! Nothing can compare with the *real* Cracker Barrel Cheddar Cheese, from Kraft.

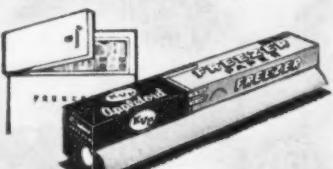




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wet strength
gives you 'just made' freshness



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Quality products of
APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS

Continued from page 76

Sole Florentine

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 (10-oz) pkg fresh spinach | 2 tbs butter |
| 2 (12-oz) pkg sole fillets OR | 2 tbs flour |
| 1 1/2 lbs fresh sole | 1/2 cup heavy cream OR |
| 1/2 cup water | evaporated milk |
| 1/2 cup white wine | Few grains nutmeg |
| Few peppercorns | 1 tbs lemon juice |
| 1/2 sliced onion | Salt and pepper |
| 2 or 3 whole cloves | Paprika |
| Few sprigs parsley, optional | |

Pile washed spinach in a covered saucepan. Sprinkle with salt and cover tightly. Cook for 2 minutes or just until steam escapes under the cover. Uncover, drain and chop. Spread in a buttered bake dish and dot with butter. Keep warm. Cut the sole fillets in 6 servings. Heat the next six ingredients together in a skillet until boiling. Add the fish and cover tightly. Poach 2 minutes. Turn the fish and continue poaching another 2 minutes or until fish just flakes. Don't overcook. Carefully drain each serving of fish and place on the spinach. Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Slowly add the strained poaching liquid. Whisk over heat until smoothly thickened, then stir in the cream, nutmeg, lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Pour over the fish and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a very hot oven for 5 minutes.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.30. Calories per serving: 250.

Batter-Fried Shrimp with Sweet and Sour Sauce

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 tbs oil | 2 tbs sherry (optional) |
| 2 tbs chopped onion | 1 tsp ginger |
| 1/2 crushed clove garlic OR | 2 tsp soy sauce |
| 1/4 tsp garlic powder | 1 or 2 tbs chutney, chopped fine |
| 1/2 cup water | 1 lb peeled fresh or frozen shrimp |
| 1/4 cup brown sugar | Fritter batter* |
| 3 tbs vinegar | |

Sauté onion and garlic in the oil until tender. Add the next seven ingredients and simmer 5 minutes. Thicken slightly with a smooth mixture of 1 tablespoon cornstarch and 2 tablespoons water. Add salt to taste. Dip shrimp in fritter batter and deep-fry in hot fat at 365°F until brown and crispy. Drain and serve with sweet and sour sauce. Serves 5 or 6 generously.

*FRITTER BATTER: Beat 2 eggs until light. Add 1/3 cup milk and 1 teaspoon oil. Beat in 3/4 cup all-purpose flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder and 3/4 teaspoon salt.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$2.10. Calories per serving: 300.

Broiled Salmon Tartare

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup medium-thick white sauce | 6 fresh or frozen salmon steaks |
| 1/3 cup mayonnaise | 3 tbs melted butter |
| 2 tbs drained chopped sweet pickles | 1 tsp Worcestershire sauce |
| 1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives | 1/4 tsp dry mustard |
| Dash onion juice | Chopped parsley |
| Pinch cayenne | |

Prepare white sauce in the top of a double boiler and add the next five ingredients. Taste and add salt and a dash of lemon juice if you wish. Keep hot. Wipe the salmon steaks and brush well with a mixture of the butter, Worcestershire sauce and dry mustard. Place on a heated, foil-covered broiler pan and sprinkle with salt. Broil about 3 inches from the heat for about 6 to 8 minutes or until lightly browned and fish flakes easily. Add parsley to the sauce and serve with the steaks.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: \$2. Calories per serving: 515.

Lobster Thermidor

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 cooked lobsters, about | 2 cups hot medium-thick cream sauce |
| 1 1/2 lbs each* | 1/3 cup dry white wine |
| 2 tbs butter | 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten |
| 2 chopped shallots or green onions | Whipped cream |
| 1/2 tsp dry mustard | Parmesan cheese |
| Chopped parsley | |

Split the lobsters lengthwise with a heavy sharp knife. Remove and crack the claws. Lift out the lobster meat and dice. Save the shells. Sauté the shallots in the butter for about 2 minutes and add to cream sauce with the mustard and parsley. Mix the egg yolks and wine together and add to the sauce. Stir and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add seasoning to taste including a pinch of cayenne. Fold in the diced lobster and refill the lobster shells. Spread each with about a tablespoon whipped cream and sprinkle with cheese. Broil close to the heat until brown. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

*Drop live lobsters in boiling water. Cover and cook about 15 minutes. Thaw frozen lobster thoroughly before splitting.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$8.60. Calories per serving: 400.

END

Chicken Dipper Deluxe! Everybody loves chicken with a golden, crispy coating... that scrumptious, crispy coating you get when you dip your chicken in **Betty Crocker Bisquick**. Before you pan fry, deep fry or oven bake, just dip chicken portions in **Bisquick**. It adds flavour, saves time. So quick, so easy, so delicious, **Bisquick** is truly the chicken dipper deluxe.

Chicken loves **Bisquick** these easy ways too! Light, fluffy dumplings, for chicken stew, a breeze with **Bisquick**. Rich, short topping for chicken pie, ready in minutes with **Bisquick**. Tender, golden biscuits for creamed chicken dishes mean you just add milk to **Bisquick**.

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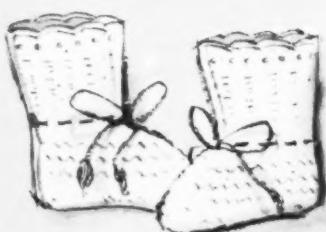
CHICKEN
LOVES
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4

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No-one really wants to keep pregnancy a secret these days. But it is nice to be able to avoid its more distressing manifestations. Like heartburn and acid indigestion, for instance. With TUMS handy, you can get relief fast.

TUMS are scientifically formulated: gentle—they contain no soda—yet so effective. Just eat one or two of these mild, minty tablets (no glass or water needed) and away goes stomach discomfort. Stays away too, and there's no after-taste. Make sure you always have a roll of TUMS in your purse or pocket. So little to pay for inner peace!



for the tummy



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- the full name of the person who is to get it.
- the correct apartment number, street address, rural route number or post office box number.
- city, town or village and postal zone number where necessary.
- your name and complete return address in the upper left-hand corner.

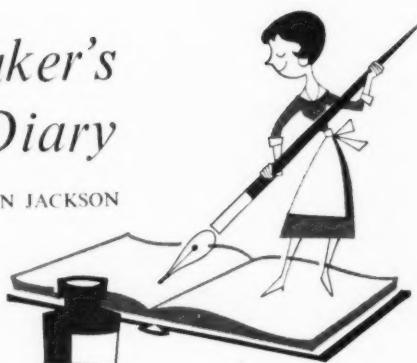
A correct postal address speeds accurate delivery.



PO 69 4C
CANADA POST OFFICE

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



Clean between tiles

The glazed surface of ceramic tiles resists staining, but the porous filler used between tiles on table tops is subject to marks. To remove grease stains, blot up any excess grease, then sponge the stain with per-

chloroethylene, which can be bought at drugstores. Other food stains may be bleached with hair-bleach strength hydrogen peroxide. When

the stain is bleached out, rinse well and wipe dry. Paste wax will give the most satisfactory polish to the tiles. Be sure to work the wax well into a soft cloth so that there is no excess wax, which will mark the

filler. Then polish as usual.

Prevent those puckers

A wrinkled uneven seam may be the result of improper ironing. Always press seams open unless the garment is constructed so that both halves of the seam are pressed in one direction (for example, waistline seams). Press darts to the centre of the garment and shoulder seams toward the sleeves. Always press with the straight grain of the fabric, not on the bias. To prevent seam edges from showing through to the right side of the material when pressing on the right side, place a strip of brown wrapping paper under each side of the seam.

Diaper dips

Diapers should be rinsed immediately after changing, then kept in a pail of cold water with water conditioner added until they are to be washed. Wring or spin this soaking water out of the diapers, then wash them in hot water (160°F) with mild soap or detergent and water conditioner. Add water conditioner to first rinse to be sure all trace of de-

tergent is removed, then rinse again in clear water. Bleaching or boiling should not be necessary if this procedure is followed unless the doctor advises it under special circumstances.

Iron stains away

Some stains on the soleplate of an iron may be removed by running the hot iron over fine table salt sprinkled on newspaper. If this is not successful, dip a cloth in a concentrated solution of plasticware cleaner and rub the stains vigorously until they are removed. Then rinse thoroughly with a clean wet cloth. If an iron is very badly stained, send it to the manufacturer's service department to be re-buffed.

Save storms from weather

A coat of exterior wax is a good protection for aluminum frames on combination screen-storm doors and windows. Buff with a soft cloth or hand polisher for a soft sheen.

How to care for ebony

A coat of paste wax once or twice a year will keep ebony figurines from drying out and will help them retain their soft lustre.

Plants ring for water

Too much water for your plants can be as bad for them as too little. To determine whether they need watering, tap the flowerpot. A dry

pot will give a clear ringing sound; a wet pot has a dull sound. The plants should be watered in the morning because they should not be left saturated overnight. By the way, never water your plants with softened water which may contain salt harmful to plants, or ice water which will injure them.

END

3 gay new ways to serve the famous Canadian



TENDER SWEET

Hams



good things to eat come in packages

SWEET 'N SOUR HAM. Idea for a cold buffet! Season each cup of white sauce with mustard, mayonnaise and an egg yolk. Heat thoroughly, blend in one packet softened gelatine. Chill until thick and pour over chilled Maple Leaf canned ham. Chill until firm; garnish.

CANADA PACKERS
BRIDGE OF FINEST QUALITY

HAWAIIAN HAM. Here's your favourite Maple Leaf TenderSweet Half Ham (bone-in) dolled up to look like a pineapple! Score, stud with cloves, glaze with brown sugar and pineapple juice. Bake in moderate oven with cut side down; top with greens and a pineapple slice.



TUCK AWAY THOSE GROWING ENDS

Not a hair out of place



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HAIR NETS

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Just iron it on-

Here's the modern answer to all fabric repair and garment patching problems.

Bondex Press Patches, convenient, reliable, offer the greatest selection of colours, sizes and types at the most economical prices available.

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WASHING MACHINES PURR LIKE KITTENS with 3-IN-ONE



3-IN-ONE OIL

THE CANADIAN HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 55

There are rough spots, of course.

If you are the mother of young children you are on demand twenty-four hours a day. It is—you make no bones about it—a wearing process on body and soul. You love your children dearly, but the majority of you listed as your favorite time of day the evening, or some daytime hour when the children are off to school or in bed napping.

"I'd be utterly selfish"

You're tired, often. When we asked how you would spend a week off from the job, nearly half said "rest, relax, loaf," and 13 percent wanted more sleep, especially the almost-forgotten luxury of sleeping in. "Rest, rest and rest," wrote a Windsor, Ont., mother of five. "My favorite time of day is when I'm asleep at night," wrote a woman in Burnaby, B.C., a mother of five.

You enjoy cooking (it headed the "favorite task" list, with more than a third voting for it). But—and this is scarcely news—staying at a resort or hotel and being served meals *you do not prepare* has the ring of sheer heaven to it for the substantial group who would choose no other way to use a week off.

You'd like time out, just to spend on yourself. With a free week, "I'd vacation with my husband, leave the children home and be utterly selfish about time," wrote a mother of three children in Pointe Claire, Que. "I'd go for long walks without having to be back at a certain time," wrote a woman in Rosedale, B.C. Only four percent told us they simply wouldn't want or know what to do with a free week.

A solid quarter of you would catch up on your reading. "I'd read a good novel from beginning to end with no interruptions," was the dream of a homemaker in Hope, B.C.

Some would use their week for personal reappraisal. "I'd drive to some isolated spot and lie out in the sun and under the stars and find myself again," wrote a mother of four in Vancouver. "Starve for a week (I'm overweight)," admitted another. A beauty makeover, an expert hairdo and a chance to go shopping (alone) and refurbish your wardrobes rated high on the list.

Those of you who felt no particular urge to recreate the inner or outer

woman were at no loss to define a lively variety of interests. A surprising (to us) number of fisherwomen revealed themselves. "I think I'd spend the time worrying about the children, but I'd like to go fishing," confessed a Melville, Sask., woman. "A week at the horse races" was the choice of an Edmonton homemaker.

Here are other ways you chose to spend a week off the job: bird study, doing puzzles, attending the camp of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, a course in journalism at Banff, a glamour week in New York (or Hawaii, or Jamaica, or Toronto, or Mexico), learning to ski in Sun Valley, a "carefree second honeymoon, with my husband of course," seeing plays and museums, taking a course, "talking about ideas," sewing, and playing the piano.

And to reaffirm that women are indeed individuals with minds of their own, a sturdy three percent of you intended to spend any week free from household routine—cleaning house!

How clean is clean? To you, home is first a place for people to enjoy themselves in. The "whitest white wash" and "floors you can eat off" are perfectionist goals you cheerfully bypass. "I don't consider a spotless floor a requisite if children are afraid to come into the house with shoes on," wrote one Toronto woman. "My children are almost always neat and clean, but I don't chase them with a washcloth all the time," wrote a mother of two in St. Stephen, N.B. Almost to a woman you echoed their viewpoint.

"I try to put what I consider first things first. Time for love and attention to my children's and husband's needs comes before attention to every

last bit of dust in my house"—from an Armdale, N.S., woman.

"I don't believe in being a slave to housework," agreed a Scarborough, Ont., homemaker. "I do what is necessary to keep the house looking fairly clean and tidy, and the washing done, and the meals ready on time. I try to devote every afternoon to the children and leave the evenings free to be outside with my husband. And it works, too."

"If, at times, I have to let some of my housework go, to talk or go for a drive with my husband, I think my husband and his wishes come first," we were told from Blairmore, Alta.

You make no apologies for doing your job in your own way. Three quarters of you rated yourselves as good housekeepers as your mothers. A number pointed out that whereas your mothers had paid help, you were doing the job alone. Were you adequately prepared before marriage to run a home? Fifty-seven percent said yes. A handful suggested they would have liked to take a homemaking course.

When does your working day start? For the majority (68 percent), it is between 8 and 9 a.m.; 23 percent begin before eight; 7.6 percent after nine. One woman listed her starting time as before 6 a.m.; and one faces the day, oh joy, between 10 and 11 a.m.

Ironing's your pet hate

Do you prefer some tasks to others? Fourteen percent said no, rating them all the same. But for more than a third of you (37 percent) cooking and baking is the favorite, followed by washing (24.5 percent). Other preferred jobs include: making beds, paint-

Joe Michaud



Mrs. Helen Boyer, Saint John, shown here with her children Linda, David, Douglas, Lee and Michael, finds hers a job with high goals, varied aims: "A good housekeeper is one who tries to keep her house reasonably clean; keeps her washing, ironing and mending up-to-date (I don't); serves interesting varied meals—and still has time to make gliders of paper for small boys and putter around her garden."

Denny Ransom



Mrs. Mona Irene MacKenzie,
Lacombe, Alta., mother of three:
"Every wife and mother should try
to find time in the week to do
something herself. I take two
afternoons a week to ski
in the winter and golf in summer.
Naturally, I have to dash
faster those mornings,
but the lift in body and spirit
I gain is well worth it."

ing and decorating, dishes (one mention only), budgeting, cleaning cupboards, shining up the kitchen chrome.

The most disliked task is ironing (29.2 percent) — although this also rates as a favorite with some of you (13 percent). Next come dishes (17.2 percent), then cleaning windows and walls (15.6 percent), and cleaning and waxing floors (13.5 percent). A small group registered these pet hates: dusting, defrosting the refrigerator, cleaning the stove, cleaning the kitchen sink, and making lunches.

For 34.4 percent of you, your husbands help with some of the housework — primarily with dishes (73.3 percent) and floors (25.6 percent). Your children help, too (44.2 percent) — with dishes, beds and tidying rooms. Where they didn't help, many of you explained the reason was they were too young yet.

Everybody is familiar with that stock character of TV situation dramas, the addlepated, little-girl wife who can't add two and two, and drives her patient but everloving husband wild with free-wheeling charge accounts, bank overdrafts and bills



From my point of view, life looks pretty good. Always something new to do—something really good to enjoy. See that glass in front of me? That's my first good thing every day—my breakfast glass of Sun-up. P.S. to mothers! Sun-up mixes instantly in cold water by the glass or pitcher. Sun-up helps maintain your family's good health. It's the breakfast drink with **added vitamins C and A.**



SUNUP

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**THAT PAIN
AWAY WITH
ABSORBINE Jr.'s
NEW PRES-O-MATIC
APPLICATOR**

Next time you're stiff and sore with tired aching muscles, try Absorbine Jr. with its *New PRES-O-MATIC APPLICATOR*. The new PRES-O-MATIC makes it so pleasant and easy to rub on Absorbine Jr. There's no spill, no waste — just pure relief!

LOOK FOR THIS NEW PACKAGE at drug counters across Canada. (Also available in regular 4 oz. and 12 oz. bottles.)

W. F. YOUNG, INC., MONTREAL 19, P.Q.



BONNIE CAMERON, popular young Lakeside student, says: "Like most redheads, I have trouble with my skin. But a friend with a beautiful complexion recommended Clearasil and I tried it—with terrific results! My skin soon began to look alive again, and I'm so thankful I used Clearasil!"

Bonnie Cameron
Lakeside, P.Q.

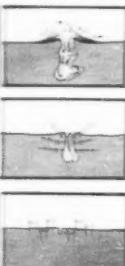
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

CLEARASIL PIMPLES!

SKIN-COLOURED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is an entirely new type of acne medication, *specially* for pimples. CLEARASIL really works because it gives you the effective medications often used by skin specialists in costly preparations. CLEARASIL can help you gain clear skin and a more appealing personality.

HOW CLEARASIL CLEARS PIMPLES FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** Keratolytic action gently dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!
2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!
3. **Clears pimples.** Oil-absorbing action clears pimples. Dries up, helps remove excess oils that "feed" pimples!

FLOATS OUT BLACK HEADS. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing.

CLEARASIL . . . CANADA'S LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS



Deck Long



Mrs. Phyllis Layng, North Surrey, B.C., with her children. From left, Gregory, Douglas, Lorri and Donna. "I would rather have a full cookie jar for my children and their friends than a glossy living-room floor people are afraid to walk on."

which she actually never remembers to mention—or pay. Well, she's not you.

Your husbands confidently hand over the household bill-paying chore to 39.4 percent of you.

Here is how family finances are worked out. In the largest group (36.2 percent), your husband gives you his entire pay cheque; 27.7 percent receive expenses as needed; 25 percent receive a set allowance. Only 8.9 percent reported that their husbands alone handle the family finances.

In nearly all cases you sit down together and work out the budget. "This is really a fifty-fifty deal," wrote one wife, "but I set out the budget with my husband's approval." "I get a set allowance but I always run short—and get what I need extra," a second reported. "I get so much on payday, and extra if needed. We get along fine," was another obviously happy conclusion.

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If the findings of this survey are an indication, there is little doubt as to how they will choose.

Mrs. John Benz, Toronto, the mother of three, reflects: "... although intellectually I can and do accept the fact that this is the most rewarding job that one can do, yet my background and the civilization in which we live are geared to thinking in terms of Hollywood glamour, unreal romantic love and the importance of careers outside the home—for which we are educated and conditioned from the time we are small. ... we now value money."



John Seeger



Overworked...or just overtired?

Are you feeling "too tired, too soon?" You may be suffering from a vitamin-mineral deficiency. Then take PARDEC*, a balanced vitamin-mineral formula designed for the prevention and treatment of multiple vitamin and certain mineral deficiencies. PARDEC gives you a higher vitamin level than most other vitamin-mineral formulas—and keeps its potency for months. One PARDEC each day costs less than a cup of coffee . . . and it may help you feel your best.

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*T.M. Reg.

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PARDEC is a new Parke-Davis vitamin-mineral product made only in Canada.

See your
Pharmacist:

PARDEC, sold only in Canadian pharmacies, gives you a full dollar's worth of vitamin value for every dollar you spend.





CHATELAINE PATTERNS

C ardigan suit and Companions

For the woman who likes sophisticated styles with a flair: Simplicity pattern 3784 — the cardigan suit. Its fluid, figure-skimming jacket goes beautifully over your favorite blouses, looks at home in town or country. Here, the suit is fine wool worsted in spring's perennial favorite, beige. The lightly fitted overblouse, 3716, is silk linen. For a more casual air, your choice could be tweedy, with the blouse wool jersey. Suit pattern in sizes 10 to 20, 65 cents; blouse sizes 10 to 20, 50 cents. Left: 3738, another companion-blouse for your cardigan suit, this one in sunburst silk print, bowed, bloused and back-buttoned. In sizes 12 to 42, 50 cents. Color cue: fashion leaders who sew will be looking for fabrics in Chatelaine's sizzling Racing Colors (see page 46).

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



WHICH ARE YOU... **HOUSEWIFE** **OR** **HOMEMAKER** ?

Are you a woman who just can't keep ahead of her housework? . . . or the poised queen of a well-run home?

The choice is *yours* . . .

You can be a housewife . . . OR you can be a proud *homemaker* in the best sense of that word . . . bringing to your family all the wonderful satisfactions of healthier, more pleasant and graceful living made possible by a well-planned, fully-equipped home.

TRY THIS QUIZ. Some of the questions concern your home and your attitude toward it; others are about the kitchen, the key to the well-run household. Your score may reveal some useful hints about today's home possibilities and how easy they are to achieve. You may even learn some things about yourself.



Today, a glamorous, work-saving kitchen need no longer be merely a dream. Your G-E dealer will gladly give you some tips on how you can make your dream

kitchen come true next year or the year after . . . in your kitchen of tomorrow.

HERE'S YOUR HOMEMAKER RATE

10 TO 15 POINTS

You're a Grade "A" homemaker. Yours is a home that is equipped to help you enjoy life more fully and make life more pleasant and healthful for your family. However, if two or more of your "No" answers relate to appliances, you'd be wise to have a look at the homemaker's choice—*New G-E "Check-Rated" Appliances*.

6 TO 10 POINTS

An excellent homemaker by nature, you may be starting to overlook the vital domestic centres around which your family's life is built. Ask your dealer about the homemaker's choice . . . *New G-E "Check-Rated Appliances*—and about his generous trade-in allowances and time-payment plans.

FREE booklet on Kitchen Planning is yours for the asking. Just write: Canadian General Electric Company, Kitchen Planning Dept., 5781 Notre Dame St. E., Montreal, P.Q.

More Canadians choose General Electric Appliances



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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC



CHATELAINE PATTERNS

cardigan suit and Companions

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The choice is yours . . .

You can be a housewife . . . OR you can be a proud *homemaker* in the best sense of that word . . . bringing to your family all the wonderful satisfactions of healthier, more pleasant and graceful living made possible by a well-planned, fully-equipped home.

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Today, a glamorous, work-saving kitchen need no longer be merely a dream. Your G-E dealer will gladly give you some tips on how you can make your dream

kitchen come true—all at once, or steadily over the next year or two. It's so easy to do. For your dream kitchen of tomorrow, take that important first step *today*.

HERE'S YOUR HOMEMAKER RATING...

10 TO 15 POINTS

You're a Grade "A" homemaker. Yours is a home that is equipped to help you enjoy life more fully and make life more pleasant and healthful for your family. However, if two or more of your "No" answers relate to appliances, you'd be wise to have a look at the homemaker's choice—*New G-E "Check-Rated" Appliances*.

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5 POINTS OR LESS

Let's face it—you may be a dandy housewife, but your kitchen is really not helping you to be a tip-top homemaker as it should. Perhaps you may tend to put other things *before* the kitchen. Our advice: don't keep depriving yourself of today's more gracious, pleasant living. Ask your dealer about the homemaker's choice—*New G-E "Check-Rated" Appliances*.

FREE booklet on Kitchen Planning is yours for the asking. Just write: Canadian General Electric Company, Kitchen Planning Dept., 5781 Notre Dame St. E., Montreal, P.Q.

More Canadians choose General Electric Appliances than any other make



GENERAL ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



TRY THIS CHECK-RATING HOUSEHOLD QUIZ

Simply place a check mark opposite each question to which you can answer "Yes"—then add up your score . . . *

1. Do you consider the kitchen as important to family life as your living room?
2. Have you replaced or added a kitchen appliance within the last five years?
3. Have you ever considered really carefully the decorative possibilities of coloured appliances?
4. Have you ever considered the merits of modern built-in appliances?
5. Do you own an automatic dishwasher?
6. Do you rely on the clothesline as your only method of drying clothes?
7. Do you own a sanitary food-waste disposal unit for garbage-free living?
8. Does your refrigerator have a special freezer with enough storage space for all the frozen foods and meats you'd like to store?
9. Does your range have a removable door to make oven cleaning easier?
10. Does your refrigerator have a frost free fresh food compartment which doesn't require messy defrosting?
11. Does your range have an automatic rotisserie so that you can enjoy indoor barbecuing?
12. Does your washer have a lint-catching system that never clogs?
13. Do you feel that your washer has a large enough capacity?
14. Are all your kitchen and laundry appliances less than ten years old?
15. Did you know that most G-E dealers extend liberal trade-in allowances and convenient time payments?

Give yourself ONE POINT for each "YES" answer. Then . . . look on the next page for your homemaker rating.

LIFT HERE

SHOPPING

*The ins and outs
of buying paint
for your house.*

Be well informed before you buy your paint. The type you use will depend on whether you are going to do the outside or inside of the house and, if inside, which room it is, and whether you are to paint walls, woodwork or floors. There is a special paint for each type of surface. Will you be painting over new or old wood, plaster, masonry, cement or wallboard? Has the surface been previously painted or papered?

The apparent color is affected by the lighting in the room, and — this is most important — the color will look stronger on large areas than it does on a paint chip.

Beware of "bargain" paints. Be very sure to buy a well-known make even though it may cost more initially. There is no such thing as a low-priced quality paint, unless it is a reliable brand that is on sale. So-called bargain paints may cost more in the end in both time and money.

Each paint has specific properties of its own and should be used *only* in recommended locations.

A **primer coat** should be put on practically every surface before applying paint. On new surfaces it will seal the surface and prevent absorption, provide protection against chemical action, give a good bond and save on paint. On previously finished surfaces it will also help cover the old color. Buy both primer and top coat as a pair — the same manufacturer and the same brand line — for the best results. There are several different types of primers, each with its own specific uses. Shellac makes an excellent primer, particularly if you plan to paint over old wallpaper or on soft porous woods.

Alkyd resins have now mainly replaced the older types of "oil paints." These alkyd resins are solvent-thinned (turpentine or turpentine substitute), low-odor paints and



Find out what paint will do before you buy.

should not be used on new walls without primer sealer. They come in semigloss, gloss and enamel finishes for interior use. Alkyd oil paints are excellent for floors, inside walls that will require frequent washing (such as kitchen and bathroom) and on wood trim.

When buying paint for inside walls take careful note of the fact that the glossier the paint, the more durable and long-lasting it will be. Alkyd resins for outside use are usually labeled simply as "exterior" paints.

Rubber latex is a low-odor, water-based paint with a hard rubberlike surface. It is easy to apply, quick-drying, washable and resists staining. It is especially useful for covering new plaster.

Acrylic latex or emulsion, although similar to rubber latex, is slightly more expensive. It is highly resistant to oily substances, and is washable. Care must be taken when using acrylic latex on damp areas, such as basement walls.



Look for this seal. It's your guide to good paint.

G

with CHATELAINE

BY CAROL TAYLOR



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sure the wall is *completely dry* before it is
painted.

PVA (polyvinyl acetate) or vinyl latex is
also similar to rubber latex, at about the
same price as acrylic latex, but has relatively
poor resistance to staining. It should be used
on dry wall areas only (the same as acrylic
latex).

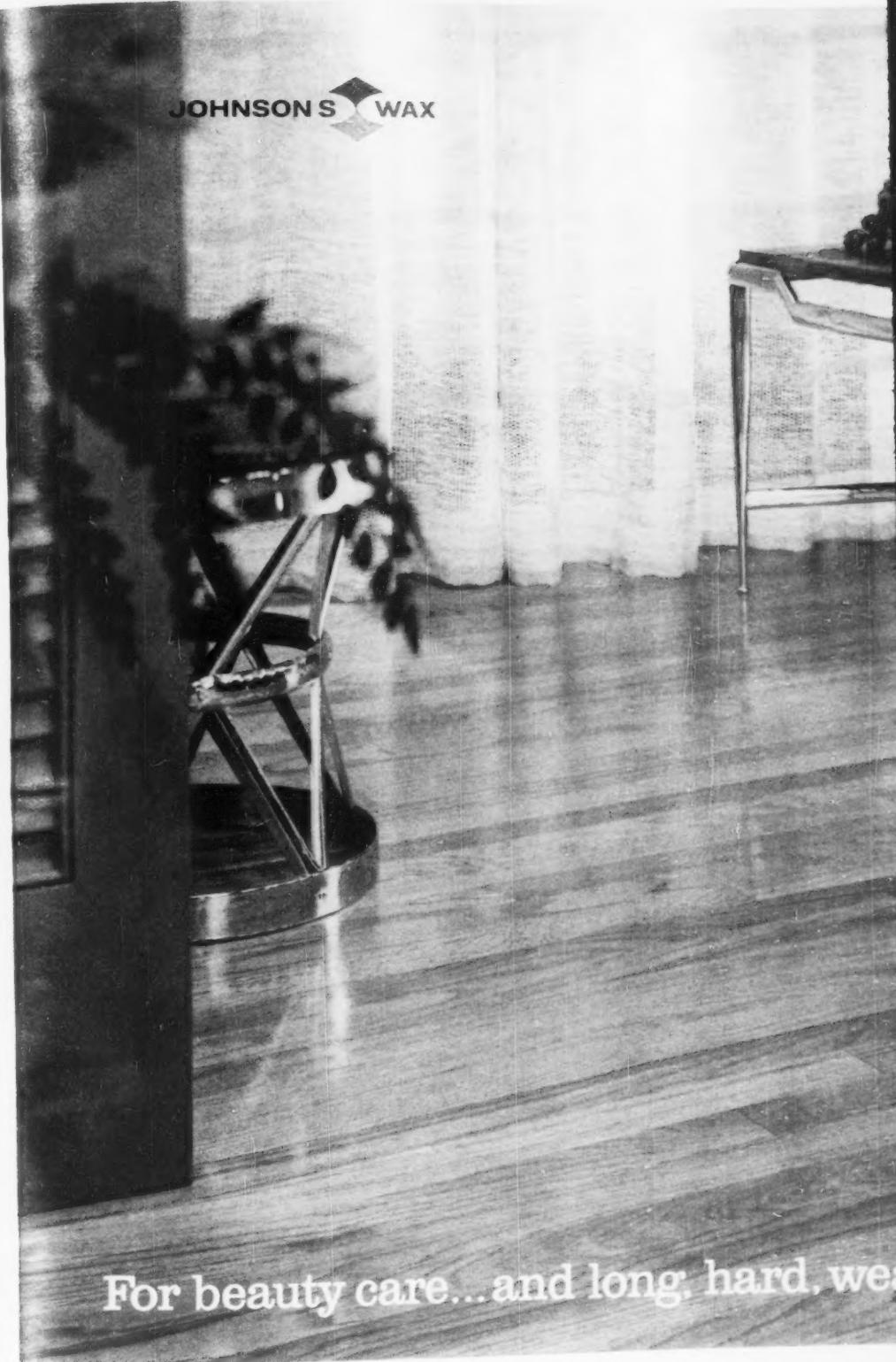
Rubber latex can also be made as an out-
side paint and is very good on masonry.
Acrylic latex for outside use has special
qualities that give it a high resistance to
weather and sunlight damage. PVA or vinyl
latex outside paint is an especially effective
finish on masonry because it allows mois-
ture-laden air to escape rather than condense
beneath the paint and cause blistering.

Buy from a reliable dealer after you make
sure you know what type of paint you
should have. Have the surface to be painted
thoroughly clean, and repair it if necessary.
Before you start to work read all the direc-
tions and be certain that you understand
them.

END

ide to good shopping value

JOHNSON'S WAX



For beauty care...and long, hard, wea

You feel an inner glow of sat
you know you've done the job ri
use genuine Johnson's Paste W
lasts longest, protects best, outs

To get the best perfor
wax, old dirt and grime s
floors periodically. John
especially designed to d

SHOPPING with CHATELAINE

BY CAROL TAYLOR

The ins and outs of buying paint for your house

Be well informed before you buy your paint. The type you use will depend on whether you are going to do the outside or inside of the house and, if inside, which room it is, and whether you are to paint walls, wood-work or floors. There is a special paint for each type of surface. Will you be painting over new or old wood, plaster, masonry, cement or wallboard? Has the surface been previously painted or papered?

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Beware of "bargain" paints. Be very sure to buy a well-known make even though it may cost more initially. There is no such thing as a low-priced quality paint, unless it is a reliable brand that is on sale. So-called bargain paints may cost more in the end in both time and money.

Each paint has specific properties of its own and should be used *only* in recommended locations.

A **primer coat** should be put on practically every surface before applying paint. On new surfaces it will seal the surface and prevent absorption, provide protection against chemical action, give a good bond and save on paint. On previously finished surfaces it will also help cover the old color. Buy both primer and top coat as a pair — the same manufacturer and the same brand line — for the best results. There are several different types of primers, each with its own specific uses. Shellac makes an excellent primer, particularly if you plan to paint over old wallpaper or on soft porous woods.

Alkyd resins have now mainly replaced the older types of "oil paints." These alkyd resins are solvent-thinned (turpentine or turpentine substitute), low-odor paints and



Find out what paint will do before you buy. Paint made for one purpose may be unsuitable elsewhere.

should not be used on new walls or cement without primer sealer. They come in flat, semigloss, gloss and enamel finishes for interior use. Alkyd oil paints are excellent on floors, inside walls that will require frequent washing (such as kitchen and bathroom), and on wood trim.

When buying paint for inside surfaces take careful note of the fact that the higher the gloss, the more durable and scrubbable it will be. Alkyd resins for outside use are usually labeled simply as "exterior house paints."

Rubber latex is a low-odor, water-thinned paint with a hard rubberlike surface. It is easy to apply, quick-drying, washable and resists staining. It is especially useful indoors for covering new plaster.

Acrylic latex or emulsion, although basically similar to rubber latex, is slightly more expensive. It is highly resistant to attack by oily substances, and is washable. Care should be taken when using acrylic latex on usually damp areas, such as basement walls; make

sure the wall is *completely dry* before it is painted.

PVA (polyvinyl acetate) or **vinyl latex** is also similar to rubber latex, at about the same price as acrylic latex, but has relatively poor resistance to staining. It should be used on *dry* wall areas only (the same as acrylic latex).

Rubber latex can also be made as an outside paint and is very good on masonry. Acrylic latex for outside use has special qualities that give it a high resistance to weather and sunlight damage. PVA or vinyl latex outside paint is an especially effective finish on masonry because it allows moisture-laden air to escape rather than condense beneath the paint and cause blistering.

Buy from a reliable dealer after you make sure you know what type of paint you should have. Have the surface to be painted thoroughly clean, and repair it if necessary. Before you start to work read all the directions and be certain that you understand them.

END



Look for this seal. It's your guide to good shopping value

JOHNSON'S WAX



For beauty care...and long, hard, wear



You feel an inner glow of satisfaction...
you know you've done the job right-when you
use genuine Johnson's Paste Wax. Its beauty
lasts longest, protects best, outshines the rest

To get the best performance from any paste
wax, old dirt and grime should be removed from
floors periodically. Johnson's Floor Cleaner is
especially designed to do this job effectively.





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VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES



I HATE HOUSEKEEPING

Continued from page 56

luck and success with the next generation. As a mother of girls, I'll help from my end.

Some say education is "wasted" on girls who will ultimately be "only housewives." Therefore, we are urged to put the clock back and train them all in the homemaker arts. But the days of the housewife are numbered, and in the meantime we're not wasting education on women, we're wasting educated women!

Women did "men's jobs"

After the Industrial Revolution the home and the women in it lost their former economic and educational function. Until then, the family's livelihood and the children's training largely centred in the home. Now the men went off to factories to earn a living, and much of the training of the children was taken over by schools.

Girls, also integrated into this public-school system, tagged along with a curriculum designed to equip male children to earn a living in industry.

Thus women stumbled upon a means to develop individual talents and achieve economic independence of men. The First World War, by drawing large numbers of them into factories and offices, helped prove they could do "men's jobs" efficiently and well.

The girls born in the years between the two world wars, who are now wives and mothers, were the first to receive, as a matter of public policy, higher educations on a par with their brothers'. They entered business, industry and the professions in the hundreds of thousands, leaving home, mother and domestic service in droves.

So far, so good. That was progress. Now comes the rub.

Although public policy demands equal effort and standards of excellence from all students regardless of sex, the boy who despairs of surpassing the high grades of a female fellow student needn't worry. The competition and challenge she presents in the schoolroom will not be carried into later life. Her abilities will be withdrawn from the world through marriage; her so-called "true" womanly talents better employed within the confines of house and family.

In forty years we have reached a

halfway mark. We have created an elaborate, expensive and unnecessary ritual whereby the modern girl prepares to be an old-fashioned wife. Property, dowries, the domestic arts are no longer factors influencing the planning of a marriage. Mutual attraction in looks, common interests, ideas, and other intangibles, are.

Not a word before marriage of cooking, cleaning, washing, polishing, ironing, mothproofing, putting out garbage, cleaning basements, weeding, raking leaves; baby sitters; staying in for cleaner, breadman, deliveryman, picking up clothes, toys, papers, and so on and on. That's conversation for a courting couple? Horrifying thought.

Funny thing though—it's conversational material for many married couples these days. Even we women like to talk about our work occasionally.

With what kind of work do I justify my existence? After the family's clothes have been washed and dried automatically, I am required to fold them and put them away. I see no future in this job, the play-learning potential of which I long ago exhausted. But such jobs are all mine now.

They take much of my time—time that could be better spent.

In a much-discussed book, *The Affluent Society*, its author, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, points to our society's failure "to notice the emergence of a New Class, largely as a result of one of the oldest and most effective obfuscations in the field of social science. This is the effort to assert that all work—physical, mental, artistic and managerial—is essentially the same."

Drawing no distinction between men and women in his definition of the New Class, he describes it as consisting of people brought up to choose their eventual occupation; for whom the work involved, not only the pay, is enjoyable.

It seems, however, that this applies only up to a point for women—the point of marriage, the point of no return for New Class women.

These, according to Galbraith, are the reasons for joining the New Class: "Exemption from manual toil; escape from boredom and confining and severe routine; the chance to spend one's life in clean and physically comfortable surroundings; some opportunity for applying one's thoughts to the day's work."

Obviously, that definition excludes the wives of men of the New Class, today's housewives. All attempts to eulogize housework and child care, to

upgrade the homemaker cannot dis-
close the fact.

In other words, while women who
would have been domestic workers in
the past now go into industry, we try
to fill the gap they leave in homes with
all our married women—the intelligent,
the average and the dumb—regardless of
talent, ability or inclination.

No wonder there is frustration and
dissatisfaction among women who,
brought up in the confident expecta-
tion of ultimately achieving satisfaction
from the work of their choice, find that merely through marriage they
are demoted, left to cope with the dis-
organized remnants of what was work
of purpose and worth—well over a
century ago. Even their duties as citi-
zens are subordinated to the traditional
housewifely tasks (and as a result, we
probably get the world we deserve).

Consider politics—traditionally
men's work, men's interests for which
most women are supposed to be con-
genitally ill-suited. In his study, *The
Political Role of Women*, made for
UNESCO, Professor Maurice Duverger says: "It is . . . useless to seek to
give women a larger part in political
life by special reforms in this particu-
lar field. The small part played by
women in politics merely reflects and
results from the secondary place to
which they are still assigned by the
customs and attitudes of our society
and which their education and training
tend to make them accept as the natural
order of things."

This study was of four countries
with older cultures and less initial edu-
cational opportunity for girls than we
have in North America. The education
and training of our girls should lead
them to expect more than that "natural
order of things"; the tragedy is that
it doesn't.

A vote but no real voice

Whatever we women may think
about our situation soon goes up in
the steam of our electric kettles, down
the drain with the water from our
washing machines, is lost in the cease-
less daily round from small child to
appliance, from telephone to family
station wagon. In our secure little
nest, alone and unaided, we haven't
much time for thought about or for
contact with the outside world. Re-
gressing willy-nilly to our former child-
ish and dependent state, we leave the
affairs of the world to our husbands,
to the men of the world everywhere.
We have a vote, for what it is worth,
but no real voice.

The values of a vote seem remote
from daily concern with leaky taps,
dribbly noses and meal-planning.

Again Professor Duverger: "Under
a democratic system, political activity
is essentially adult. It presupposes that
anyone engaged in it takes full responsi-
bility for his fate and does not leave
it to another to decide for him."

This is interesting, considering that
girls, officially encouraged to the dizzy
heights of adult freedoms and responsi-
bilities, are as women precipitated
back into a world of children, childish
tasks and contained horizons. We pro-
claim the supreme importance of this
little world to all women. Then we
complain of their inertia and reluc-
tance to take on civic responsibilities.

There is drudgery in every job, in

PERENNIAL OPTIMIST

*The woodchuck saw
his shadow;
The weatherman
says snow;
But I know winter
will not stay.
I heard a robin
sing today,
And I have trusted
robins
Since many springs
ago.*

BY EMILY S. COUNCILMAN

every profession; but in most, early
stints of drudgery well done are re-
warded by promotion, by more respon-
sibility and less drudgery. Not so for the "career" of homemaker.
More responsibility invariably is ac-
companied by more drudgery. The
best, the most interesting part of edu-
cating a child is siphoned off by bet-
ter-organized institutions such as
schools and youth groups.

It might be argued that the intelligent
woman could find challenge enough in her older children, in guid-
ing and teaching the nascent minds.
But when the baby needs changing,
the phone answering ("It's for you,
Ma!"), the dinner putting in the oven
and tears of a toddler drying, it is
useless to discuss political parties or
the aims of World Refugee Year with
an inquiring nine-year-old—this being
the time he is likely to ask for such
information. And as the years slip by

mother's mental development stagnates
for want of exercise.

Husbands are expected to fill this
void in their wives' mental require-
ments and be good fathers, lovers,
breadwinners, and do odd jobs around
the house besides. Frankly, I think it
is too much to expect of any man.

Since we are making no effort to
curtail our girls' educational opportu-
nities (on the contrary, the trend
being to seek improvements in our co-
educational system), the New Class
will just keep on growing.

Marriage is *not* a career

More women will embark on careers
and professions they enjoy; more men-
tal skills will be developed in the fe-
male half of the population; more vo-
cational opportunities will open to
them.

Let's face the fact that domestic
work is only one job—for someone:
not everyone, not every woman. Let's
admit that marriage, motherhood and
homemaking are not careers, but hu-
man conditions. With a little reorgani-
zation of contemporary society they
need not interfere with a woman's
chosen work any more than marriage
and fatherhood does with a man's.

We can encourage girls to attain
and stay in the adult world. Let them
have marriage, home and all the babies
they want—but not necessarily in our
way, on our terms.

Women who go out to work seek-
ing a personal satisfaction missing in
the home are reproached by public
opinion for neglecting their duties, and
so feel guilt. They worry about their
children in "empty houses," "running
wild in the streets," and so on—all the
bogeys conjured up by their critics.

They also worry, with justification,
because adequate community care and
facilities for children are lamentably
lacking.

All we can provide instead of these
is one private slave—mother!

In *New Bottles for New Wine*, Julian Huxley observes: "The scale of
culture has a dual measure: it is re-
lated not only to efficiency of exploi-
tation but also to fulfillment of poten-
tiality." Our standard of material
living may be as high as modern tech-
nology permits, but our scale of culture
is low because the exploitation of our
productive capacity is inefficient. It
does not help fulfil the individual's
human potential—especially woman's.

The answer lies not in bigger and
better and more elaborate mechanical
gadgets. It lies in reorganizing our
roster of life's priorities; in extending

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it can be yours with the simplest, swiftest steps to beauty the world has ever known!

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some of our social and commercial services and initiating others.

We need crèches, nursery schools, day nurseries, cafeterias, laundries, home help, more and better public transportation, parks, libraries and recreation centres. We can do with more and better varieties of pre-cooked, prepackaged family-size meals, with less variety and simpler styles in clothing. There is a limit to the need for things; in our "affluent society" the need for services is greater.

I am not advocating abolition of the home. I am for abolishing our present understanding of home as a private box; repository of the family's worldly goods. "Home is where the heart is" runs a saying, but for us it seems to be "where the things are kept."

Upkeep of property is deemed more important than development of mind and senses; mom's baking more treasured than her mental health; the monotony of daily life broken only by purchasing yet another luxury.

And every new, private thing requires its routines of care and upkeep.

We haven't begun to use our vast industrial potential and scientific know-how for real, free living. We are still devoted to making, selling and buying merely newer versions of what was made in the past to suit another way of life.

Our industries could provide us with more disposable objects of living than it does. If we can have disposable handkerchiefs and prefabricated kitchens, we can go on up the scale to prefabricated housing assembled and dismantled at will; buildings such as schools that could be added to or subtracted from as the need arises.

Let's throw things away

Plastics haven't begun to come into their own. We make useless toys and copies of conventional articles with a material that, if imaginatively applied, has thousands of original uses. Furniture, utensils, clothes, toys could be cheaply made to last only as long as they are useful, then be discarded without a qualm.

We could have all these things, objects of superb design, utility and variety, but we're so convinced of the enduring values of possessions that when we are told we would not want things any different we believe it.

What is worse, we are never given the opportunity to test our opinions. Extended social services and industry satisfying real consumer needs, instead of catering to obsolescent and arti-

ficially stimulated wants, could combine to bring women into the twentieth century before it is over.

Could we not in future divide bread-winning and child care equally between husband and wife? We would then have completed the cycle set in motion by the Industrial Revolution and regained the adult, human partnership which men and women in the home enjoyed before that time.

Nor is my seeking to free women from domestic toil tantamount to advocating the breakup of family life. If we had real faith in ourselves and the future and suffered less nostalgia for a vanished age, we might come up with a fresh and more applicable conception of family life for our day.

Women can be equal

We know we face a challenge from the East, behind and in front of the Iron Curtain. There, people are much less concerned with annihilating us (and themselves in the process) than they are with achieving our standards of education, technology and living—in that order—and eventually surpassing us in all three.

Therefore, if we are truly concerned about the perpetuation of our democratic way of life, we should match their effort with ours. A first step would be to ensure equality of opportunity to be human to our own women, thus doubling the human achievement potential on our side.

If it means that we thereby draw women away from a conventional family-home structure as we long ago drew their husbands out of the home and into the factory, then let's make up for lost time and progress right away.

A final word from The Affluent Society: "One of the inevitable outlets for the intellectual energies and inventiveness of the New Class will be in finding substitutes for routine and repetitive manual labor."

In exercising my critical faculties on hateful housekeeping I am vindicating my early training. I ask others to join me in a battle against futility; in inventing ways to circumvent the accepted and abolish the unnecessary. Let us at last demand unashamedly the means to realize our full potential as women.

A rebellion is justified, for, far from being detractors of our civilization, we are the pioneers of inevitable changes for the better. What was bad for our mothers is no longer good enough for us.

END

THE SKIS SHE LEFT BEHIND HER

Continued from page 44

brown; his words were inaudible in the babel of sound rising from below. "Tricia, come down."

She wasn't needed for these few minutes, really. Berthe, her good little maid from the village, was passing the tray of canapés, and Chris had brought over one of the bartenders from the inn. But she knew he liked having her near and at hand, making her way from group to group, playing her role of manager's wife and hostess to the winter colony.

QUIETLY, a little reluctantly, she came down the stairs and stood at his side. He smiled now, bending close to speak to her.

"Honey, could you do something about the Barkers? They're from New York and don't know the crowd. I started them off with the Harringtons. They're over near the fireplace."

She moved toward the slim, staccato-voiced woman who was talking to Sam Harrington and after slipping easily into their conversation for a few minutes, bore her off toward Marian Woodley. They at least have a terrific fashion-consciousness in common, she thought. She had already seen Marian eyeing Mrs. Barker's obviously expensive dress and stole.

"You have the most beautiful house! You must simply adore it," said Mrs. Barker.

"Everyone calls it the glamour house of Saint Dominique," Marian Woodley added loyally. "Tricia planned it herself, you know."

"With a very able architect. But thanks anyway. We do like it very much. It's such a good house for children." Tricia smiled at them both and slipped away.

She went to the breakfast room, an

ell off the big kitchen, to make sure the children were starting their supper. They had taken off their boots but they were still in their ski clothes with warm moccasin socks pulled up over the gabardine trousers. She saw the cowlick in her daughter's soft dark hair; it seemed pressed there permanently by the long hours of wearing a parka hood. Little Toddy, two years younger than his sister, was talking with his mouth crammed full of buttered roll about his last run.

"Can we pass things when we finish eating, can we, Mummie?" asked Lynn eagerly.

"May we," Tricia corrected. "Yes, I suppose so. Toddy, why don't you eat your roll and then tell Lynn about your stem Christie?"

She passed them and went into the back entry to make sure the three pairs of ski boots had been inverted on the rods of the wooden dryer she had bought. That way, they would drip into a plastic tray and would be dry and ready to wear first thing in the morning. Thirty dollars for Lynn's ski boots, she found herself thinking in dismay—Lynn, a little girl nine years old! But in all fairness, she was a good skier and deserved the proper equipment, and she had asked for the boots as a very special Christmas present. Toddy was using her outgrown ones so they weren't wasted.

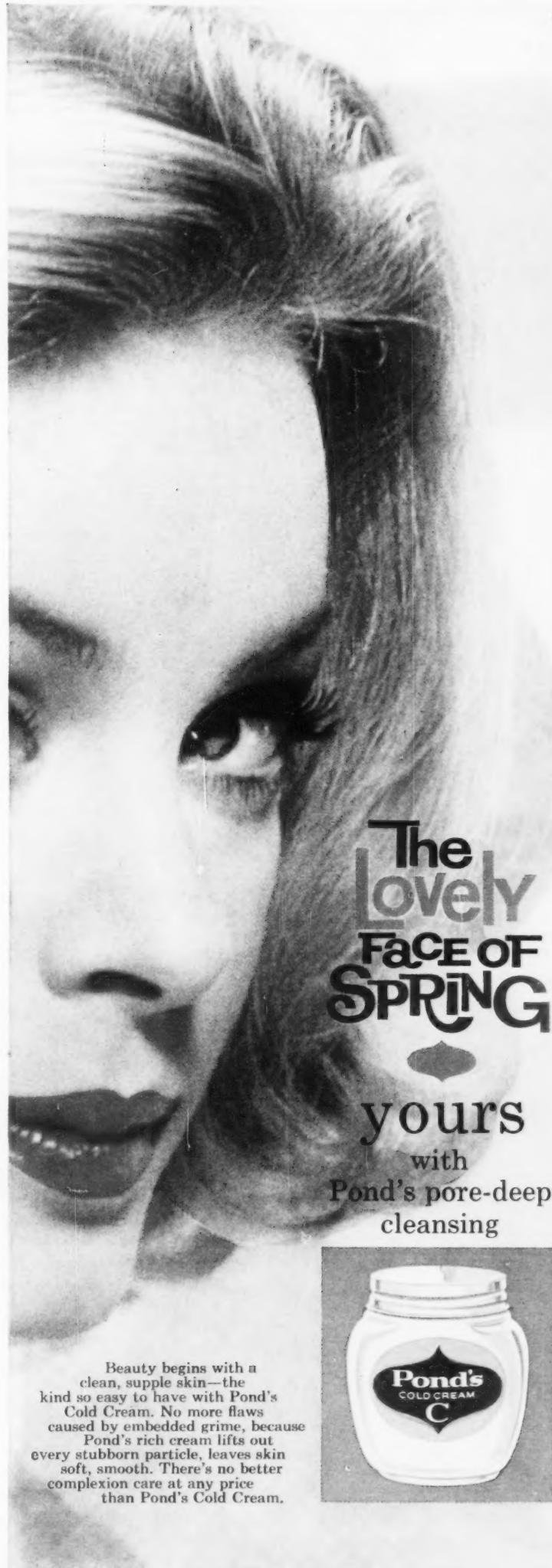
The glass top of the back door had a view of its own. Through it you could see the brilliant outline of the Saint Dominique Christmas tree. It wasn't a real tree, but a shape defined in lights high against the mountainside.

Where, but in the Laurentians, she thought in silent protest, would you have a Christmas-tree image left up all winter? Christmas, even "Little Christmas," which came later at Epiphany, was long since over. It was February now. But she knew from experience that the pattern of lights would not come down for many weeks. "Every-

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one loves it," Chris told her. "Tourists, residents, everyone. It gives Saint Dominique that added touch of glamour."

I don't love it, Tricia thought with a twinge of bitterness. But she had never admitted that to anyone but herself.

SHE WENT quickly back to the party which was in full voice now. It would go on like this for another hour and a half, then it would begin to thin out. She and Chris would stand near the front door, helping to sort out the boots, handing extra plastic bags to women who needed them for carrying their party slippers, caroling their words of caution across the snowy path. "Careful now, don't slip!" But someone always did slip. There would be a burst of laughter, or a murmured curse; so far no one had been really hurt. Their parties had been lucky that way. Only last week, the Woodleys had had a disaster at their party, the one big one they gave during the season. A guest had fallen outside and broken an ankle. This was an especially unhappy thing in Saint Dominique where it was faintly disgraceful to be hurt in any other way than in an understandable skiing accident.

As the guests began to leave in couples and groups, Tricia felt her spirits lifting in the afterglow of a successful party almost over.

Then at last everyone was gone, even Berthe, whose boy friend had come for her, and the children were tucked in bed. The fire in the great hearth still burned in soft pink embers, and she and Chris sat down on the sofa nearest it with a last drink.

"And a good time was had by all," he said, lifting his glass toward her. "Nice job, my girl."

She smiled warmly at him. Now, perhaps, was the time to talk about the little vacation he had hinted, cautiously, that they might take soon... perhaps in March or early April when the ski season was drawing toward its end. She hadn't wanted to press him about it. This was his busiest time. But the very thought of hot sand on a tropic beach somewhere — Jamaica, the Bahamas, the Virgin Islands, she didn't care where — melted her with delicious longing. No clumping ski boots, no wet mittens, no layers of sweaters, no perilous winter driving on the slippery roads back and forth to the village; but, instead of these, a golden peace and serenity, even for a little while.

"This is our last general cocktail party," Chris said comfortably. "We

can have a few small groups in if it seems we should, but nothing big till May."

She knew what he meant by that. They always gave a big do to welcome the summer crowd. The Inn at Saint Dominique was known for its gay summer colony. Every chalet was rented for the season long ahead of time, though usually not to the same people who came in the winter.

Summer seemed far away as they sat drowsily looking into the fire. The interlude between the two sets of colonists was the time Tricia liked best. The maintenance crews were busy then with the repairing, the remodeling of old chalets and the building of new ones to help meet the great demand, the painting and decorating and putting out the lawn furniture. But Tricia felt it her best time to be simply Mrs. Christopher Todd Allen — mother of Lynn and Toddy, housewife, period. Not a professional hostess and manipulator of people, not a wily wielder of puppet strings — Mrs. So-and-So, you belong over there with the Such-and-Suches, you have so much in common with them, and you'll only be unhappy with Mr. What's-his-Name! It was a lovely time of freedom.

"I can read your mind," said Chris in a low husky voice.

"I don't believe it." She laughed. "You'd be wrong."

"No, I wouldn't. You have that *I wonder if he really meant it about a vacation look. See?*" He grinned at her startled upward glance. "Am I psychic?"

"Oh, Chris." It was a happy little sigh, no more than a catching of her breath.

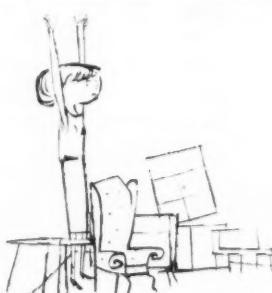
HE PUT DOWN his drink and gripped her hand. "As you know all too well, it's never easy for me to get away from here. A two-season resort is the owner's and hotelkeeper's dream but it's tough on the family; don't think I'm unaware of that, Tricia. Somehow, this year, it's seemed the same but more so."

More so, more so, her mind echoed. But it won't matter if we can get away.

His voice was quick and factual now and his hand held hers firmly as though to keep her from interrupting till he was through. "I know we spoke of a beach somewhere, and perhaps in September or early October we could slip off to Bermuda or Sea Island, but right now I'm afraid that's

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... darling. Don't be disappointed till you hear what Reg and I have been pouncing about for the last week or so; it was his idea, scarcely more than an idle remark at first, but we've elaborated on it and now we're sure it will work out. Best of all, it needn't count as a real vacation. My expenses will be paid and we can manage yours — in fact, Reg may even decide you should be expense-account too, at least part of the time."

From a long bleak distance away, Tricia heard the names of the places — though she didn't need the names, she had known them already. Zermatt, Davos, Saint-Moritz — then possibly Saint Anton and Kitzbühel. It was like listening to someone reading aloud from a guidebook for European skiers.

"Cortina," she suggested politely. "You mustn't leave out anything."

"Don't look like that, Tricia." He gave her hand a little shake. "There's no reason for you to look stricken."

"But I am stricken," she said. "I don't care what you said about getting off to a beach in September or October. When the time comes, you'll remember that's the possible hurricane season. Or you'll say the oil-burner men fixing up the furnaces for the winter people need supervision. Or the older prefab chalets will need new roofs. You'll think of something, you and Reg, between you."

"That's unfair, Tricia." His voice was very low and even. She saw in his face that he was determined not to be angry.

"Is it?" she said.

"Besides, how about now? Are you so bored with life that you can't muster even a gleam of enthusiasm about jetting off to Zurich and visiting some world-famous resorts I know you've never seen before? Don't remind me you went to school in Lausanne for a year as a girl. That isn't the same and you know it."

"I don't pretend it was. I went to London and Paris during the vacations and saw the most historic cathedrals and art galleries. As a matter of fact," she said deliberately, "I never even asked my parents to take me to Saint-Moritz."

Meaning, I suppose, that you weren't interested and aren't now." Chris's face looked suddenly tired.

SHE BURST OUT then in her guilt and her heartache. "How could you expect a woman who lives month after dreary month in her ski pants and boots to want to fly somewhere for more of the same? Don't you think I ever get tired of snow all around me,

Velvety radiance in the touch of a puff — with new Pond's Angel Face. It's powder and foundation in-one . . . and now because it's the only compact make-up with cosmetic silicones, offers the subtlest, softest shades for a heavenly complexion that holds its freshness for hours! And with new Angel Face you can have perfect make-up harmony for any Spring costume colour.

dreadful white smothering snow, and mountains towering everywhere I look. Except that these aren't real mountains compared to the Alps, they're only hills. Oh, I'm sorry, Chris! I think your plan is fine — for you and Reg. You can have a great time examining every ski lift in Europe, learning all the latest refinements of boots and bindings, and even coaxing new gourmet recipes from the master chefs. But leave me out of it, I wouldn't be worth the plane fare."

"Reg wasn't going," said Chris quietly. "He thought I could combine the business trip with a little change and vacation — with you."

Tricia wanted to say that Reg wasn't that magnanimous, he was carrying on a pleasant little affair with a burnished-blond widow who was spending the season in Saint Sauveur — or so the story went. But she never criticized Reg to Chris. He wasn't merely Chris's employer; they were very old friends. They'd been in the war together, and before that at McGill, and before McGill at school at Lower Canada College. She had even heard they'd been part of the same preschool nursery group in Westmount for a while, though neither really remembered that phase of their friendship, it was a tale their mothers told.

"I'm sure if you put it to Reg, he'd change his mind and go."

"What about you? I'll be gone two or three weeks." His face wore its special look of cold remoteness.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she said lightly. "I might treat myself to a few days in New York when Carrie comes for her shopping spree. She's written asking me."

"Yes," he said stiffly, "you showed me her letter."

Tricia had sensed he liked her best friend, Caroline Basset, but reluctantly, because he had never managed to make himself approve of her. Chris liked to approve of people, at least those in their own circle of friends. If Carrie lived nearer, even at the distance of New York or Boston, it might have become a problem between them; but with Carrie in Dallas and Tricia up in Saint Dominique all year round, there was scarcely more than the occasional "miss - you - terribly - darling" letter and the exceedingly rare chance to see each other on a fleeting visit.

"If you're worried about Carrie tempting me to spend a lot of money on clothes and gadgets, don't," she told him, rising wearily to her feet. "Time to go to bed, don't you think?"

"Have I ever come right out and

said Carrie spends money foolishly and that I consider her a rather shallow woman?"

"No, you haven't, but I've known what you think."

"I can't help what I think."

"Of course not." She gave him a measuring glance. "So you know I can't either."

"Still, it's rather a shock to learn one's wife's thoughts so sharply and clearly, and all of a sudden."

"They aren't peculiar to me. Ask any Laurentian matron in the deep of winter what her idea of a vacation is — and if she says she wants to fly off on a tour of ski resorts, I'll eat your boots! I mean an all-year-round housewife, of course, not a female tourist up here in her tightest ski pants to meet men."

"Any special person that stiletto was sharpened for?"

"No," she said blandly, "there are a lot of them."

They made up after a fashion before they went to sleep. Chris said he was sorry he had disappointed her, but that a trip to New York would do her good, snap her out of her winter doldrums. She agreed, in a voice intended to sound drowsy, that it probably would.

EARLY THE NEXT morning, before she had a chance to change her mind, she wired Carrie she was coming. Then she set about arranging the children's schedule with apple-cheeked Berthe, phoning her sitter list of middle-aged to elderly women for someone willing to come and sleep in the house at night, and making notes of food to stock in the freezer. Berthe assured her all would go well. Actually, as *madame* would undoubtedly understand, she

was not afraid to stay here with the children alone; it was only her *maman* who objected.

"*Maman a raison, bien sûr,*" Tricia murmured under her breath. From the gigglings and scufflings she had heard in the kitchen when Berthe's boy friend Claude, the taxi driver, came to wait for her to finish up, it was clear that a sitter was necessary for her, if not for the children.

The twinges she felt when it was time for Chris and Reg to leave — and she drove with them down to Montreal to the International Airport — were at least partly muffled by the onslaught of another snowstorm. Chris looked anxious.

"Don't try to drive back tonight," he urged. "We can phone Berthe and book you a room at the Ritz."

"If you can take off for Zurich in this, I'm sure I can manage the Autoroute. Don't worry about me. I'm an old hand at this." She laughed, more for Reg's benefit than Chris's. It stung her to perceive every now and then, through the veil of his bland courtesy, that he was really a little sorry for Chris, tied down with a wife and children in the very midst of the merry winter playground the Laurentians had become in the last two "good" years, the years of the abundant snows.

"You know blizzards seldom affect take-offs," said Chris, frowning, "but road travel is another thing."

"Pooh to you," she said gaily. Still, her lips clung to his an extra second before he had to walk through the immigration and customs gate where she couldn't follow; and she felt the tense hard pressure of his arms with an aching sense of loss when they released her.

Reg had moved tactfully ahead, leaving them to that last kiss. But Tricia was conscious of him, as she was always conscious of his half-mocking, half-benign presence in their lives, and tonight he cut a conspicuous figure in the airport, a perfectly tailored version of what the well-heeled and ski-motivated man should wear to fly to a Swiss resort. He and Chris had agreed to travel in ski clothes with their Loden coats over their arms, packing only their dinner jackets and the odd sweater and after-ski lounge-wear. Each intended to buy new skis in Switzerland, though Chris had had the grace to flush when she murmured, "Well, there are women who collect two or three mink coats, I've heard."

Now she could see the wordless reproach in Chris's dark coals of eyes: We could have been doing this together, you and I. Now it's too late . . . Her own eyes countered in mute, angry sadness: Why there? Why did you only offer a pilgrimage into more snow?

But all they said, finally, was "Take care of yourself, darling. Have fun." And Tricia, once the flight had gone and she could see the last winking of the taillights high and far away, trudged wearily back to her car and began the slow nerve-racking drive home.

SHE MADE IT safely, part of the way in low gear, but she realized when the car was in the garage that a few more hours and the snow would have defeated her. It went on into the next day and became the record storm of the winter, dramatized with newspaper pictures and horror accounts of road accidents and deaths.

Everything which had frightened and dismayed her (and finally toward spring afflicted her with profound boredom), was now intensified. After a few days, in which the roads were cleared enough for the colonists' cars to move about with limited freedom, another storm struck and the gigantic job began all over again. The maintenance crews worked with grey exhausted faces far into the night. One day Berthe didn't arrive at all, because even the intrepid Claude wouldn't take a chance on the hill leading to the Allens' chalet. Tricia didn't blame him — she wouldn't have tried it either. That was the day she kept the children home from school and away from the ski slopes, and in some ways it seemed the worst day of the long winter. She lit a roaring fire, made hot chocolate, and offered to play lengthy games involving paper money and furious com-

Continued on page 102

EYE OPENER

Two steps put the sparkle back into tired eyes

First step toward bright eyes: carry a purse-size bottle of eye lotion with built-in dropper. Then whenever eyes feel weary — from dust or a double feature — retire to a quiet corner and apply a few droplets into the inner eye corners. Rolling your eyes widely will distribute the soothing, sparkling effects in seconds.

Next step: with both eyes, blink *lightly* (don't squeeze the lids together). Repeat ten times. Then wink lightly ten times with first the right eye, then the left. Finish by repeating the both-eyes-blinking ten times. Done once daily, this winking and blinking strengthens, firms eyelid muscles, keeps you wide-eyed attractive. (Good practice for fluttering eyelashes, too.)

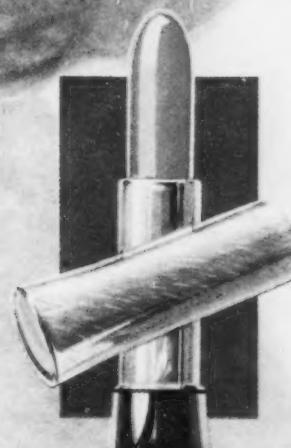
—DONNA LU WIGMORE



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lovely
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SPRING

YOURS

with the glow of
Pond's High Lustre
on your lips



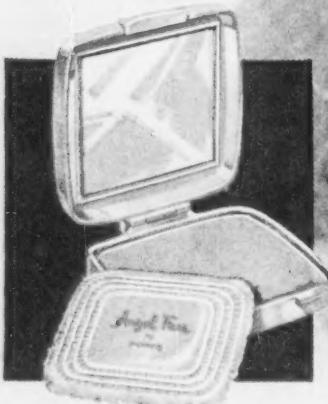
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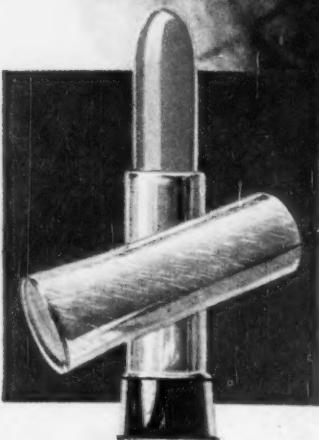
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Pond's High Lustre Lipstick—the creamier lipstick, containing a special enriching substance that adds extra brilliance. In the smart swivel case shaped to your hand . . . or in smaller push-up sizes.





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Continued from page 98
petition; but still the children glowered at her. They were sure if their father were home, he'd let them ski — it wasn't dangerous at all, it was only exciting.

"He's not here and I won't let you." Tricia kept firm to the end, but when she finally slipped into her wide bed alone, long after the children were asleep and the fire had gone out, she sobbed quietly into her pillow.

It was then that the frightening thought crept from some far corner of darkness into her conscious mind: I don't believe I can ever spend another winter on this mountain.

In the morning, she pretended to herself that she hadn't thought it. Only a very foolish, selfish woman could possibly imagine leaving a place where her husband earned his livelihood. Still — and this crept later, almost timidly, from the same dark corner where the first thought had scuttled — did he have to run a skiing resort? Couldn't his special talent for administration be used to administer something else?

THE ROADS were cleared again by the time she was ready for her trip to New York. Lynn had had a sniffle but was almost over it. Toddy had lost another front tooth but had remembered to put it under his pillow for the fairies to find and leave payment for, so was reconciled to the gap and his temporary lisp. Chris had sent them giant post cards with rash promises that he'd take them both skiing in the Alps some day. Not with me, thought Tricia grimly as the children giggled and chattered about it.

Miraculously her domestic arrangements all fell into place and she packed that last day with the feeling that she was actually going. Marian Woodley was giving her a lift to Montreal and she would have dinner with the Woodleys before the night train.

"We adore having you, but I'm a little surprised you aren't flying," said Marian.

"If I'd had a plane reservation, that would have made it snow. Then I mightn't have been able to get to the airport," said Tricia calmly.

"Well, it has been rather an unusual winter," conceded Marian. "The snow has hit some sort of record."

"Not yet. Last year was the record, though the year before was a close second. This winter hasn't finished."

"Of course, I'm in town more or less during the week so I don't notice it as much," said Marian.

Tricia smiled to think of how Marian never missed a fashion show — she and Carrie were alike in that. But then, they hadn't any children and both had plenty of money to spend on the clothes being modeled.

"I could almost wish I were going to New York with you, but there's this hospital benefit tomorrow — they're showing a whole collection of *boutique* models from Paris." Marian's voice sounded pleased and purring.

"And you're all ready to fall into temptation! You can give me a private showing when I get back."

The Woodleys insisted on taking her to her train and buying her a drink before departure.

Tricia felt a real glow at their kindness as she thanked them.

"Lone ladies usually don't fare so well," she said.

"They do with you and Chris," remarked Gerry unexpectedly. "You



BOULEVARD TREES, MARCH

*Like that exceeding great Army, which, long ago,
Left its bones on the plain,
The skeletal boughs complain,
Rubbing their dry
Twig-bones together in the high
Surge of sleepy wind,
And you, who pass,
Shivering in fur and wool,
Disbelievers in any miracle,
Take note! Take note,
For you shall see this mesh
Of bleak bones clothed with flesh
Of leaves; made fair and whole
In youthful strength
The avenue's full length,
And on that morn,
Know yourselves, no less than
they,*

Reborn.

BY R. H. GRENVILLE



may not realize what a welcoming atmosphere you two create at Saint Dominique, Tricia. That's one of the reasons Marian and I keep coming up year after year. We're not such ski buffs really, and we have no kids to force us out, but our weekends on the mountain give us something — you might call it a lift of spirit. And it's not just Dominique, it's the special treatment of the Allens."

"That was well said, Gerry," Marian approved. "It goes for both of us." Suddenly they were gone and Tricia was alone in her compartment with

tears in her eyes. Why, they meant it, she thought, they really meant it. Somehow or other, they hadn't seen into the bitter discontent she had been masking lately with chatter and laughter, and they included her in the general warmth of cordiality which emanated from Chris alone. She was conscious of a faint shame that she had acted a part well enough to fool friends.

THERE WAS relief in registering at her hotel the next morning and being met by Carrie who knew her so well that pretense would have been impossible.

She was sharing Carrie's suite and they breakfasted in the chintz-hung living room, smiling at each other over their usual orange juice, dry toast, and black coffee.

"Awful winter up there, darling?" asked Carrie sympathetically.

"Foul, the worst." And that disposed of Tricia's immediate past.

They went on to Carrie's.

"This will throw you, I think, but Bud and I have come to the Great Divide. There's simply no use going on, so we aren't."

"Oh, Carrie!" Tricia felt a shocked dismay, not only at Carrie's news but at the closed, desolate look on her face as she gave it.

"I know what you're thinking but I'd rather not talk about it—not now, at least."

"We won't," said Tricia quickly.

"I decided to tell you straight off and then go on the way we've always done when we've met." Carrie's voice was slightly breathless and her blue eyes looked past Tricia. "I mean, shopping, theatre-going, having fun . . ."

"Yes," said Tricia gently. "We'll start today."

They each produced their list of ideas to compare, the shows they wanted to see, the restaurants they'd heard about, the shopping each had in mind. Then there were the standbys; they never came to New York without dropping in at the Museum of Modern Art or having one afternoon tea at the Plaza. This last dated from their childhood when their families had brought them here for spring holidays.

Tricia felt a flood of questions at the tip of her tongue, but she bit them back. Her own parents were dead, but Caroline's . . . what must they think of her walking out of "the perfect match," the proverbial bed of roses provided by Bud Basset?

IT WASN'T till late that afternoon over the drink at the Barberry Room

(that, too, was part of the old pattern) that Carrie spoke Bud's name again.

"He won't miss me, you know," she said in a voice husky with bitterness. "He's — well, written me off as a non-producing oil well, and gone on to the more productive part of his life — business. That's his good fortune; he loves business, everything connected with it to the smallest detail."

"He loved you very much, Carrie. Are you sure he doesn't still?"

"Perhaps, in a way, as one of the props in the setting, someone to go to the business dinners with him and then to return them, someone to look attractive — and expensive — against the backdrop." Carrie's face wore the closed look again. "There are plenty of women in Dallas who could fill the part as well or better, and who wouldn't ask for more."

"But no particular woman?" Tricia probed gently.

"I don't think so. Not yet."

"Then couldn't . . ."

"No," said Carrie and her mouth made a bleak, tight line.

Bud Basset phoned early that evening and since Carrie was in her shower when the phone rang, Tricia took the call.

"Oh, Bud. Just a minute, I'll get her. She can wrap up in a towel."

"No, don't." His voice was oddly hesitant. "It might be better if I talked to you. You know about us, don't you, Tricia?"

"Just the fact, no details."

"Carrie couldn't give you details. She has only the haziest idea of why she wants to leave me."

Tricia was silent, feeling that if Carrie didn't know why, it must certainly be beyond her own understanding.

"I want you to do something for me," Bud said, urgency sharpening his easygoing Texas voice. "I'm not in Dallas, I'm in Chicago to appear on a fifteen-minute television program tonight. It's late by your time, about eleven-fifteen after the news. Will you see to it Carrie is back in the suite by then and that she watches it?"

"I'll have her here, Bud, but I can't promise she'll . . ."

"If you switch it on, she'll look."

"What's the program?"

Bud laughed with a harsh sound. "Top executives and their Motivations. Four of us are being interviewed tonight. Unrehearsed, just a short warm-up run through before we're televised."

"We'll be there," said Tricia. "Good luck."

She hung up just before Carrie emerged from the bath. Carrie didn't ask who had phoned; she hadn't heard the ring.

It took some doing to get away from the theatre and back to the hotel in time, especially since they ran into an old friend and her husband between

the acts and were promptly invited to have a drink with them later. Tricia, sensing at once that Carrie was about to accept, burst in with their regrets, glossing over the moment with a counter invitation for lunch the next day.

"Why did you do that, Trish? Is Chris really going to call you from

Switzerland? You haven't said anything about it before."

"Well, I'm not sure, but he may. Anyway, my head aches. You don't mind, do you, Carrie? If we could just slip away before the curtain calls . . ."

Carrie agreed — she was always

Continued on page 105

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provides better, longer-lasting protection.

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FLASHING YELLOW is for wearing without a qualm if your complexion is sunny and warm—the warmth supplied by peach foundation and powder, or the deeper tone of an apricot base and powder if your skin tones are sallow. Your lipstick should be vivid coral or golden red. To capture the breezy casualness of this look, you should draw on a full round mouth, the lower lip outlined with a rim of darker color. If your eyes are your best feature, emphasize them strongly with pure-yellow shadow—if they are not, you should use a clear-green shadow. For evening, give your eyes a shiny brilliance with gold shadow. Your eyebrow shape should be short and thick—with the outer tip thinned—to balance your generously drawn-on mouth.

VIVID BLUE—everybody's favorite—should be worn with an enchantingly pale complexion created with a creamy, fair foundation and a close match in powder. You could even try a pale-blue liquid foundation. Create subtle hollows by shading the cheekbones with a curve of darker foundation, extending from mid-ear to a point two inches from the mouth. Your lipsticks should be light and dark shades of rosy coral—no deep-red tones. Keep the upper lipline more angled than curved. In shaping the eyes, brush the brows into a thin line, then lengthen and straighten them with brown, or a combination of brown and grey pencils. Begin the liner deep at the inner eye corners and shade the eyelids with clear-blue shadow. For evening wear, you could add blue mascara.



MAKE-UP to RACING COLORS

A fresh bright look is a must for the vivid new fashion colors shown on pages 46 to 51 Select your very own type of radiance from these three make-ups By EVELEEN DOLLERY

Chatelaine Beauty Editor



STRONG PINKS can be an effective beauty potion if your complexion is made up to have a natural pinkness. So your foundation and powder should be on the white-pink side; pink-tinted liquid foundation and translucent powder, or mauve-pink. You should wear a light blush of rouge created by blending a little liquid rouge with your foundation. Your lipstick wardrobe range is from rosy pink to vibrant blue-pink. Give your lips a happy look by extending the color beyond the corners and uptilting them. On your eyes use lavender eyeliner, wedge-shaped at the outer corner; brush your lids with a mauve shadow—extended out and up to meet the eyebrow tip. White lighting shadow should be brushed lightly across under the brows. Your brows should be generous and upslanted. END

Photographs by Dennis Colwell

Continued from page 103
amiable about such things—but her blue eyes were puzzled.

When, in the very instant of their entering their suite, Tricia switched on the television set, she giggled.

"Oh no, Tricia, not really! Were you ashamed to admit you simply wanted to see an old movie? Is it one of the sexy ones we used to love aeons ago?"

"You'll see." Tricia took the gleaming brocade theatre coat and nudged Carrie to a seat at one end of the sofa. Then she went to the kitchenette and resolutely poured them each a drink.

"Take this and don't open your beautiful mouth, except to drink it, for fifteen minutes."

Carrie nodded, smiling, and though her smile faded and the look of strain came back into her face as the program announcement was made, she made no move to leave her seat.

The industrial psychologist concluded his introductory remarks about the powerful motivations which drive intelligent men to the often cold and bleak pinnacle of Big Business' top management by saying he would now bring forward four leading representatives of their industries and let them state in their own informal off-the-cuff words something of their inner drives . . . or rather, he amended dryly with a professional smile, "their conscious motivations." For there was always the unconscious factor, of course.

The first speaker was a well-known steel magnate nearing retirement age. With much throat-clearing and a nervous smile, he made familiar remarks about challenge and the inspiration of free enterprise in a great country. The interviewing psychologist wore a bored, bland expression but let the elder statesman have his say.

The second man, younger, more direct in his approach, added another dimension to the motivational research. He admitted with jerky honesty that in his own industry, at least (he was president of an automobile company) there was the element of fun. The top executives of industries dealing with transport had often been the small boys obsessed with cars, trains, and planes; and later the racing drivers, the tinkering hobby-engineers. "No one would work as hard as some of us just for the money," he concluded. "At a certain level, it has to be fun, too."

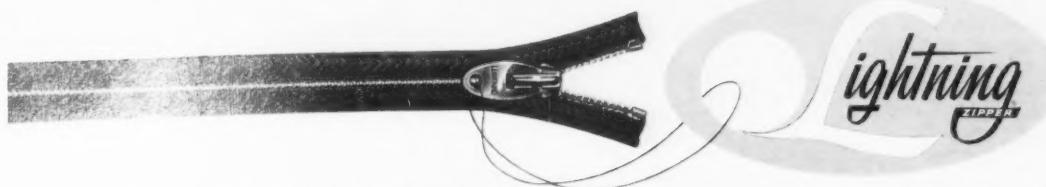
TRICIA WATCHED Carrie's tense fingers tighten on her glass as Bud Basset's face came into the spotlight. He was introduced as a representative tycoon of the great oil industry, head

the only invisible zipper in dresses today



You have to look twice to find the Zephyr! Perfect-match, fade-free colour locked in every part keeps its presence a secret. So does its newly narrow line. In fact, there's never been anything like the Zephyr before. The new Zephyr's exclusive

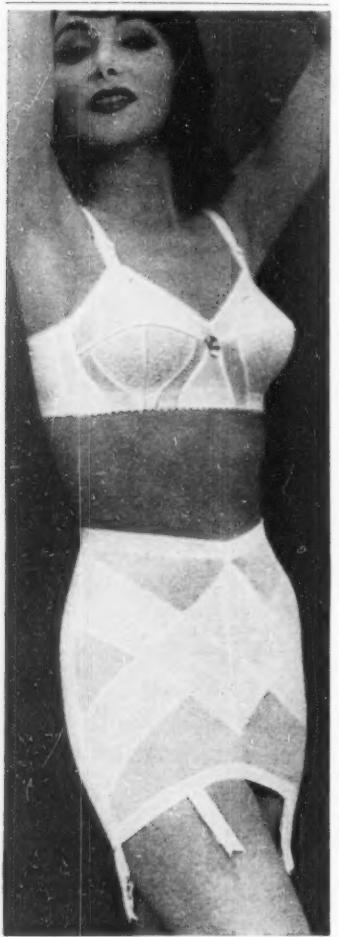
nylon spiral design is tremendously strong. Yet it has the feel and suppleness of fabric, and it is dependably smooth-running. No wonder it's in fine fashions every where. Look for the fabulous Zephyr identified by the new oval tag.



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not of one company but of many.

Tricia hadn't seen Bud for a long time—perhaps five years. He had aged, she noted, mainly because he was heavier and it gave his face a jowly look. But he still had the comparatively young man's vigor, and that thrust of chin she remembered as characteristic of him. His appearance made a sharp contrast with his drawling good-humored voice. He's a natural, she thought, the minute he started to speak. He belongs on TV or in the movies. In other circumstances, this would be the break that would send the scouts to his door.

Bud smiled the smile that crinkled his light-grey eyes, looked into the camera without fidgeting or hesitation, and gave out his opinions with a winning candor.

"I'm afraid my secret reasons aren't quite the same as the other fellows," he confided to a million late viewers. "I never felt any particular challenge to succeed or even to contribute to our system of government. And I never worked for fun either. I was born a poor boy and I had to work to stay alive. If it wasn't for that, I'd have probably sat on a corral post to this day, enjoying the sun and whittling . . ." He went on, "When I got in the war, I didn't hope to be a hero. I just fought along so I could stay alive and get home, and I did. Then I found out, some way or other, there was a lot of oil lying around to be brought in, and where there was oil there was money. I needed money, not just to eat and keep clothed and drive a nice car, but to marry the most beautiful girl in the world and keep her looking beautiful and staying happy." He paused, his presence almost palpable in the room, and Tricia could see Carrie trembling. "But if the day ever comes when the money doesn't seem to be doing good, for either her or me, then that's the day I'll quit making it and go back to whittling." He added softly, as if by afterthought, "Or maybe take a trip around the world if that's what she wants."

There was a spontaneous round of laughter at the executive table and the psychologist, grinning unprofessionally, thanked him and called on the next speaker.

Tricia obeyed Carrie's beseeching look and switched off the set.

"He told you to make me listen."

"Yes," Tricia admitted. She was almost trembling herself. Bud's presence had been so real, his impact so shattering.

"Where was that meeting?" Carrie

demanded. "Chicago? Then he'll be here by morning. I know him. He always does what he calls a good follow-up." She turned a tormented face to Tricia. "What shall I do? How can I believe him?"

"A lot of people believe him tonight," Tricia reminded her, "so why shouldn't you?"

Besides, she thought to herself, it isn't as if she doesn't still love him. Her love and her wanting to believe stood out all over her.

HE CAME before Tricia was even thoroughly awake. She heard their

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voices in the living room, at first dimly as in a dream, and then more clearly as sleep left her. But she lay there for some time, giving them their chance to be alone.

She thought of Chris, skiing on some faraway mountain, and a forlorn wonder touched her. Would he be capable of making an actual sacrifice if he were convinced it was necessary for his

wife's happiness? Not that he was so rich he could afford to toss away a job and go to whittling; but was there any possibility of his changing a way of life, and managing to be happy in the change, for her sake?

It was Carrie, pale with sleeplessness yet somehow radiant, who tapped on her door to rouse her.

"Darling," she said vibrantly. "Please put on something and have breakfast with us. Bud's showering, but he's ordered. It ought to be peacock tongues and champagne!"

Tricia sat on the edge of her bed. "You're happy," she stated calmly. "He's asked you to go back to Texas with him and you're going."

"Did you hear?" Carrie flushed and then laughed gaily. "It doesn't matter!"

"Not the words, just the murmurs." "Will you be terribly hurt with me if I go? Three days early, I mean."

"Of course not. I'll finish my shopping and make another date with Mar-got if she isn't busy and—"

"I forgot we were seeing her for lunch!"

"I'll make your excuses," said Tricia soothingly. "She'll understand."

"You're wonderful and I love you. Next winter, just you wait, I really will come up to visit you in that northern igloo of yours!"

Tricia smiled. It was such an old promise it was a joke between them.

"We might not be there by then . . ." She had spoken so softly Carrie hadn't heard.

Bud had arranged for reservations on an early flight back to Dallas and he wanted to take Carrie on one shopping errand before they left (Tricia could almost see the diamonds sparkling in his eyes) so breakfast was hurried and she had no further chance to see Carrie alone.

In the final moment, though, while Carrie was putting the last touches on her make-up and the boy had come for the bags, Bud gave her a comradely pat on her shoulder blades and thanked her for her part in the reconciliation.

"I didn't do anything, Bud," she demurred.

"You did the most important thing of all," he said with his slow smile and that crinkling of his eyes she remembered from the television screen last night. "You put Carrie in a place where I could speak my piece and she had to listen. You know, Tricia, I've been pretty dumb the past few months—I almost let Carrie slip away from me just by not noticing the danger signs." He shook his head impatiently.

ly. "I do like that and we fault.

Tricia

"Oh, tiring to Carrie but she comber me around you won't be fine."

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Tricia's sharp perplexed look made him goin.

"Oh now, look, you don't see me retiring to a tropical island, do you? Carrie may think she would right now, but she wouldn't like me in a beach-comber role! What she needs is to have me around more — for a while — giving her a little special attention. Don't you worry about Carrie, honey; she'll be fine."

THEN THERE WERE the quick kisses and good-bys, the promises to write soon, and the Bassets were gone in a flurry of handsome luggage and hatboxes.

She'll be fine, she'll be fine. Tricia kept reassuring herself against the cold-water shock of hearing Bud all but admit in his own words that he had played an act in front of a million or more strangers to get his wife to come home. Once he had her, and had gone through the gestures of contrition, had given her a short whirl, a sort of second honeymoon — with a stop at Tiffany's en route — nothing would change. Bud, having put time and money into getting a defunct company — his marriage — back on its feet, would go straight back to his first love, business.

Still, Tricia was forced to admit from her long knowledge of Carrie, once her brief rebellion was over, she probably would be content to compromise. The things which had overcome her suddenly — childlessness, loneliness, disorientation — would tend to fade. Bud was adroit when he really faced a problem. He might persuade Carrie to adopt a child; he might direct her into Causes — there were many outlets for a woman only thirty-one to channel her energies into.

After the lunch with Margot Ford, and one more attempt to enjoy the New York stores as she dreamed of reveling in them when she was imprisoned in the long Canadian winter at home, Tricia found reality less satisfying than her daydreams, and she began to consider changing her reservation back.

She emerged from Saks into a drenching rain, failed in getting a taxi, and had to run for it from awning to awning all the way to the hotel, her best sun pumps sodden and sticky-wet on her feet. In the north, this rain would be snow and somehow snow seemed cleaner.

It was pouring the next morning

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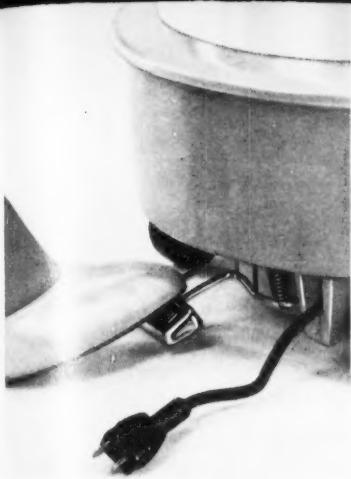
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too, and that crystallized her decision to go home on the night train. If Chris were there, her pride might have kept her from appearing, thus tacitly admitting the New York visit hadn't been the mad fun she'd hoped for, but Chris and Reg weren't due back for another week.

She bought the presents for the children, and some minor household gadgets, then gave up her room at the check-out time and took her luggage to check at the parcel counter at the station. This was the dreary part, the endless marking time with nowhere to rest, before the overnight Pullman to Montreal could be boarded. She had a single theatre ticket for a good revue—that took care of the evening. But the hours in between were hard to fill. She saw a double-feature movie on Lexington Avenue, ate her dinner at Childs and walked, slowly to kill time, across town to the theatre district.

It would be so wonderful if Chris were with her, but alone it was merely dull, even depressing. The rain had slackened into a raw thin mist and she pulled her coat collar high around her ears, wishing for her cozy parka hood at home.

The show was funny, even though there was no one to laugh with, and she applauded the actors vigorously when it was over. Then, with a surge of relief, she hurried out into the milling after-theatre crowds and without attempting to get into the fight for taxis, she all but ran across Forty-Fourth Street to the station. At least I'm in good condition, she thought, skiing does that for you.

SHE SLEPT WELL and dreamlessly all the way back to Montreal, incredulous when the porter buzzed her and told her they were already past Lacolle and the customs inspectors would be coming. She had never slept that deeply on a train, but she doubted if she had ever been so exhausted before. All that incessant scurrying about the city, like a misdirected mouse.

She hadn't planned exactly how she was to get up to the Laurentians, but there must be a local train. She'd find out in the station and then have some breakfast.

The great station waiting room was homey and familiar. There were, as usual, one or two barefooted Trappist monks, a minkling of Sisters in their dark habit-snow boots and parka-type winter jackets with hoods, women with babushkins tied under their chins, and a smattering of men wearing wedge-

shaped fur hats. She looked toward the information desk but had only got part way when her elbows were seized from behind and a deep male voice said, "Going my way, baby? Want a lift?"

Her heart jumping, she whirled around and looked straight into the brilliant dark eyes of the handsomest man in the station. He was tall and square-shouldered, a solid presence in his tweedy-rough greatcoat, his seal-skin wedge hat at a jaunty angle on his head. He wasn't on some distant Alp, but here... and his mouth found hers and clung to it warmly.

She said breathlessly, "But how could you—I mean, I thought . . ."

"I came back yesterday but when I phoned you at your hotel they said you'd checked out. That made it too late to fly down and surprise you, but at least I could meet you and drive you home. Unless," he looked at her seriously enough so she would know he meant it, "you'd rather go back to New York, with me. I can take a week of vacation. After all, I wasn't expected back this soon." He pointed to the suitcase at his feet. "I'm packed, just in case."

"No," she said instantly. "Thanks but I'd rather go home."

He drew her aside, out of the way of people, and stood looking down at her with grave intent eyes.

"Is it home, Tricia? That's what's been going over and over in my mind all the while I've been away from you. Maybe I needed distance, maybe I've been too blind, too obtuse to realize what a strange and different environment I've plunged you into. I thought of it as a sort of transplanting, whereas to you it must have seemed an uprooting . . ."

Tears rose hotly to her eyes as he went on talking.

"I did a lot of thinking about us while Reg was out bird-dogging in the evenings. I wondered if there were any way of combining the work I seem best able to do with a life that would be more fun for you. As an example, if I could manage a resort in Jamaica or the Bahamas in the winters—you'd get sun and swimming that way—and come back here for the summer season. Reg could find a good winter man, I think—perhaps a Swiss or an Austrian to give the place a *gemütlich* flavor —"

"Let's talk in the car," she suggested, her throat thick over the lump of tears.

He beckoned the porter and led her outside. Then he groaned dismally and said, "Oh no, that just couldn't happen to me! I didn't hear the



Visions of Sugar Plums!

Yes, those *are* Christmas sugar plums dancing in the dreams of this contented lady. Matter of fact, the same thing happens about this time every year.

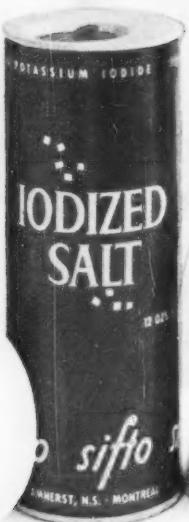
You see, this morning she took care of *next* Christmas. Simply sat down and estimated how much money she would need for next year's Christmas shopping. Then she divided *that* amount by ten. Finally, she headed for her neighbourhood branch of the B of M and made the first of ten monthly deposits in a Christmas Savings Account. *This* she will repeat each month until the Christmas season is here again.

Visions of Sugar Plums in March? You may have them too. Just drop into your neighbourhood branch of the B of M and give yourself an early Christmas present of a Christmas Savings Account and the peace of mind it brings.



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IT FLOWS
IT POURS
IT SHAKES



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weather reports and it wasn't snowing when I drove in."

THE CLEARED pavements were already whitening with the new fall, and the huge piled-up mounds of dirty snow at the side were growing fresh and clean again. Tricia could smell the snow-laden air and it was strangely pleasant in her nostrils.

"You're not afraid of driving in this little bit of snow, Chris?" She laughed. "It's no blizzard. I doubt if it lasts more than a couple of hours."

"It was for you," he explained with an anxious look. "I didn't want you to walk straight into more snow when you first got back."

"Oh well, I'm used to it." She smiled and shrugged a shoulder.

He brought the car around and it seemed an old substantial friend. It was a well-worn station wagon with ski racks on top, its upholstery decidedly ravaged by children and dogs, but she slipped in with a sigh of comfort.

Chris got them through the worst of the downtown traffic and out on Côte des Neiges on their way to the Autoroute.

"Every year at this time," he said in a low voice, "I've heard you mention that the redbuds in Texas are about to bloom. You haven't spoken of them yet, but this time I'll be listening—the nostalgia won't just pass over my head. I can't offer you the state of Texas, Tricia, it isn't in my power. But I can do something, somehow, to change these endless winters for you."

"I know you can, Chris, but," a new, barely won knowledge was rising up from buried depths to float to the top of her mind, "I'm not sure I want you to."

By thirty, she thought, a woman should be able to perceive that any marriage between humans must endure some elements of conflict. If theirs, hers and Chris's, could be limited to a division of opinion on climate and weather . . . she found herself swept into sudden helpless laughter.

"What's funny?"

"Me. I'm the funny one. Witless, too. All I could think of was my escape to New York, but when I got there I wanted to come home. When it rained, I wanted it to snow!"

"And now that it's snowing, Tricia?" He gave her a quick sidewise look. "What now?"

"We can't go to a tropical island, Chris. There are the children and they have to go to school. We can't uproot them, darling — and they're already

rooted, to their skis! Lynn sees herself as a great slalom racer. Who knows, maybe she will be. And you . . ." She touched his lean thighbone with a brief tenderness, "You belong here too, and where you belong is my place to be. But thank you for offering me an island. I think that's what a woman needs most — she doesn't have to go there."

"We will, on vacations. That's a promise, Tricia. Reg agrees. No more winters on the mountain without a break in the sun."

Later, as their car left the Autoroute and climbed within sight of their



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481 University Ave., Toronto 2,
Canada

own mountain cross of Saint Dominique, she thought of the night to come when all the lights would wink on at once, when the Christmas tree on the peak above the Inn would take its shape against the snow, when she and Chris would be safe under their sturdy roof with their children, a family warm and strong for winter.

"I was snow-blind," she told him softly. "This is a lovely place to live. Where else but in the Laurentians would you have Christmas trees left up till Easter, and a cross on every mountain?" Or, for that matter, she thought, a husband who doesn't come home by commuting train, but schussing through the violet winter dusk on skis?

END



Something exciting...will happen in this room!



In Spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of decorating. She longs to drive away the winter's grayness, to bring light and life and color to a home a little faded, a little jaded from everyday living. But how? Lift the fold to see how this homemaker made her decorating dreams come true.

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END

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Hesitantly, Karen felt for the word. Then suddenly, it was there: Karen's own name for her grandmother—who stood there, to welcome her with stars in her eyes: a real, live grandmother.

Mummy had talked about her own mummy, about the place that was home before she came to Canada. But this was different...

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AIR CANADA AIR LINES  **AIR CANADA**

Chatelaine • March 1961

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN MARCH

Timely Tips

Serve firmly poached eggs covered with pimento sauce as the feature of a hot vegetable plate. For the sauce—add chopped pimento to cheese sauce.

Simmer apple slices in red wine to which a few cloves and root ginger have been added. Serve with hot tongue, pickled pork or peameal bacon.

Flavor oyster stew with a pinch of cayenne and curry powder and serve with fried croutons made of caraway-seed bread.

Maple syrup may form mold if left for a long period in a warm room. Strain through cheesecloth and heat to boiling point. Always store in a cool, dry place.

Cut leftover pastry in 1½-inch circles and bake them until golden. Spread centre of each with date, prune or fig jelly. Cover with half a large marshmallow and replace in the oven until marshmallow melts.



DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
			1 Liver and Bacon Fried Onion Rings Parsley Potatoes Wax Beans Deep Apple Pie	2 Chicken Pie Caraway Dumpling Buttered Cabbage Gingerbread Hot Rum Sauce
5 Roast Pork Shoulder Cranberry Sauce Roast Potatoes Broccoli Fruit Sundae	6 Bacon Curls Cabbage Rolls Spanish Sauce Squash Salad Rhubarb Pie	7 Cold Roast Pork Spiced Applesauce Hot Potato Salad Buttered Beets Apple Dumplings	8 Beef and Kidney Pie Mashed Potatoes Peas Cottage Pudding Foamy Maple Sauce	9 Minute Steaks Rissolé Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Prune Whip Lemon Sauce
12 Dressed Veal Cutlet Red Currant Sauce Baked Potato Glazed Parsnips Boston Cream Pie	13 Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce French Fried Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Preserved Apricots	14 Braised Short Ribs Buttered Noodles Baked Carrots Green Salad Chocolate Layer Cake	15 Ham Steak Raisin Sauce Sweet Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Cherry Tarts	16 Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Chef's Salad Garlic Bread Fruit Cheese
19 Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Gravy Potatoes Baked Squash Fruit Cup Brownies	20 Beef Croquettes Tomato Sauce Succotash Tossed Salad Raisin Pie	21 Tuna Casserole Crispy Noodles Green Peas Hot Rolls Cheesecake	22 Baked Sausages Apple Rings Parsley Potatoes Spinach Orange Sponge Cake	23 Lamb Stew Mint Dumpling Brussels Sprouts Baked Stuffed Apple Custard Sauce
26 Glazed Cabbage Roll Spiced Cherry Sauce Delmonico Potatoes Mashed Turnip Apple Strudel	27 Swiss Steak Onion Gravy Whipped Potatoes Pickled Beets Rice and Raisin Pudding	28 Ham and Egg Pie Mushroom Sauce Baked Squash Spanish Cream Cherry Sauce	29 Pork Loaf Mustard Pickles Scalloped Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Pecan Pie	30 Baked Heart Sage Stuffing Scalloped Tomato Lima Beans Strawberry Bavarian

BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Chilled Fruit Cup Ham and Eggs Toasted Scones Honey Coffee Cocoa	Grapefruit Juice Shredded Wheat Eggnog Toasted Fruit Bread Tea Milk	Stewed Prunes Hot Oat Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Hot Chocolate	Orange Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Fusion Strips Tuna Fish Jam Cocoa	Apricot Nectar Hot Farina Soft-cooked Eggs Cinnamon Toast Coffee Milk
	Consommé Madrilene Cheese Soufflé Tossed Salad Crusty Rolls Butter Tarts	Apple Juice Hot Chicken Sandwich Cranberry Relish Celery Sticks Maple Custard	Thick Pea Soup Bread Sticks Fruit Salad Ice Cream Cupcakes	Creamed Corn Cottage Cheese Avocado and Honey Banana and Rice Squares	Hot Tomato Juice Corned Beef Hash Crisp Relishes Lime Whip Custard Sauce
Lunch					

Chatelaine • March 1961



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Recipe of the Month

St. Patrick's Lime Mousse

- 2 pkg lime-flavored jelly powder
- 2½ cups boiling water
- ½ cup white wine vinegar
- ½ tsp salt
- 4 cups finely chopped vegetables*
- 1 (4-oz) pkg cream cheese
- ½ cup mayonnaise

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. To half the mixture add ¼ cup vinegar and salt. Chill until syrupy. Fold in half the vegetables and spoon into 5 or 6 small shamrock molds. Chill. To remaining jelly add remaining vinegar and chill until syrupy. Fold in cheese whipped smooth with the mayonnaise and remaining vegetables. Pour into a round pan. Chill until set. Unmold the round mold and top with shamrock shapes. Outline with fluffy cream cheese.

Serve as salad with creole shrimp, fluffy rice, hot sesame-seed rolls and lime meringue tarts for dessert.

*Cabbage, celery or green pepper.

DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
5 Roast Pork Shoulder Cranberry Sauce Roast Potatoes Broccoli Fruit Sundae	6 Bacon Curls Cabbage Rolls Spanish Sauce Squash Salad Rhubarb Pie	7 Cold Roast Pork Spiced Applesauce Hot Potato Salad Buttered Beets Apple Dumplings	8 Beef and Kidney Pie Mashed Potatoes Peas Cottage Pudding Foamy Maple Sauce	9 Minute Steaks Rissole Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Prune Lemon Sauce	10 Baked Halibut Hot Tomato Sauce Riced Potatoes Carrots Blueberry Pie	11 Curried Lamb Fluffy Rice Chutney Peas Tossed Salad Sherbet Date Squares
12 Dressed Veal Cutlet Red Currant Sauce Baked Potato Glazed Parsnips Boston Cream Pie	13 Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce French Fried Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Preserved Apricots	14 Braised Short Ribs Buttered Noodles Baked Carrots Green Salad Chocolate Layer Cake	15 Ham Steak Raisin Sauce Sweet Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Cherry Tarts	16 Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Chef's Salad Garlic Bread Fruit Cheese	17 Fried Chicken Cranberry Relish Whipped Potatoes Green Beans Lime Chiffon Pie	18 Stuffed Whitefish Cucumber Sauce Rissolé Potatoes Harvard Beets Banana Shortcake
19 Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Gravy Potatoes Baked Squash Fruit Cup Brownies	20 Beef Croquettes Tomato Sauce Succotash Tossed Salad Raisin Pie	21 Tuna Casserole Crispy Noodles Green Peas Hot Rolls Cheesecake	22 Baked Sausages Apple Rings Parsley Potatoes Spinach Orange Sponge Cake	23 Lamb Stew Mint Dumplings Brussels Sprouts Baked Stuffed Apple Custard Sauce	24 Baked Sole Tartare Sauce Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Carrots Lemon Pie	25 Barbecued Chicken Sautéed Mushrooms Baked Potato Chef's Salad Butterscotch Sundae
26 Glazed Cottage Roll Spiced Cherry Sauce Delmonico Potatoes Mashed Turnip Apple Strudel	27 Swiss Steak Onion Gravy Whipped Potatoes Pickled Beets Rice and Raisin Pudding	28 Ham and Egg Pie Mushroom Sauce Baked Squash Spanish Cream Cherry Sauce	29 Pork Loaf Mustard Pickles Scalloped Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Pecan Pie	30 Baked Hamentashen Sage Stuffing Scalloped Tomatoes Lima Beans Strawberry Bavarian	31 Sea Food Casserole Fluffy Rice Green Beans Crusty Rolls Apricot Soufflé	

BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Grapefruit Juice Shredded Wheat Eggnog Toasted Fruit Bread Tea Milk	Stewed Prunes Hot Oat Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Hot Chocolate	Orange Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Bacon Strips Toast Tea Jam Cocoa	Apricot Nectar Hot Farina Soft-cooked Eggs Cinnamon Toast Coffee Milk	Sliced Orange Buckwheat Pancakes Syrup Hot Chocolate Tea	Baked Apple Bran Flakes Grilled Cheese Sandwich Chili Sauce Coffee Milk
Lunch	Consommé Madrilene Cheese Soufflé Tossed Salad Crusty Rolls Butter Tarts	Apple Juice Hot Chicken Sandwich Cranberry Relish Celery Sticks Maple Custard	Thick Pea Soup Bread Sticks Fruit Salad Ice Cream Cupcakes	Vegetable Soup Cheese-stuffed Wiener on a Bun Carrot Sticks Date Squares	Hot Tomato Juice Corned Beef Hash Crisp Relishes Lime Whip Custard Sauce	Pineapple Juice Bacon and Cheese Squares Green Salad Fruit Jelly

(Advertisement)

Discount Stamp Facts: No. 5



Do discount stamps benefit the consumer? This question is being widely discussed throughout Canada today. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada, Limited is publishing "Discount Stamp Facts," to help you understand better the function of discount stamps, and to answer the above question to your own satisfaction. Below is the fifth in this series.

How did discount stamps originate? Details are indefinite, but the idea seems to have been born in the mind of a general storekeeper, in the late 1800's. This storekeeper felt that customers who paid cash should be rewarded. After all, credit accounts caused him a good deal of extra trouble and expense. As he cast about for an idea, the storekeeper recalled that his suppliers always gave him a discount for paying cash. A discount seemed the logical reward for his cash customers, but how could you accurately calculate discounts on cash sales that ranged all the way from a penny's worth of candy, to a hundred dollars' worth of feed?

Finally, the merchant hit on the idea of accumulated cash discounts. That is, he would keep a record of a customer's cash purchases, and would award the cash discount, in the form of a credit, when the purchases had reached an amount where the discount could be easily figured. The plan seemed a good one, and then the merchant thought of a way to make it even better: he would issue tokens (stamps) to customers as they made their cash purchases. His customers could then figure how much credit they had established at any time.

Summary: Discount stamps originated as a way to reward store customers for paying cash for their purchases.

Discount Stamp Facts is published for your information by

**The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada
LIMITED**

Quick Tricks

Hints for homemakers
from Chatelaine readers

When placing a long-distance call it is wise to make a list of the subjects you wish to discuss. An "hour-glass" egg timer beside the telephone will tell you when your three minutes are up.

Mrs. S. W. T. Gilbert,
Vancouver

If your nylon or Orlon sweater has a knotty appearance here is what you can do. Lay the sweater on a flat surface and with an electric or safety razor shave the sweater smooth.

Mrs. Hazel Wilson,
Moose Jaw, Sask.

To remove the Cellophane which sticks to packaged dates, run hot water over the package and loosen the paper with your fingers.

Mrs. John R. Forster,
Killam, Alta.

To remove crayon marks from painted walls, rub the surface lightly with fine steel wool. This removes the crayon easily but does not damage the paint.

Mrs. E. G. Nichols,
Dartmouth, N.S.

Have you a new homemaking short cut? Send it to Chatelaine Quick Tricks, 437 University Avenue, Toronto 2. We pay \$5 for each Quick Trick published. Sorry, none can be returned.



NOW for your pet...
the hearty kind of meal
you know is good!

NEW! KEN-L STEW

Open it up and look at the juicy chunks of meat—firm potatoes—garden-bright carrots and peas—simmered in its own rich gravy. Hearty and healthy! New Ken-L Stew is chock full of meat and vegetable vitamins in just the right balance for your dog's health. It's all ready. All you do is turn it out... if your dog gives you a chance! How about giving him this stick-to-his-ribs dinner tonight? Get new Ken-L Stew at food stores everywhere.



Last year in Eastern Canada, over 80% of all winners in International All-breed Championship Dog Shows were raised on Ken-L Dog Foods...the complete line of quality dog foods

A GIRL NAMED DOOLEY

Continued from page 36

After that rather depressed birthday, he had begun going to parties again, only vaguely aware that he was searching for something. Right now, for instance, that empty, unsatisfied feeling was back as he looked around him. There was a full-bosomed, striking redhead across the room who was chatting with some people; she was not only built, he thought, but nobly hewn and he ought to go over and investigate; she was just his type. Yet he didn't move.

FINALLY HE TOOK his drink and wandered from the room. Across the foyer he glimpsed a room lined with bookcases. He moved inside, his feet making no sound on the thick carpeting. And then he stood motionless. A girl was lying on the sofa with one leg tucked under her and the other stuck out rather awkwardly. She was absorbed in a book on her lap. In her hand a cigarette burned, heavy with ash.

David coughed. The girl glanced up. He expected the look of awareness to come into her face; he thought she would scramble to a more graceful position, smoothing her skirt folds. But she did not move and her eyes did nothing more than acknowledge his presence.

"Did you ever read Joseph C. Lincoln?" she said. She had a deep, husky voice.

"No." He was a little astonished. He walked over and sank into a chair opposite her. "I never have."

The girl sighed. "He's out of print now," she said. "I just happened to see this one on the shelf." She stretched unself-consciously, like a cat, and then relaxed again, her eyes reminiscent. "I was crazy about everything he wrote when I was a kid. All about Cape Cod

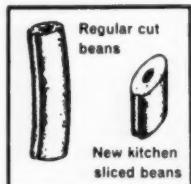
Continued on page 120



Now the Big Green Man puts a new slant on BEANS

KITCHEN SLICED THE WAY YOU'D DO IT AT HOME

Here are beans such as you've never tasted before. The reason is that the Green Giant cuts them the way you would in your own kitchen. He kitchen slices them—bite-size and on the diagonal—to bring out all their snappin' freshness and flavour. Try them and see.



2 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM

Now you can get the Green Giant's kitchen sliced style in either Green or Wax Beans.



GREEN GIANT

GOOD THINGS FROM THE GARDEN

Green Giant of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. "Green Giant" T.M. Reg'd.

Be pretty while you wait

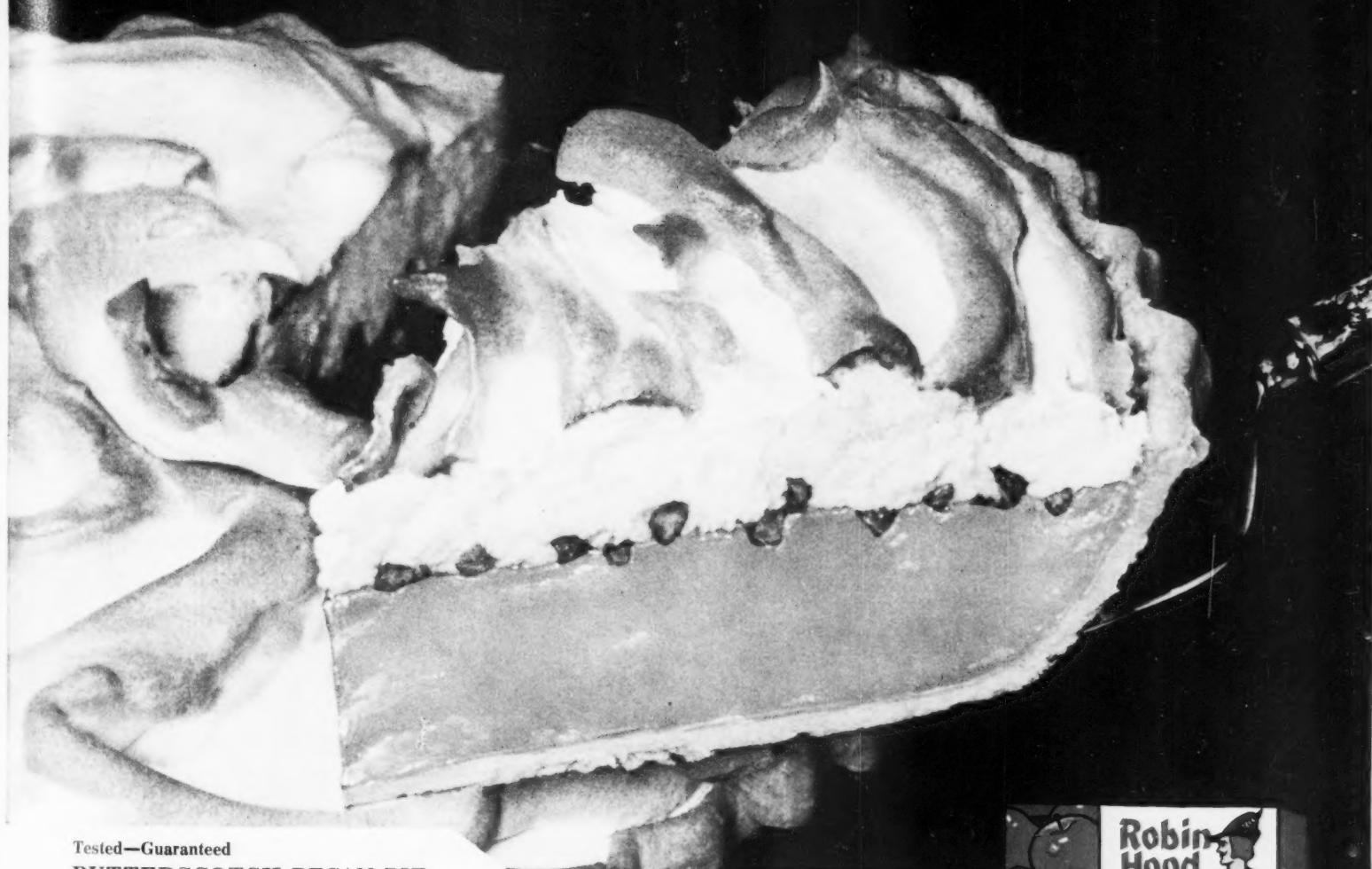
Nature gives the mother-to-be a special glow, so play it up to attract attention to your face.

First, plan to wear a short airy hairstyle with uplifted swirls at the side to make your throat look long and slender. Wear a luscious mouth, bright with neat edges. Outline lips with a lip pencil. Fill in with color. Apply lip gloss. If your face has become a little round, apply your usual make-up base; suck in your cheeks; apply rouge or a darker foundation in the hollows to accent them, give your face a more slender, sculptured look.



Serve them this big, high, feast of a pie

Butterscotch Pecan Pie



Tested—Guaranteed

BUTTERSCOTCH PECAN PIE

1 baked Robin Hood Pie Crust

Combine in saucepan: 1 Family Size Jell-O Butterscotch Pie Filling

2 tablespoons brown sugar

1/4 cup of milk

Add: 2 egg yolks

Blend well

Add: 2 1/4 cups of milk

Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil

Remove from heat

Add: 3 tablespoons butter

1 teaspoon vanilla

Cool 5 minutes, stirring twice

Pour into cooled baked 8" pie shell. Sprinkle top with 1/2 cup of toasted, chopped pecans

Chill about 1 hour

Make meringue using: 2 egg whites and 4 tablespoons granulated sugar

Pile lightly over pie and bake in 425°F oven until meringue is lightly browned

This is a kitchen tested and guaranteed recipe: If you are not completely satisfied, send box tops from each product, your name and address to P.O. Box 4019, Toronto, Ontario, and your money will be refunded.



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61-118

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1130-91



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Transform your kitchen with modern ideas like this Canned Goods Storage Unit — a cabinet of any height to suit you, with plenty of shelves for ease and handiness.

Waterproof Glue Fir Plywood is easily cleaned, easily worked by a handyman, and takes paint or a natural finish beautifully.

WINTER IS THE TIME TO DO THIS KIND OF WORK
Your lumber dealer can help you with material, labour, and building plans. Home improvement loans are available through your lumber dealer or bank.

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FIR PLYWOOD MARKED PMBC EXTERIOR

HAS WATERPROOF GLUE

Western Softwood Plywood is Also Available and is End-Marked "PMBC Waterproof Glue WSP."

PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF B.C.
C-61-4A VANCOUVER 1, B.C., CAN.

Continued from page 118
and old sea captains and that sort of stuff." She looked across at David. "I love the sea. I always wanted to be a sailor."

His first impression of her was one of health and vitality, although she was a slender girl and not very tall. Her skin was brown-toned and the color of her cheeks was real, breaking close to the surface as if from the strong young pump of her heart. But it was her eyes, gazing at him so candidly, that he could not get over. The whites were so shiningly white, the irises so deep and clear, as if newly washed.

DAVID LAUGHED suddenly. "Do you know," he said, "I can see you as a sailor, at that." He leaned back and grinned. "Frankly, I can't think of another girl about whom I can make that statement. You must be unique." He looked at her, expecting her to lower her eyes, to make her mouth soft and whisper, "Really? In what way?"

Instead, she was gazing at him directly with those astonishingly clear eyes. "Ha," she said. She shifted her body to an even more awkward, but comfortable position.

"What are you doing in here all by yourself?" David asked.

"Oh . . ." She looked away. "No one was paying much attention to me in there. I'm not much good at parties." She shook her head. "I usually say what I think. In a social sense, that's the kiss of death." The ashes from her cigarette cascaded suddenly over the front of her cocktail dress and she brushed them away vaguely.

David stared at her, astonished. Had she really said: "No one was paying much attention to me in there?" What an extraordinary admission for a girl to make. He couldn't get over it. She was unique, all right. Not his type, of course, but — well, different, anyway.

"Are you a native New Yorker?" he asked.

She gave him a swift grin. "Is anybody? No, I come from the midwest. I've been a secretary here for three months." She drew a deep breath. "I got the job all on my own. An apartment, too."

"You live by yourself?"

"That's right."

"Aren't you afraid?"

Again the quick grin came. "I sleep with brass knuckles on."

She had a cheerful sort of self-assurance, David thought. "My name

is Warriner," he said. "David Warriner."

"Everyone calls me Dooley."

"Dooley?"

"I was a terrible tomboy when I was a little girl, and I guess the name stuck."

SUDDENLY her open purse, at her side, fell to the floor, strewing its contents. They both bent over and began gathering up everything. David picked up a lipstick, a comb and a small



SPRING'S ALCHEMY

Spring is the winning of heart over mind

By a fickle fusion of past and new,

Lost patterns of other years combined

With subtle scents, a bird's song, the dew,

To make a mysterious, wine-heady potion

That transmutes thought into emotion.

Spring is desire; a mad tipsy yearning

For things once wanted but never had;

A brand-new feeling; a sudden discerning

Of Eve and her apple, of good and bad;

The lift of a glass; a call clearly heard;

And the grass and buds and a nesting bird.

BY FRANCES P. WHITE



white card. It was one of those weight cards with a fortune written on it; he saw the tiny arrow pointing to 117 pounds. The line printed under it was, *Something wonderful will happen today.*

He looked up and found that she was staring down at it in his hand, her face faintly flushed. "I got that this morning," she said, and, as he started to hand it back to her, "No, you keep it, David. Maybe it will bring you good luck."

They began to talk. They talked about books and plays and music and politics. When they came to the question of foreign policy, they began to argue so heatedly that David realized they were almost shouting at each



Awkward Storage and Space pose no Problem

Wheel your cleaning equipment right to the job on this cart! — and keep everything handy yet hidden in this convenient utility closet. Here is yet another Fir Plywood idea for the housewife.

Waterproof Glue Fir Plywood is simply worked by a handyman, and easily cleaned by the housewife. Also it takes paint or a natural finish to fit in with your colour scheme.

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order. "Do you have to get so violent?" he said. But suddenly he felt flushed and marvelously alive, as if his senses tingled from some rude electric contact.

"Do you?" she retorted. And then the fierceness faded from her face; she grinned. "I'm terrible to argue with. My mind sets faster than cement."

He looked at her without realizing that he was smiling. "I'll bet you're good at sports."

"You lose," she said. "I'm awful about exercise. The best workout I ever had was crocheting a scarf for my sister last winter. How about you?"

"Well — I like to walk. It's so uncomplicated."

For a few seconds they sat motionless, smiling at each other. And then she asked, "Did you ever want to go to sea when you were a child?"

"Good lord, no. I get seasick in a canoe." His face became bemused. "I was crazy about planes, though, when I was a kid. I used to make them out of old newspapers, boxes, anything, and try to fly them in the park." He shook his head. "I was going to be a pilot and fly rare serums to dying people all over the world."

A softness came into her face. And then she sighed, stirred. She jumped up from the sofa. "I guess I'd better get back inside. I'm being rude to the hostess."

David got up, too. "I'll go in with you."

She frowned. "You don't have to," she said. "You don't have to be polite."

He felt confused. "But I want to. I want to talk to you some more."

As she looked at him, her face changed. Her eyes became light, her mouth curved in a curiously sweet smile. "Do you?" she said. "Do you, really?"

"Why, sure." He felt a choking sensation in his chest. The room was very quiet; from far away they could hear the muted sounds of the party. But the wonder of it to him was that she did not turn her head away. She did not move. She let him see everything that was there in her eyes. Standing there so close to her, he had the wild thought that if he stepped forward and took her in his arms even now—while they were still comparative strangers — she would let him; it would be simple and exciting and very beautiful.

Instead, they both turned, as if on cue, and left the room.

In the other room, a mist of smoke
Continued on page 123



Bright and tantalizing as Spring itself! Try these delectable Shortbread Posies and the other fancies on our spring tea tray. What makes them truly elegant is the golden touch of fresh natural butter. All have the smooth, delicate richness that butter and only butter brings to baking. And, what's so impressive is the way butter adds its own wonderful taste to everything it touches . . . makes all the foods you use it in, on or with, taste extra good. Nothing can take the place of butter.

Tea Time Treats made better with butter

SHORTBREAD POSIES (Makes about 2 dozen cookies)

1 cup soft butter	raspberry jam or apple jelly
1/2 cup lightly-packed brown sugar	2 cups sifted icing sugar
2 teaspoons grated orange rind	1/4 cup (about) milk
1/8 teaspoon ground mace	red, green and yellow food coloring
2 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour	

Preheat oven to 325°F. Cream butter; gradually beat in brown sugar. Add and mix in orange rind and mace. Add flour gradually, blending in well after each addition. Turn out dough onto lightly-floured board or canvas and knead until it begins to crack. Divide dough in half and roll out one half to 1/8-inch thickness. Using a floured, scalloped cookie cutter, cut dough into 2 1/2-inch rounds. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Repeat rolling and cutting with remaining half of dough. Using a small bottle top, cut centres out of half the total number of cookies. Bake in preheated oven, 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake racks. Thinly spread each solid cookie round with jam or jelly. Combine icing sugar and sufficient milk to make a thin icing; divide icing into thirds. Tint each third a different color. Generously drizzle icing over cookie rings; allow to harden slightly. Carefully place an iced ring on each solid round.

BOOKLET OFFER. Marie Fraser's new free recipe booklet, "Tea-Party Treats", is available in whatever quantity you require for your personal or group use. Please specify the number you want.



A Division of Dairy Farmers of Canada, 409 Huron St., Toronto 5, Ontario



Planning to enlarge your nest this spring?

When making additions to your home or extending your living area to attic or basement . . .

FOR COMFORT'S SAKE . . . PLAN TO INSTALL ELECTRIC HEATING. Birds go South when the cold weather comes . . . but *you* need cosy, dependable heating comfort throughout your home all winter long.

Now, you can make *sure* of it—by installing electric heating, in *any* room where you have a heating problem. The installation is simple and inexpensive because it involves no extension to your present heating system. There is a type of electric heating unit exactly suited to your heating problem . . . baseboard convectors, radiant wall panels, in-duct heaters, or concealed heating cables. Built-in electric heating gives you room-controlled comfort. An individual thermostat in every room will enable you to choose the exact temperature you want . . . *when* you want it! It provides immedi-

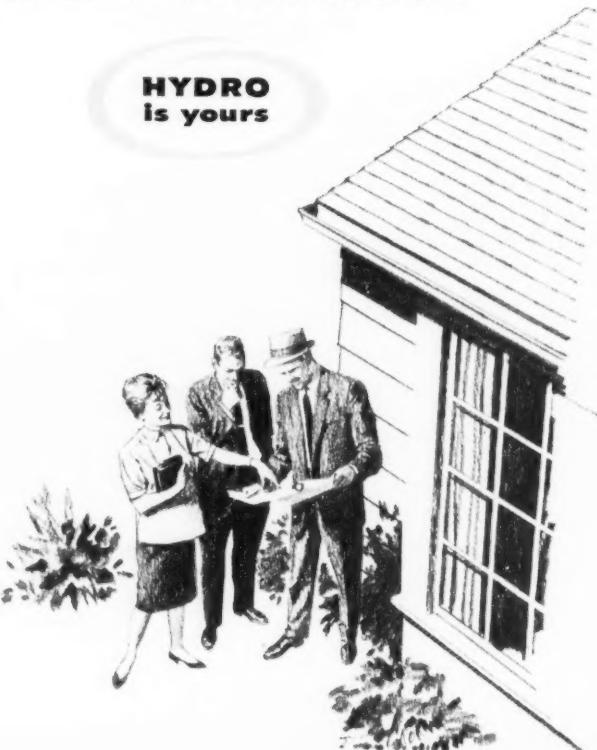
ate heat at the touch of the thermostat! No need to wait for heat to build up in the central heating system.

Electric heating is the cleanest, most healthful, and most economical form of supplementary heating.

For complete information about built-in electric heating for your home—call your local Hydro office or your electric heating contractor.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

HYDRO
is yours



Continued from page 121

blond the air; there was a babble of voices, punctuated by bursts of laughter. David said, "If the success of a party could be measured by decibels alone, this one would be a smashing success. Why does everyone stand up at cocktail parties?"

"Just an old tribal custom," Dooley said. "You're allowed to bend the elbow but not the knee." She turned her head away. "My, what a gorgeous redhead!"

"Yeah," David said. "I noticed her before."

"Who wouldn't?" She grinned at him. "I'll bet most of the girls you take out look like that. The kind that makes heads turn around."

He was startled. "Well, as a matter of fact . . ."

"I see it in my little crystal ball. That's a form of self-protection, you know."

"Self-protection?"

"That's right." Suddenly her teasing expression faded; her face became as closed as a neatly wrapped package.

"In what way?"

"It doesn't matter, really."

He was both curious and amused. "Oh, come on. It all sounds very grave and profound."

"You might not like it."

He laughed. "And what if I didn't? We don't agree on anything, anyway."

"Well . . ." She hesitated. "It's a form of self-protection for you to go out with gorgeous girls because, usually, a girl as beautiful as that doesn't have to exercise her brains too much, and doesn't, so you're safe with her."

"Safe from what?"

"From getting too involved emotionally."

"And why wouldn't I want to get too involved emotionally?"

"You might have lots of reasons."

"Well, that's very interesting." His whole face felt suddenly stiff, as if he were speaking through a muzzle. "You couldn't be further off the target, as a matter of fact." He kept his tone light. He had, after all, asked her what she was thinking. Yet he was furious with her and furious with himself for being furious over something so idiotic. "Only I think you ought to throw away that crystal ball and take up reading tea leaves."

The smile left her face. She swallowed. "I'm sorry." Suddenly she looked retched. "I told you I was no good at parties."

"Forget it. Can I get you a drink?" "Please. Some sherry."

"Excuse me." He walked away. A

character, he thought; a real character. At the crowded bar, he ordered two drinks and waited, his jaw set, staring down at the counter. A crack in the wood wriggled toward the edge and it began to swell, become magnified before his eyes. He heard the girl's voice again, saying: "That's a form of self-protection, you know." And now, swimming up in his consciousness, came a procession of girls he always called when he wanted feminine company — Kay, the statuesque blonde; green-eyed Doris; Marcia with the startling white skin and black hair. All of them so tall, eye-catching and . . .

He stood motionless, staring down at the crack. Dull. Dull girls, every one of them. Not a real brain in the bunch. His type? Good grief, not his type at all. Actually . . .

The drinks had been set before him but he did not see them. A strange feeling came over him. He stood there, motionless. Finally he picked up the two glasses and turned. Way off in the corner, he saw Dooley standing where he had left her. He began walking toward her.

He was stopped twice on the way. Once by a girl who wanted him to settle an argument about the name of

an old tune. Then, walking away from them, he almost bumped into his hostess, Lydia Fester, who had the stunning redhead in tow. There were introductions and Lydia melted away, leaving him with the girl who was staring up breathlessly into his eyes as if she expected to hear a crash of cymbals.

Because of his ingrained politeness, he stood there, talking to her, balancing his two glasses. Every time he asked her something, she veiled her eyes and said throatily, "What would you give to know?" Finally, in desperation,

Continued on page 126



Baked to perfection, wrapped for protection

by PEEK FREAN makers of "famous quality" biscuits

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS
PEEK FREAN & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND

... glorious golden
creamy butter packed with nature's own
delicate flavouring, plus pure cane sugar, is used
in baking Peek Frean's delicious Digestive biscuit.
It's the cookie with the lingering "famous quality" taste
... with the rich rich flavour, so popular with
so many many people. You never tasted a better
Digestive. Try it, buy Peek Frean's
in its gay new wrapper.

CANADA'S OWN COLONIAL

gets a big welcome

Canadiana designs are being reproduced in abundant selection to meet the country's fastest-growing decorating trend

By BARBARA REYNOLDS
Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

Dennis Colwell



FOR PRICES OF FURNISHINGS SHOWN IN PHOTOS, SEE PAGE 126

More than two hundred years ago, after Canada was nicely settled, two types of furnishings evolved: town furniture, fine reproductions of French and English styles made by apprenticed craftsmen from the Old World; and country furniture, first crudely made by individual homeowners. This country design, now known as Colonial, was soon refined by the more artistic craftsmen in the villages. A century ago some of them founded furniture companies which are represented on these pages, and their designs today follow the tradition of the original styles, though today's pieces, of course, have improvements in finishes, fabrics and comfort.

Not only are today's Colonial designs truly Canadian, but the woods used in their construction are Canadian throughout. Maple, birch (grown only in colder climates), cherry and elm are the most popular. Pine, which was used for most of the original pieces, is rarely used now, except in handmade pieces, as it may split under machine-manufacturing processes.

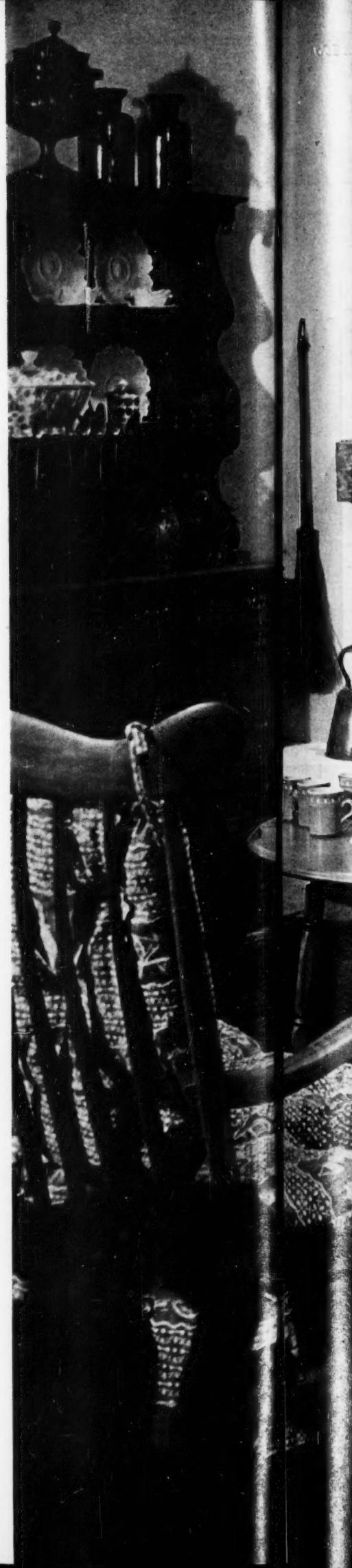
In today's world of crisp sleek efficiency, the trend to Colonial furnishings introduces a refreshing mood of warmth and relaxation. Another comforting thought is the excellent value that these reproductions give you, with their timeless appeal, modest price tags and coast-to-coast availability.

LEFT: the return of the canopy bed in honey-colored maple. Notice, too, the storage chests with Colonial-style brass-type pulls. The rocker, in birch, and milk-glass lamps are complementary adaptations in this room designed by Chatelaine's Decorator Service.

RIGHT: the best from the good old days re-created for today, with Canadian Colonial furnishings. Clockwise from left, the high-back love seat in maple, the tall Welsh cupboard in cherry, the cherry commode under the window, the sofa, the cherry spice-box chest, and in the centre, a birch coffee table and a cricket stool, are all reproductions. Cooky molds, trivets, lamps and braided rug are also products of today's trend to Colonial. Antiques shown include the pine arrow-back rocker, framed samplers and pear print.

Setting in co-operation with Simpson's, including antiques on loan from the Chelsea Shop.

Photograph by Ray Webber.





A GIRL NAMED DOOLEY

Continued from page 123

he said, "Look, will you excuse me? I've got someone on the receiving end of this drink."

But when he left her and threaded his way to the opposite corner of the room where he had left Dooley, she was gone.

AT FIRST, he didn't think anything of it. She was, he supposed, powdering her nose. But after five minutes of waiting, he began to wonder if she had returned to the den. He walked there but saw that the small room was empty. In fact, the chair cushions were plump and smooth, as if no one had been there at all.

He walked down the hall to the big bedroom, where a maid sat next to the crowded coat rack. "Excuse me," he said. "But was a dark-haired young lady just in here?"

"No, sir. Nobody's been in here for quite some time."

He went back to the party and searched the room but she wasn't there. Finally he pulled Lydia Fester away from some people. "Lydia," he said. "Did you see Miss Dooley?"

"Miss who?" she said.

"Miss Dooley."

"Darling, I don't know any Miss Dooley."

Something blew against him like a cold little breeze. "Well, maybe that wasn't her last name. It was her nickname, though. Dark-haired girl with dark eyes."

"I haven't a clue who you're talking about. How did you like Suzy?"

"Who?"

"Suzy Banford. That beautiful redhead I brought over."

"Oh, a sterling girl—sterling all the way. But what about this girl I'm describing?" Suddenly he felt like shaking the woman to attention. "You must know who she is; you invited her here."

"But darling, I don't remember any girl like that. And I never called anyone Dooley except an old handy man we once had." She smiled up at him. "Are you sure you didn't dream her up?"

"Of course I'm sure." Something stuck like a chicken bone in his chest. "We talked together for a long time. She simply must be around here somewhere."

"Of course she must." Lydia was giving him a strange look. "Why don't

you search for her some more, darling? I'd love to meet her myself."

After she had left him, he stood there helplessly. For a moment, he wondered why finding the girl meant so much to him. He had known her for how long? An hour. Yet he had felt so different, talking to her; he had felt suddenly released, like a parcel coming out of its string. An artless sweetness had emanated from her smile, her voice, her eyes; it had stirred something inside him that had not been stirred for a long while . . .

He walked back to the calm of the bedroom. It was still empty except for the maid, who looked up.

He gave her a rather grim smile. "I'm still looking for the same young lady. Did she come in here for her coat?"

"No, sir," the maid said. "Nobody's

He stood still on the sidewalk, staring down at the little weight card. *Something wonderful will happen today.* And there was the tiny arrow, pointing to a number. She was real, then. She weighed a hundred and seventeen pounds.

His head lifted. He felt warmer. Use your head, he thought, and you'll find her. It was all a matter of deduction. The girl was not at the party upstairs, unless she was hiding behind a secret panel, and modern apartments didn't have secret panels. She had left, but without her coat. Which was crazy, because a girl couldn't go out on the street on a cold, rainy day, wearing a cocktail dress. Therefore . . .

SOMETHING FLASHED upward in his mind. He stood very still. There was only one answer to a set of facts

GUIDE TO CANADA'S OWN COLONIAL

Key to Canadian Colonial furniture shown in photos on pages 124 and 125, reading clockwise.

ITEM	MANU-FAC-TURER	PRICE ABOUT:	ITEM	MANU-FAC-TURER	PRICE ABOUT:
Girl's bedroom					
High poster bed	Vilas	\$119.00	High-back love seat	Roxton Mills	\$124.00
Canopy kit	Vilas	20.00	Welsh cupboard	Gibbard	
Single dresser	Vilas	98.00	base,	169.00	
One-drawer desk	Vilas	58.50	top,	93.00	
Portable vanity top with mirrored lift-lid	Vilas	33.50	Birch coffee table	Imperial	44.50
Vanity bench	Vilas	26.00	Bearskin rug		65.00
Foam cushion for bench	Vilas	14.00	Cherry commode	Gibbard	98.00
Three-drawer chest	Vilas	85.00	Sofa	Kroehler	284.50
Louvered-door bookcase	Vilas	90.00	Spice-box chest	Gibbard	64.50
Rocking chair	Imperial	110 to 134	Upholstered chair	Kroehler	169.00
			Braided rug	Niagara Rug	60.00

gone home yet." Something in his expression made her add, "All the ladies have left their coats but nobody's claimed any yet to go home."

A protest pushed up in his throat. But that's impossible, he wanted to say. It's a cold, rainy day; she couldn't have left without her coat.

Instead, he said, "Are you sure?"

"Yes sir; I'm sure. I haven't stirred from this room."

He went back inside. He collected his coat, said the right things to Lydia, and left the party. Waiting for the elevator outside, he had a cold, heavy feeling. Maybe Lydia was right. Maybe he had dreamed her up.

Down on the street, he began walking in the rain. Halfway up the block, he reached inside his pocket for his cigarettes. His fingers contacted something small and hard. He drew it out.

like that. The girl lived somewhere in the same building.

He turned and walked back quickly. In the lobby, he went up to the doorman. "Do you have a Miss Dooley living here?" he said.

"No, sir," the man said. "No Dooley in this building."

"Well . . ." A desperation had come into his voice. "Do you have a young lady living here alone? Dark hair, dark eyes?"

The man looked doubtful. "We've got a Miss Hugo. Only she's got grey hair."

"No, no, this one's young. About twenty-three or -four."

The man knit his brows. And then he looked carefully at David. "Well, now, I may know the young lady you mean, but how do I know that you . . ."

"Look," David said hastily, "It's all on the up-and-up." He took out a bill and pressed it into the man's hand. "I just met her at Mrs. Fester's party. Only I forgot her name, that's all."

For a few spinning seconds, the man hesitated. Then he coughed. "Try Traynor," he said. "Five-E."

TWO MINUTES later, David pressed a door buzzer and waited. He could hear his own heart thumping softly, steadily. Suppose some strange woman came to the door? Suppose . . .

The door opened and a girl stood there. A feeling of weakness washed over him; he couldn't speak. Then he said, "You ought to ask who it is before you open the door."

"I know," Dooley said. "It's a bad habit." And then she added, "You didn't stay long at the party."

"I was looking for you." He shook his head. "Everywhere. Why did you leave like that?"

She colored. "Well, you seemed to be waylaid by so many girls. And I didn't know anybody else. I thought I'd just slip away quietly and call Mrs. Fester tomorrow; she seemed so busy with people." She shook her head. "I don't know why I went to that party, anyway; I hardly know Mrs. Fester. We just met a few times in the elevator and she was in a rush this morning and asked me just like that, on the spur of the moment." She swallowed. "It wasn't much of an invitation; I guess she forgot about it a minute later. But . . ." She hesitated. "I've only lived in New York for three months and I haven't met many people. I thought I'd go."

"I'm glad you did." He was surprised to find that his voice shook. "What does the 'Dooley' stand for, anyway?"

She grinned. "Dulane. It was my mother's family name."

"Well, well." He stood there, feeling warm and foolish and wonderful. "Will you have dinner with me?"

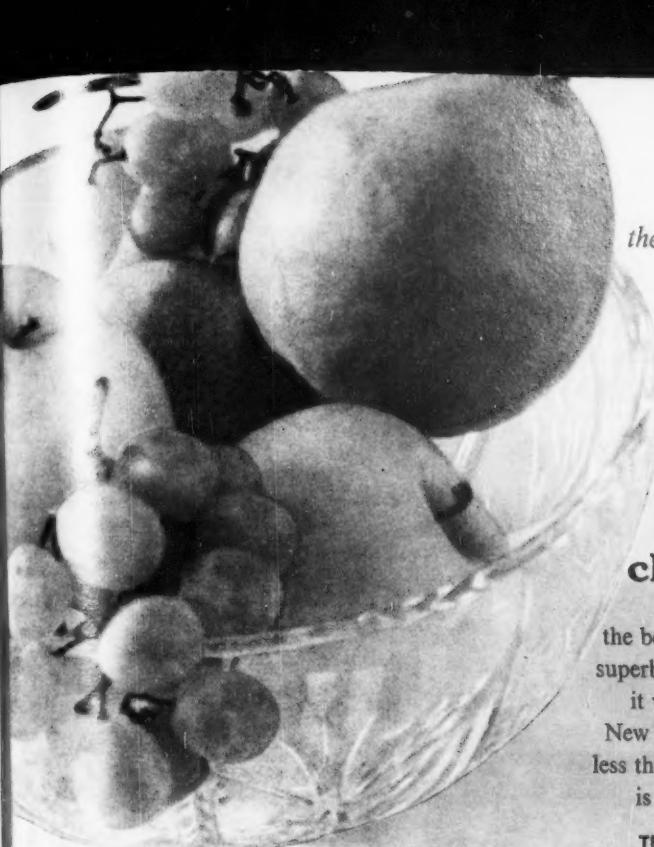
For a moment, she was silent. Then she said, "I just put a frozen meat pie in the oven."

"Well, take it out and put it in the incinerator. We're having lobster and champagne instead. A celebration."

"A celebration?" The clear, shining look came into her face. "What are we celebrating?"

He opened his mouth to say, "Something wonderful that happened to me today." But as he stood there, so close to her again, something soft and warm and happy rushed through him, and he knew there was no need for him to say anything at all.

END



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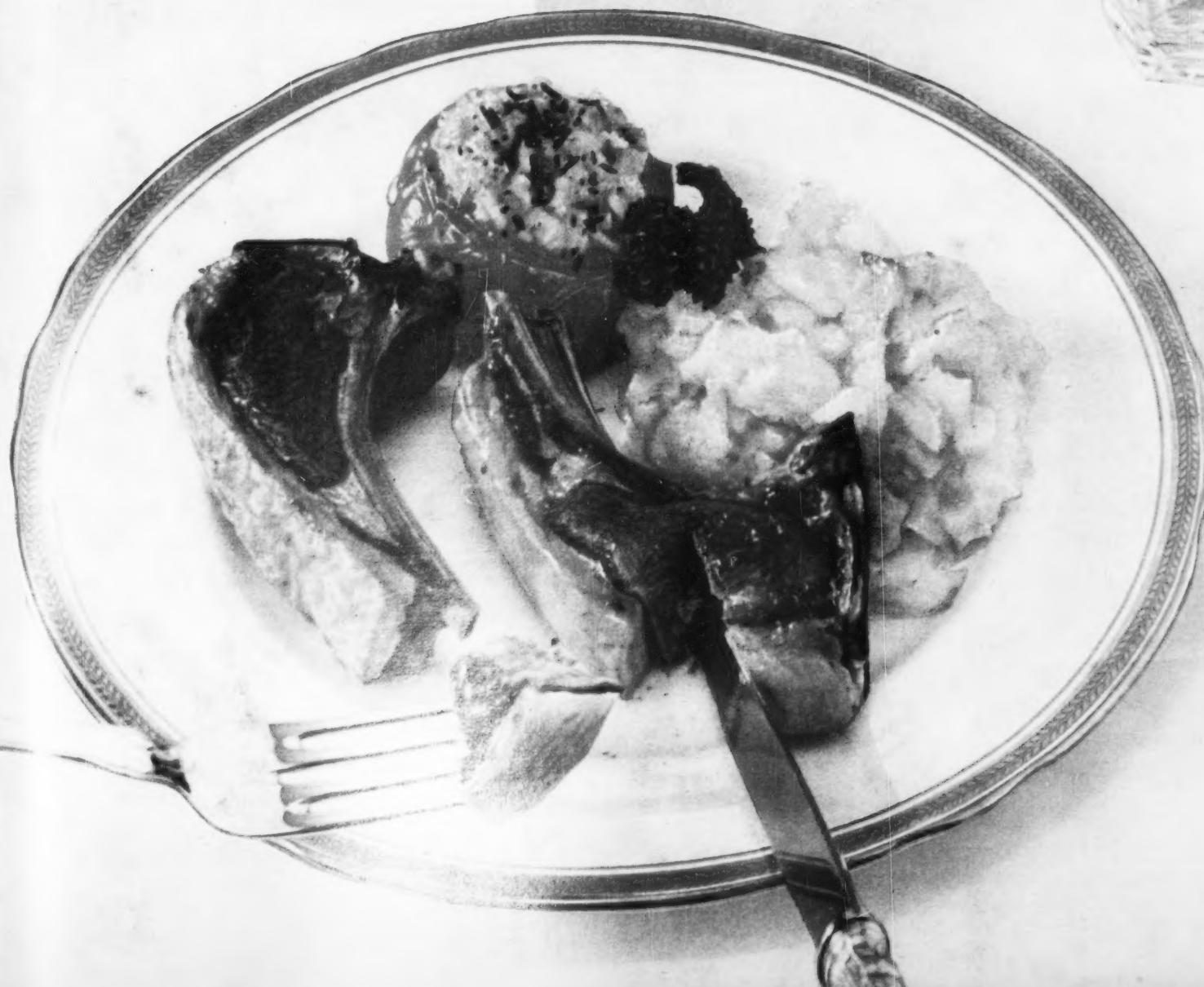
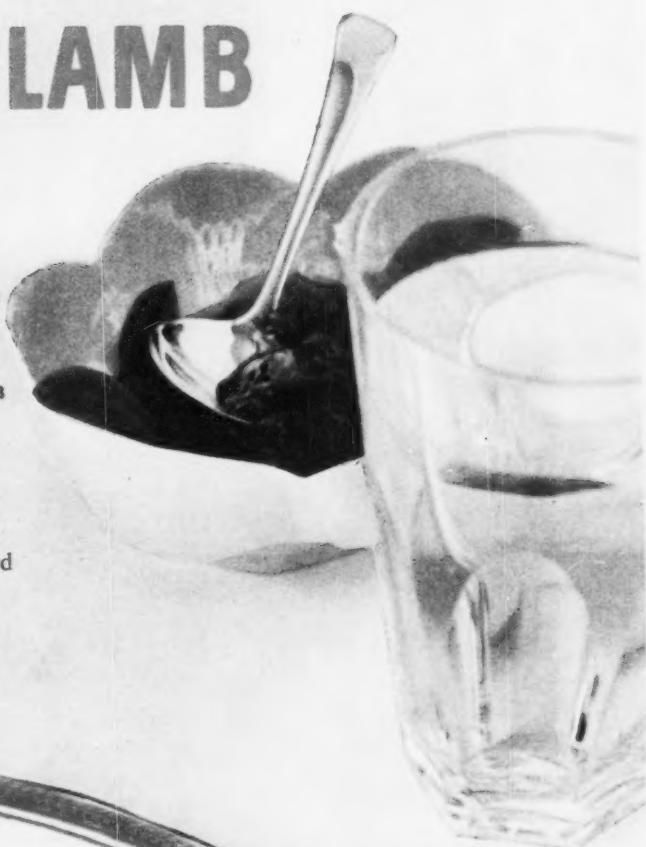
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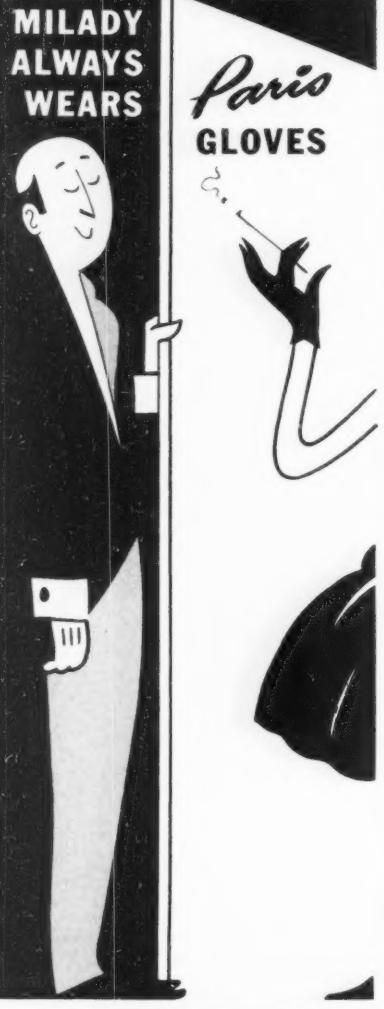
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is so tender . . . so easy to prepare.

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with savory Baked Tomatoes, and
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MY LOVE, MY ENEMY

Continued from page 43



Papa never thinks of such trifling matters as clothes and bonnets."

"And it's Mr. Bradley, not Bessie, you'd best be worrying about. But go along now. I'll fetch you when I've whistled up a wind."

Page knew very well that she had no business on the waterfront. But it was a hustling place that morning, crowded and rough and alive. Part of the excitement stemmed from the two ocean-going schooners that had slipped through the British blockade to bring their wines, molasses and coffee into the harbor. Most of the population seemed on hand to welcome them.

"But I've spent all my money," Page said, and laughed at MacDougall's face. "It was my birthday money, Mac. All my own."

"You weren't to spend it higgledy-piggledy, like some backwoods wastrel come to town with his first dollar in his pocket."

Well, it was spent to the last cent and not, as Page's conscience told her Bessie MacDougall confidently expected, put carefully away against the day when she would take her turn visiting Aunt Hester in Washington to be presented to Polite Society. But Bessie wouldn't understand; only a girl such as herself, who had just passed her eighteenth birthday without ever possessing a gown or bonnet unworn by an older sister, would appreciate the glory of buying for the first time a sprigged muslin gown of her very own.

"Bessie didn't tell me not to spend it," she said, aware that she was splitting a hair rather finely. "Besides," she said, her eyes slanted with amusement, "Papa doesn't care for Aunt Hester. I expect he'd be pleased if I didn't go to Washington at all."

MacDougall was obliged to agree with Samuel Bradley that his sister-in-law was a proud disagreeable woman whose sense of duty caused an excessive amount of mischief. After one season in Washington Julia, the oldest Bradley daughter, had married a wealthy planter, who disliked girls and would not allow her sisters to visit her. Martha and Emily, the next two, were silly giggling girls who expected to go to Washington in the autumn and as a result talked of nothing but beaus and balls. Next would come Page, and before Hester Carroll had finished with the daughters of her dead sister, they would all be as different from that gay sweet Catherine as Aunt Hester and Polite Society could well make them.

It was an evil thing to contemplate, and it did not improve MacDougall's temper. "Have you thought what you're to do if we have to stay in town the night?"

"You're cross as an old bear," Page said cordially. "There's as much wind as when we left home this morning."

"We didn't need much of a breeze at dawn with the fog to hide us. But I'll not pussyfoot home in broad daylight, not with a British frigate poking her nose in every creek along the way."

Page's eyes widened slightly. The presence of the British in the Chesapeake kept everyone in a turmoil; since February, when Admiral Cockburn first brought his squadron to Lynhaven Bay, there had seldom been a week when one of his ships was not sighted from the steeple of the State House. But surely not today, Page thought despairingly, and surely not a frigate.

"Mac," she said in a small voice, "are you sure?"

"She's out there, right enough, playing cat-and-mouse, just waiting to snatch up the first fool for the admiral's pleasure."

"If you're quizzing me, Mac, I'll make you regret it."

He only grinned at her. "You're the one will have regrets, my girl, before this day is done. Run along now, and find a respectable place to wait."

Page turned away and walked slowly down the quayside. It had been childish and ill-done of her, she now realized, to persuade MacDougall to bring her to Annapolis without her father's permission, and with the British so thick on the Bay.

Mr. Madison's war, she reflected, was an intolerable nuisance. In Washington the War Hawks preached the necessity of fighting for free trade, and red-haired Henry Clay, who had never seen the sea, pleaded for sailors' rights, but surely anyone with a brain the size of a pea must think it ridiculous to go fighting a war with a navy of

merous citizens on foot who thronged the narrow sidewalks so close on either hand.

One young lady stepped into the street, swinging her bonnet in hand, and found herself in immediate peril, her face only inches away from wildly pawing hoofs as the enormous chestnut reared angrily over her head. But the next instant it was all over: Farley watched as his master skillfully brought his horse under control again, stared down at the young lady, then finally lifted his tall beaver and bowed from the saddle.

"I'm very sorry," the young lady said, keeping a wary eye on the chestnut. "I was thinking of something else, you see, and I forgot to look." She seemed to think the excuse a lame one, and flushed when she met the master's cool appraising gaze.

Accustomed to horses, Farley thought approvingly, and enough of a lady to accept blame where blame was due. A very young lady, to be sure, but Farley thought her quite well favored with her slanting blue eyes and hair that seemed to have sunlight glinting on it even on such a sombre day.

The master, however, had never been inclined toward very young ladies. He merely bowed again and said, in a clipped hard voice, "My fault entirely, ma'am," and rode on without a backward look.

Farley touched his hat as he passed her, but he saw without surprise that she was staring curiously after the master. Farley himself felt a surge of pride as he noted the way the exquisitely tailored coat stretched across the big shoulders without a crease, the high starched points of his shirt collar and the intricate folds of his white cravat, and the shining surface of his top boots, polished with such loving care by Farley that not a vestige of Virginia dust remained.

Not that the master approved. Last evening in the Annapolis inn where they passed the night, he had been somewhat amused by Farley's despair over the state of his clothes.

"Don't be so impatient, Farley," he had said amiably, "or you'll spoil the game. We've a tricky day or two before us, and it might be well if I looked less of an English gentleman."

Farley had glanced briefly at the master before answering. They had ridden hard that day and he was wearing travel-stained buckskins and a white shirt carelessly opened at the neck. But there was something about him, some indefinable quality in the tanned face with its high planes and hooded eyes, in the hard mouth, in the strength of the shoulders and powerfully muscled thighs, that could not be disguised.

"Begging your pardon, sir," Farley said, "but that would be impossible."

The master laughed. "Flattery, Farley? I can see you've been corrupted by the Virginians, and it's high time I took you back to London." He had turned and looked through the window at the soft Maryland night. "There are times, my friend, when I find it a questionable blessing to be a gentleman, English or otherwise."

They had almost reached the waterfront before the master halted the chestnut at a narrow brick house. The white door was graced with a shining brass knocker and an inconspicuous name plate proclaiming it the abode of one Andrew Barney.

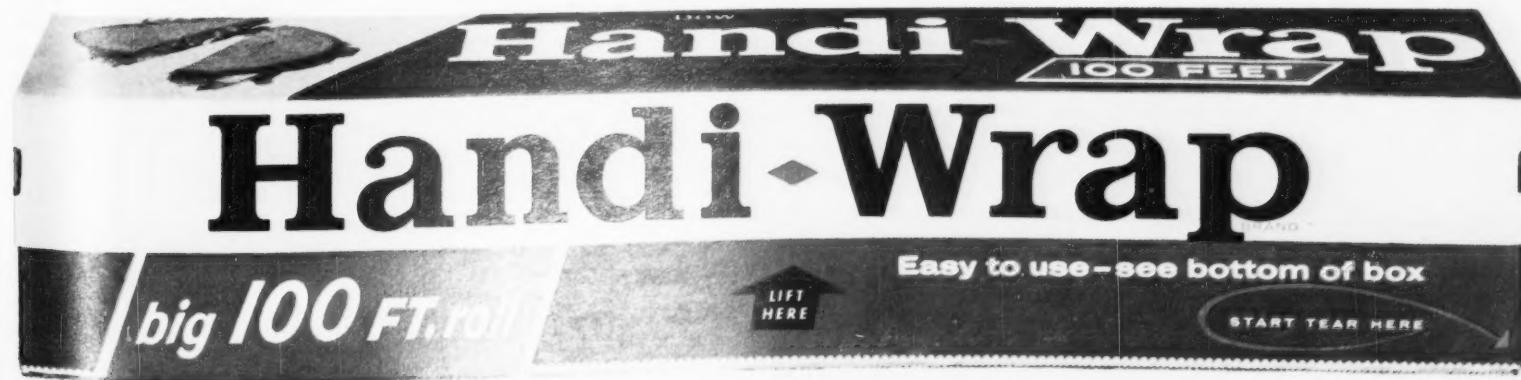
The master dismounted and handed the reins to Farley. "If I'm not back in fifteen minutes you might walk the horses." He looked into Farley's face and smiled faintly. "And if I don't

Continued on page 130

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Continued from page 128
come back at all, I suggest you ride back toward Virginia, sell the chestnut and set yourself up as a country squire."

Farley, left holding the horses, felt very alone and vulnerable in the crowded street.

PAGE BRADLEY stood indecisively on the brick sidewalk. For the past two hours she had dutifully obeyed MacDougall by staying away from the waterfront, but now the sun was beginning to burn through the haze. It would soon chase away the last vestige of fog and they would be home before Papa sat down to his dinner.

She went quickly down the sloping street to the harbor and, dodging a loaded wagon, came out on the edge of the quay. The Catherine was in sight at the far end of the slip, but a shifting crowd of people, their attention fastened on something she could not see, blocked her way.

Whatever it was, the temper of the crowd was not pleasant. A dirty boy, small and bright-eyed, darted past her. "A spy. We've caught us a spy!" he piped gleefully, and a rough sailor took up the words and yelled, "H'is him at the end of a line and let him dangle!"

Then, through a sudden break in the restless crowd, she saw the horse backed up almost to the quay edge, the pale sun gleaming along the rich chestnut shoulders.

A man just beside Page cleared his throat and spit on the cobbles. "Ask him why he ain't wearing his fancy blue uniform."

"He don't need no uniform," the seaman shrieked in a taunting voice. "It's written all over his ugly face. He's a spy off one of Cockburn's ships. I say string him up here and now."

Page stood very still, her heart pumping fiercely in her throat. A clamor of voices broke out. Someone threw a stone. Page heard it strike the cobbles, then splash into the water. Putting out both hands to tap the backs of the men in front of her, she said in a clear cool voice, "Please let me pass."

The broad backs moved aside for her. The men looked surprised and exasperated, but the advantage of surprise would be only temporary, she suspected, and so the instant she caught sight of the man she ran forward, hands outstretched, praying desperately that he would not look at her with the blank stare of a stranger and spoil everything.

"I thought I'd missed you," she called across the space still separating them. "Did you come down to find the Catherine? Papa feared you might have been delayed in Washington and told me to enquire in town."

He stood with his back to the water, facing the hostile mob, his feet planted firmly on the quay. One hand flicked his riding crop lightly against his boot. Beyond that small movement he was motionless, but his stillness gave no indication of fear; the dark face was quite expressionless and the narrowed eyes moved dispassionately across the crowd, finally resting on Page with cool speculation.

"How long have you been in town?" she asked, wondering for one despairing moment if he thought her insane. "Aunt Hester wrote last week that you intended to arrive today, and Papa will be very angry that I missed being here to welcome you."

In that single instant, stretching as long as the span of a lifetime, before he spoke, while the clear bright voice that seemed to belong to someone else chattered on inanely, her mind stood calmly apart and noted the scene so distinctly that years afterward she

could still feel a cold sick chill when she remembered that grey day with the pale sun glancing off the wet cobblestones, while over all lay the scent of violence, heavy and pungent, frighteningly alien.

He took her hands. Then, without the slightest hesitation, he leaned down to kiss her cheek lightly.

"Your father, as always, is most obliging," he said, "but I can assure you that my welcome has been warmer than I expected." His glance went beyond her to the silent crowd, then came back to her face with a faint quizzical smile. "Farley and I have seldom been accorded so much attention. It seems to be a matter of mistaken identity."

Page, much struck by his cool poise, felt a sense of relief so overwhelming that her hands trembled; and his own tightened briefly.

"I don't see how you could be mistaken for anyone but yourself," she said lightly. "Julia wrote that all the girls in Gloucester County went into melancholy declines when you left." Forcing herself to look around the ring of staring faces with an air of innocent curiosity, she went on, "Has there been some sort of trouble? That chestnut of yours, I daresay, and you deserve no better for riding such an uncivil brute in town."

"Farley is in complete agreement," he said easily. "We have had a difficult time today on all counts."

Page smiled at the sober-faced man holding the two horses. "Farley, how have you been?"

"Quite well, ma'am," he said. "If I may take the liberty to say so, however, I am extremely happy to see you again."

Recalling that recent encounter on Cornhill Street, Page felt her equanimity tremble. From the corner of her eye she saw a few of the men on the edge of the crowd break away. But it was not over yet; the suspicious seaman behind her had not yet admitted defeat.

"I still say he's a spy," he said loudly.

Another voice said, "Who's she? Is she in it, too?"

Page could only pretend she hadn't heard. Her knees went weak in a moment of panic when she could think of nothing else to say. Then she lifted her head to see the grey eyes looking down at her steadily, and realized he was still holding her hands.

"We'll go home with MacDougall in the Catherine," she said evenly. "It's much quicker, and Papa will be expecting us. But the horses will have to be taken by the road."

A young man wearing a farmer's straw hat and heavy shoes, stepped forward. "Miss, I'd be pleased to take care of the horses for you."

"Thank you," Page said, wishing she could kiss his plain decent face. "Ask anyone and they'll tell you the way to Bradley's House, on the road south."

Farley, after one inscrutable glance at his master, quickly unstrapped two portmanteaus from his horse and surrendered the bridles to the eager farmer. Page took a step forward, then another; without looking, she knew that the two strangers had moved to stand one on either side of her. She hesitated then, dreading the next step; either the barrier of men would fall back or stand firm as a prison wall, and the Catherine was still a long hopeless way down the quay.

"Do you intend to stand gabbling all day? I've the tide and wind to consider, and if you don't hurry we'll be the night getting home."

When she heard the flat disagreeable voice and saw the sandy-red head, Page drew a small startled breath. But

MacDougall did not give them away; he scowled at Page and nodded briefly to the man beside her.

"Good day to you," he said. "I see she found you. Now if you'll come this way, we'll start home before Mr. Bradley calls out the militia to look for us."

It may have been the use of Samuel Bradley's name again, suggesting even to those unacquainted with him all the weight and substance of an important man; or it may have been no more than MacDougall's blunt honest face. Whatever it was the men still watching stepped back, and they walked unhurriedly down the quay.

IN THE CATHERINE'S roomy cockpit, while MacDougall raised the sail and the gap between boat and quay slowly widened, Page wondered what the two silent strangers were thinking. Here they were, on a strange boat sailing toward an unfamiliar destination; and there were their horses, being led across the market square by a plodding farmer they had never seen before and could not be certain they would see again.

It occurred to her, rather belatedly, that she had been a trifle highhanded.

"But there was nothing else to do," she said into the silence.

Bracing herself, she turned around. MacDougall, occupied with the business of getting the Catherine under way, paid no attention to her. The man named Farley had sat down, his arms folded around the portmanteaus.

The other man, leaning his shoulders against the cabin hatch, looked up at the white sail filling slowly with the soft wind.

"I didn't want to see anyone hanged," she said in a small voice, "and they might have done it, you know, once they got out of hand."

He looked down at her. "Farley and I are greatly obliged to you."

But he did not appear at all shaken by the experience and Page, remembering her own bone-soothing fear, stared at him curiously.

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Any man is afraid of a mob."

"Well, I must say you didn't show it."

"Nor did you."

Page sighed. "In another moment," she said candidly, "I would have swooned at your feet."

A brief smile touched his mouth. "When a man is forced to live by his wits," he said, "he learns to maintain an air of unconcern at all costs."

Page considered him thoughtfully. He might wear his fashionable clothes and impeccable manners with the air of a gentleman; but his face, hard and tawny as a statue of carved wood, was shuttered and remote, while beneath the dark brows and lashes his eyes, a startling clear grey, gave back her image and no more, much as a pool of water will freely reflect the world gazing into it so that the depths may remain hidden.

"I daresay anyone in your profession grows accustomed to such harrowing affairs," she said doubtfully.

"I can assure you," he said gravely, "that I have not been faced with the prospect of hanging often enough to become indifferent to it."

"Once would be too often for me. I fear I'd be a miserable failure as a spy." She had not intended to say the ugly word and she added hastily, "It must require a great strength of character."

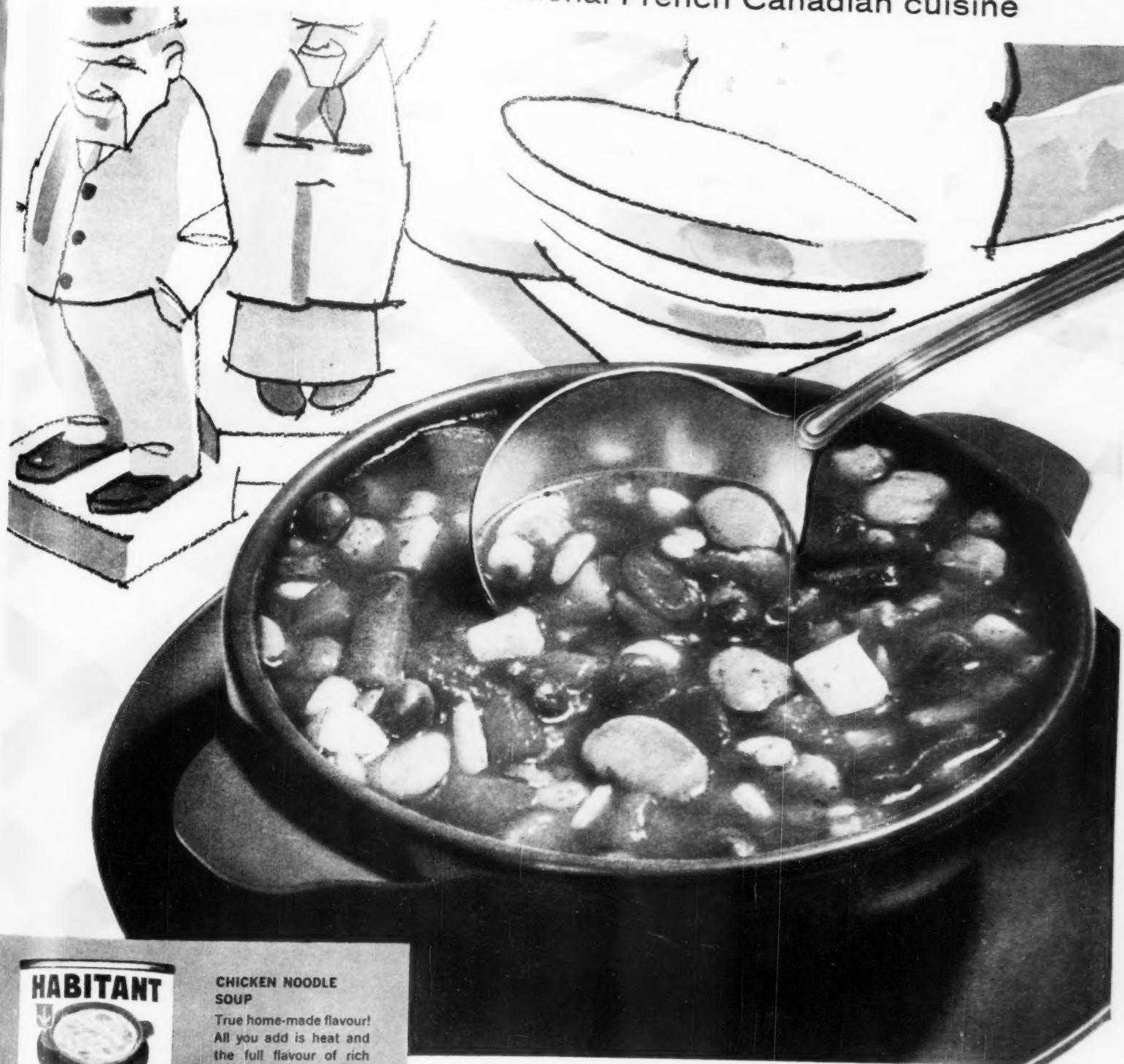
"I should think patience would be a more valuable asset," he said. "Think of all the mysterious plots that go awry and change the course of destiny."

The glint in the grey eyes was un-

Continued on page 132

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Continued from page 130
mistakably amusement, and Page eyed him uncertainly. Then she turned to smile at Duncan MacDougall. "Mac, however did you manage to arrive at just the proper moment?"

"I saw a crowd and knew something was afoot. With you wandering about the town, it was easy enough to figure I'd find you in the thick of it." He regarded her sourly. "Found a bit of trouble for yourself, didn't you? Do you never pause to consider the mischief you make for others?"

"How disagreeable of you," Page said. "Papa will say I was right to do what I did."

She sat down on the decking, her feet braced in the cockpit.

"What Mr. Bradley might say is of little help at the moment," MacDougall said glumly. "I'd no intention of leaving for another hour. We may find ourselves becalmed somewhere out beyond the point."

He gave her a hard warning look, and suddenly Page remembered the British frigate. Out beyond the point it might be waiting, like a cat at a mousehole.

"Aye," MacDougall said, "I see you've regained some of your senses. Just tell me what's to do then, missy, if this pesky wind dies."

Page, feeling slightly forlorn, glanced up at the sail. It was slatting gently in the fitful breeze, as if the Catherine wished to add her reproaches to MacDougall's.

"And if it doesn't," MacDougall continued, his eyes on the man standing on the steps of the hatchway. "I've still the problem of what to do with them."

"Do you mean to turn them over to the militia, Mac? I've been to no end of trouble, you know, to save them from one hanging."

"They're spies," he said flatly, "but you needn't fear, I don't relish a hanging for my worst enemy."

"May I interrupt this council of war?"

The man's voice was polite and faintly mocking. "Certainly," Page said, equally polite.

"Your problems are your own," he went on, "and I would hesitate to interfere. But since my presence is apparently adding to your discomfort, I might offer a simple suggestion. Would it be possible to intercept the Baltimore packet as it leaves the harbor?"

"Not a chance," MacDougall replied promptly. "I talked to the captain myself, less than an hour ago, and he didn't plan to clear for Baltimore until after dark."

The man's eyes narrowed as he weighed the honesty in MacDougall's words. Then he shrugged. "A pity," he said. "Only this morning I paid for passage to the continent on a ship leaving Baltimore with the evening tide."

MacDougall laughed. "See what meddling will do for you?" he said to Page.

For an interminable moment she could think of nothing to say; there was no humiliation so lowering as the knowledge that one had blundered irretrievably.

But she lifted her chin. "I don't believe he intended to cross the Atlantic at all," Page said stubbornly. "He's one of the admiral's naval officers, and his ship is probably just out of sight down the Bay."

The careless words dropped into the silence, disastrously clear and distinct. Shaken, Page stared at MacDougall and he stared back grimly.

The silence stretched thinly across several minutes, broken only by the small sounds of water moving gently against the hull.

"Don't distress yourself," the man said, sounding very amused. "There is really no cause for such despair."

Page lifted her eyes.

"Please allow me to present myself," he said. "I am Jocelyn Trevor, of London. I have spent the past two months in Gloucester County visiting a recently widowed sister, and my trip to America was for the purpose of offering her the comfort and assistance of her family."

Page considered him warily. He did not look like a man who traveled about on ordinary business and was concerned with nothing more dangerous than family affairs.

"I don't think I would find it very comforting to be visited by a spy in the middle of the war," she said, "brother or not."

"My dear child," he said, "I am not a spy. Nor am I a naval officer with a ship waiting for me down the Bay."

After a moment she said, "Only a gentleman from London? Truly?"

He bowed. "My apologies if I have disappointed you."

She smiled. "I think it most provoking of you. One doesn't meet a spy every day, you know. We've heard end-

Impulsively she turned to MacDougall. "We could take the Catherine to Baltimore in an hour or two. Mac, and they would easily be in time."

"We could," MacDougall agreed, "but we won't. My duty is to see you safe to Bradley's House."

"A commendable attitude," Jocelyn Trevor said. He looked almost happy, his eyes hooded against the sun and his hard mouth relaxed. Page, wondering what her emotions might be at the moment were she sailing down the Thames with enemies all around, regarded him with admiration until he suddenly raised his eyes and smiled lazily at her. A little dismayed to be caught staring, she looked away quickly, focusing on the familiar reaches of the Bay.

She heard MacDougall's sharp intake of breath and knew he had seen the frigate at the same instant. Swallowing hard, she felt her heart thudding with a heavy painful beat in her throat.

"Ah, the Devil's come to take his reckoning," MacDougall said softly.

ONCE THEY rounded the point they should have seen her at once, but for

She resented his perception. "You're an Englishman," she said coldly, as if no more damning evidence was needed. "It makes a pleasant sight for you, I dare say."

"But then I stood uncomfortably near to a hanging this morning," he said, his eyes glinting at her under their heavy lids.

"I can't imagine why I didn't leave you there on the quay," Page said, disliking him intensely. "It would have been no more than you deserved."

"Assuredly," he said promptly. "As you say, I am an Englishman."

"Duck your heads," MacDougall said abruptly. "We'll come about now."

The boom swung over them with a vicious crack and for the length of that moment the Catherine trembled; then her sails drew again and she raced away from the frigate.

She found herself sailing directly into the path of a longboat loaded with marines. It had evidently been sent on an expedition up the wide inlet to the west while the frigate waited at anchor; now, as an officer clapped out an order that sounded sharply across the water, the seamen at the oars sent the longboat directly for the Catherine.

Page heard a peppery tattoo of sound, sharp and crisp, which was echoed in some strange manner against the Catherine's mast and sails like a handful of pebbles thrown with a heavy hand.

Without warning she was pushed unceremoniously to her knees in the cockpit. Jocelyn Trevor's hand held her shoulder in a strong grip and his body shielded her so that she could see nothing but his face as he looked over her head at MacDougall, who was shaking an enraged fist and shouting. "Damn it, hold your fire! I've a woman aboard!"

"Put an end to it," Jocelyn Trevor said very quietly. "You did your best, but it's finished now."

She heard MacDougall say heavily, "Aye, it's done. I'd not risk having her harmed."

With a sort of horror Page watched the Catherine's sails flutter and come down with a rush of canvas.

The creak of oarlocks was suddenly very near, as was an unfamiliar voice which spoke almost over her head.

"Have you struck, sir?"

MacDougall was silent. Jocelyn Trevor said, "Yes," and stood up; and Page, absently rubbing the shoulder where his hand had held her, raised her head.

The longboat was ranged alongside, held to the Catherine by several seamen whose oars pointed upright like a trim vertical line of spikes. Page stared at them with a stunned disbelief and they stared back stolidly.

"I am Mr. Buckley, first lieutenant of His Majesty's frigate Antigone," the officer said politely. "You are now His Majesty's prisoners, and if you will kindly step aboard we will proceed to the ship."

He gave a short order to one of his men, who scrambled across with a line. MacDougall and Farley stepped into the longboat and Jocelyn Trevor took Page's arm to help her. His hand was strong and warm, and oddly reassuring, but as soon as she stood beside MacDougall, Page pulled her arm away, thinking miserably that she wanted neither his touch nor his reassurance.

"Please sit down, ma'am," the officer said at her elbow.

She obeyed wordlessly. He spoke again and the oars moved in union; shortly the frigate loomed over them like a massive precipice.

Page went through the entry port,

Continued on page 134

You were asking

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QUESTION

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ANSWER

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Guests are not expected to bring a gift. Family members usually present a group gift or a small token — such as a silver thimble.

less rumors, but they always seem to have just left for Washington or Baltimore."

"A kindly providence, Miss Bradley, trying to protect your romantic illusions."

Enemy or spy, her conscience warned her that it was all the same. But the war seemed far away and unreal at the moment, and one would have to be intolerably dull not to be amused by a situation that did, after all, have its amusing aspects.

The wind had settled at last and the Catherine heeled contentedly; soon they would swing around the jutting lower lip of the Severn and run for home, the little sloop skimming over the Bay like a sea bird, safe from any hand but the wind's.

A sudden thought struck Page. "Was it true," she asked Jocelyn Trevor, "that you intended to sail from Baltimore this evening?"

"It needn't concern us now. Farley and I must look around for another ship and another sailing date."

"But you paid for it," she protested.

the lingering veil of haze which obscured the towering web of spars and rigging until the ship might have been a mirage. But she was not a mirage and Page, swallowing again, could not take her eyes away from the sight.

From the cockpit of the little sloop the frigate seemed very high out of water, an enormous vessel riding to her anchors like a dignified swan with folded wings.

Page's mouth tightened. The pride of His Majesty's admiralty that sailed arrogantly up the Chesapeake and dared to anchor here almost at Samuel Bradley's doorstep with no one to say it nay.

"But surely you cannot hold me responsible," Jocelyn Trevor said quietly, "for all the sins of the admiralty."

Until he spoke Page had not realized that she had turned her eyes from the frigate to stare fiercely at Jocelyn Trevor. But now she knew that all feelings of friendly charity had disappeared; he was the enemy, and the war was no longer unreal and distant but here and now.

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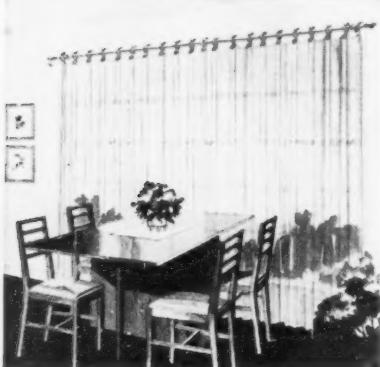
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Continued from page 132
and Jocelyn Trevor, just behind her, said quietly, "Keep a stout heart," and smiled down at her.

The young officer opened his mouth to speak, but Jocelyn Trevor's voice cut into the silence, clipped and emphatic.

"Be kind enough to tell your captain that I wish to speak with him immediately."

Mr. Buckley, who had a brief instant before been prepared to issue orders rather than receive them, stared in momentary astonishment. "By the way," Jocelyn Trevor said, "what is his name?"

As if fascinated, Mr. Buckley said, "Kincaid. Somerset Kincaid."

"It would be," Trevor said. "His brother and I were up at Oxford at the same time, but I can't say that I recall the connection with particular relish."

Mr. Buckley stared. A midshipman reached his side and said, "The captain's compliments, sir, and would you bring the prisoners to his cabin."

Mr. Buckley looked relieved. But Trevor said, "I will see him alone. You may tell him, if you please, that Lord Hazard awaits his pleasure."

There was utter silence on the deck. Only Farley, Page noticed, was too preoccupied with his precious portmanteaus to stare, but it might be, she reflected, that he had long since grown accustomed to his master's chicanery.

"Lord Hazard, did you say?" Mr. Buckley said incredulously.

"I trust, sir, that you do not intend to question my credentials," Trevor said gently.

Mr. Buckley was plainly suffering an agony of indecision. Afraid to believe and afraid of the consequences were he to mistakenly disbelieve. "I'll take you to the captain," he said nervously, adding as a definite sop to fate, "my lord."

Page felt her lips quiver and repressed them sternly. Trevor was doing an excellent piece of acting; his portrayal of a British lord was so skillfully done that anyone might readily believe the faint but unmistakable arrogance, the crested air to be his own by natural right.

"Stay close by Miss Bradley, Farley," he said. "After all, we owe her a rescue of a sorts."

Mr. Buckley, still staring at Jocelyn Trevor as if he found it basely unfair for a British lord to be wandering about the Chesapeake in a small sloop, barked an order to his marines and disappeared with Trevor down a companionway. The marines moved back a pace or two, leaving MacDougall and Farley in an open space with Page.

"I can't imagine why he thought it necessary to affect a disguise," Page said admiringly to Farley, "but I must say I've never seen anyone lie so convincingly."

Farley seemed about to speak, but in the end he only gave her a quick smile. Page looked curiously about her, at the masts towering above her, the bleached-white deck, the polished brasswork. Then she said, in alarm, "Farley, they're sailing away with us."

"Just so," Farley said. "I believe you may rest assured, however, that his lordship will see to your safety."

Page looked at Farley. "What did you call him?" she asked very carefully. "His lordship, Farley?"

"Just so, ma'am," Farley said, his face expressionless.

Beyond words, Page stared at him. Above her head the topsails broke from the yards and the fair wind MacDougall had whistled up to take them safely home to Bradley's House blew steadily against her face.

CAPTAIN Somerset Kincaid stood before his desk, hands behind his back, and stared angrily at the papers there. He would have preferred to vent his anger at Jocelyn Edward Trevor, fourth Viscount Hazard, but an instinctive sense of self-preservation restrained him.

"I regret I cannot grant your request, my lord," he said, "but surely you must understand my predicament."

"You have my sympathy," Hazard said. "I had allowed myself to hope, however, that you would also understand mine."

"You have had a difficult time, I'm sure," Kincaid said shortly. "You cannot have been unaware of the dangers of traveling in an enemy country in time of war."

"On the contrary," Hazard said, "I was treated with every consideration."

COMPARISONS

The parking meter a friendly ghost

May well be of the hitching post;

*A moving car with a megaphone
Town Crier may seem in modern tone.*

Farm products hide 'neath celophane:

*Enhanced? Disguised? Well,
seldom plain.*

Machines that sell, and giant stores;

(Even in Main Street traffic roars!)

*Thus changes, parallels, appear;
Evoke approval — or a tear;
Cause queries as to what comes next,
Make transience a ready text.*

*But find unaltered such as these:
A small girl's doll, a row of trees,*

*A freckled boy with fishing rod,
A mother's love and faith in God.*

BY OLIVE SANBORN RUBENS

He looked amused. "Except for a brief interval when I was almost hanged."

Kincaid scowled. "That would have been unfortunate, sir."

Hazard smiled. "I appreciate your solicitude, captain." He was leaning his shoulders against a bulkhead, boots negligently crossed. "But I was rescued by a heroic young lady, who certainly deserves payment of a better sort than this from His Majesty's Navy."

Kincaid's cravat felt uncomfortably hot. "My orders leave me no alternative, sir," he said stiffly. "My ship must be placed at Admiral Cockburn's disposal immediately, and the tide and wind will not wait."

"But you kept the admiral waiting long enough to intercept Miss Bradley's sloop," Hazard said casually. "You also fired a gun, I seem to recall, to emphasize your intentions."

"But I could not possibly know that you were aboard, my lord."

Kincaid still felt a cold chill of relief that he had not, as he was sorely

tempted, blown the miserable boat out of the water. The Trevor family was an old one and the present viscount was one of the most eligible young peers in England; he needed only a single look at the dark face and cold eyes to know that the viscount, whatever his reasons for leaving the sophisticated diversions of London, could not be lightly dismissed even by a frigate captain.

"As for the sloop, my lord, I have captured more than a dozen small vessels this past month. My orders were to take any enemy ship afloat, of whatever size."

Lord Hazard raised a dark brow. "I would not have thought His Majesty's invincible navy would find it necessary to make war on unarmed sailboats and young ladies."

Kincaid stiffened. "I have my orders, sir," he said finally. "You should know that I cannot question them."

Hazard looked slightly bored. "Orders or not, captain, I shall expect you to extend every consideration to Miss Bradley."

"Certainly," Kincaid said coldly. "I must impress the man, however," he added testily. "If you will excuse me, my lord, I must see to my ship."

"By all means," Hazard said. "Do let me detain you."

Kincaid bowed. He flung open the door, only to find himself confronting the young American girl. Accompanied by a sober individual in a black suit and two husky marines, she returned Kincaid's stare with equanimity.

"Your servant," he said, his cravat choking him dangerously. "You will wait inside, if you please, until I send further word." He pushed past them, and stamped toward the open deck.

Hazard straightened, his head almost touching the beams, and watched the girl as she entered.

SHE CONSIDERED him in silence for a long moment.

"And to think," she said, almost with awe, "that none of this might have happened if I had not spoken to you on the quay."

With difficulty he restrained a smile. "You are right, of course, but I cannot honestly say that I regret that kindly impulse."

"It seems unfair," she said, and had to catch her breath before going on, "for kindness to be rewarded so disagreeably."

"Unfair," he agreed, "and sadly disillusioning." He gave her a swift glance and pulled a chair from the table. "Please sit down."

She obeyed him without protest. Behind her Farley put down the portmanteaus and her battered bandboxes, straightened his neckpiece, and began to clear the cabin with the comfortable air of one whose duty is always plain before him.

"Can you tell me," Page asked in a clear polite voice, "where they are taking us?"

"The captain is unfortunate in having two admirals in the vicinity. I gather their squadrons are gathered in Hampton Roads, waiting impatiently for the Antigone to put in an appearance."

"Hampton," she repeated, her face quite pale. Then she said, "Mac has been taken below and they refuse to allow me to speak to him."

She was sitting very straight in the chair, holding to her composure with the obstinacy of desperation. She looked so absurdly young and forlorn, sitting there in the plain old-fashioned dress with her face pale and mouth on the edge of trembling, resolved to hold

Continued on page 138

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CHATELAINE "FAMOUS BRANDS" CONTEST

(published on page 121 of the October, 1960 issue of Chatelaine)

Entries submitted by the following readers have been selected as winners in the above contest. The judges were Miss Elaine Collett, Director, Chatelaine Institute; Miss Corinne Trerice, Director of Nutrition, Bakery Foods Foundation; Miss Helen McKercher, Director of Nutrition, Ontario Department of Agriculture. In accordance with the rules the judges' decision is final and no further correspondence can be entered into. The following winners have all been notified by mail and arrangements have been made for their prizes to be presented to them. Over 9,000 entries were submitted and were of such a high standard that we could not complete judging in time to publish this list in our February issue as was originally intended.

**OFFICIAL LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS
CHATELAINE "FAMOUS BRANDS" CONTEST**

(Contest published on pages 121 of Chatelaine, October 1969 issue.)

FIRST PRIZE — G. E. Upright Freezer, Model # MII-13.

FIRST PRIZE — G. E. Upright Freezer, Model # HU-13
Won by: Mrs. I. C. W. MacLaren, 2058 Mountainside Drive, Burlington, Ontario.

SECOND PRIZE — G. E. Mobile Maid Automatic Dishwasher Model # SP-43

SECOND PRIZE — G. E. Mobile Maid Automatic Dishwasher Model # SP-43
Won by: Mrs. Adrienne A. Fowler, 2033 Kingsley Road, Ottawa 3, Ontario.

SIX PRIZES — each of B. E. Automatic Vapour Control Kettle, Model # K60

- | | |
|--|--|
| Control Kettle, Model # K60 | Makers |
| 1. Mrs. Wm. H. French, P.O. Box 1298, Wabana, Bell Island, Newfoundland. | 1. Mrs. E. A. Penwill, 599 Connaught Ave., Apt. 1, Halifax, N.S. |
| 2. Miss Helen Santik, 1 Monty Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario. | 2. Mr. Kenneth W. Anning, Gull Lake Saek. |
| 3. Mrs. Catherine Parkes, 85 Westmorland Ave., Toronto 4 Ontario. | 3. Mrs. W. A. Butler, Box 86, Newburgh, Ontario. |
| 4. Mrs. Ormond McLougland, Box #68, Baldur, Manitoba. | 4. Mrs. G. R. Murphy, 1906 Cliff Ave., Burnaby, B.C. |
| 5. Mr. G. Lediard, 695 Lakeshore Rd., Minett, Ontario. | 5. Miss Mariette Bourdeau, R.R. #1, Timmins, Ontario. |
| 6. Mrs. Juta Alkinson, 1756 East 3rd Ave., Vancouver, B.C. | 6. Mrs. E. M. Jacobs, 71 Cecil Street, St. Catharines, Ontario. |

SIX PRIZES—each of G. E. Home Hair Dryer,
Model #D1.

- Model #D1**

 1. Mrs. Irene Lysnes, 235 W. Gore St., Fort William, Ontario.
 2. Miss Lucile Lacombe, 58 Florence, Ottawa, Ontario.
 3. Mrs. Jessie M. Rae, 26 Ave. E., Vancouver 12, B.C.
 4. Mrs. H. F. Bell, 1386 - 78 Ave., North Surrey, B.C.
 5. Miss Sadie McIntyre, 347 Maple Street, Collingwood, Ontario.
 6. Mrs. J. C. Perkin, R.R. #1, Beamsville, Ontario.

SIX PRIZES—each of B. E. Can-Opener, #ECI,
with Stands

- With Status**

 - 1. Mrs. Donald Monette, 135 St. Marie, Hull, Quebec.
 - 2. Mr. Lyle Munro, Carstairs, Alberta.
 - 3. Miss Clarice Anderson, 230 Henri-Bourassa East #5, Montreal 12, Quebec.
 - 4. Mrs. R. W. Douglas, 2006 Atlas Street, Niagara Falls, Ontario.
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Continued from page 134



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her head high whatever the price, that Hazard felt oddly moved, and not a little proud.

"You'll be sailing back shortly," he said quietly.

But she said sadly, "Without the Catherine, however, and I doubt if MacDougall will ever forgive me."

Leaning against the table, Hazard put his hands in his pockets and studied the shine on his boots. He would have to tell her sooner or later that Kincaid was determined to impress MacDougall, and that even if transportation for her could be found immediately, an improbable piece of optimism at best, the chances were that she would return to Bradley's House alone while MacDougall pursued an unwilling tour of the Atlantic with the British Navy.

"Never mind. It will all come right in the end, I'm sure."

He realized belatedly that he was scowling blackly at his boots. Looking up to find her watching him, he thought he saw a hint of a smile in her blue eyes, but it disappeared at once behind the thick fringe of lashes.

"It is kind of you to be so concerned," she went on in a small shy voice, "but you mustn't feel responsible. None of it was your fault."

"If you were better acquainted with me, you would know that I seldom indulge in kindness," he said. "But I can assuredly recognize a responsibility when I see one. However it began, the mischief has been done."

"I expect there will be worse to come. Misfortune always comes in threes."

"A foolish superstition," he remarked. "In any case, fate should already be satisfied. You left home, you met me, and you ran afoul of the British Navy."

He laughed. "I think I'll have a stroll on deck to see how matters stand with our captain."

When he had gone the cabin seemed very quiet. After a moment Page said absently, "Are all Englishmen like him?"

"If I may say so, ma'am, there is no man like his lordship."

Page looked at Farley thoughtfully. "He does not seem very concerned about the war."

"As to that," Farley said, "his lordship is not a member of the Opposition, but it is my understanding that he did not approve of the war from the beginning."

"He is still an enemy," Page said, "and will surely do all he can to see us defeated."

"That's as may be," Farley said with a mild reproach, "but he will also see you safely home to Annapolis."

PAGE STARED bleakly around her. Then, with resolution, she curled up on the cot and listened to the silence that was not, when the ear grew accustomed to it, in the least silent but filled with a medley of ship's noises that went on unceasingly: the heavy patter of bare feet on the deck above her, the ship's bell striking the watch, the creaking of the wooden timbers and the murmur of water against the hull, and above it all the steady faint singing of the breeze in the rigging.

She was asleep before the ship's bell struck again.

When she opened her eyes the oil lamp was smoking above her. Sitting up to look around her with drowsy

bewilderment, she suddenly remembered all that had happened and closed her eyes again; but after a moment she opened them slowly, seeing with cold clarity the closed door, the cot, her rumpled gown.

Then someone knocked at the door. It was Farley, bearing a tray of hot food and a steaming mug of coffee.

"I thought you might be glad of a bite to eat, ma'am. He placed the tray on the chest and handed Page a white linen napkin.

Page felt her melancholy fade away. She turned to her tray with greedy pleasure, dispatching the last crumb before Farley returned with a basin of hot water, a towel and a gilt hand mirror.

"His lordship sends his compliments," he said, "and asks that you take particular pains not to break the mirror or he will be unable to tie his cravats."

She sensibly refused to answer what was plainly a deliberately provoking message. But when Farley had gone she looked at herself with dismay and immediately went about the business of freshening her hair and face.

When her cheeks were pink from scrubbing and her hair tied back with the striped velvet ribbon she had purchased, surely a hundred years ago, she exchanged her wrinkled gown for the lovely sprigged muslin with its blue pelisse. But it fastened down the back with a long line of tiny buttons, and for the first time in her life having no sisters at hand, she was still struggling with the thorny problem when Farley knocked again.

He perceived the situation at once and said, "In London, ma'am, I was often called upon to aid his lordship's younger sisters when they were still in

the schoolroom. If you will allow me, I would be pleased to give you my assistance."

Page was not certain she cared to be relegated to the world of younger sisters and schoolrooms, but under the circumstances she could not deny Farley's exquisite tact.

"Thank you," she said. "It would be most obliging of you."

"If I may say so, ma'am," he said, buttoning the unreachable buttons with impersonal deftness, "you look most fetching."

Later, when she knew him better, Page would have recognized this as a compliment of the highest order, coming from a man so sparing of admiration for anyone but his master. But at the mom she only said ruefully, "It isn't precisely the fashion for a ship-of-war. Where are we?" she asked.

"The last time I ventured a look we seemed to have joined the other British ships in Hampton Roads."

"Do you think MacDougall and I will be able to leave soon?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't say, ma'am. His lordship suggests that you remain in your cabin until the situation has been clarified."

Hazard appeared at the door suddenly. "Captain Kincaid has gone in search of his admirals," he said without preamble. "He intends to report to them at once. But since I place no great dependence on the captain's good word, I think it advisable to go ashore myself."

Page's eyes widened. "Do you think you should?"

He raised a dark brow. "Is there any reason why I should not? You will remain in your cabin, if you please, until I return."

He looked very tall and forbidding, his voice sounding very different with no smooth overlay of charm or amusement, possessing a peculiar hard ring as if his words struck upon cold metal.

She wanted to protest, to inform him with icy dignity that she would do as she pleased. But to her amazement she heard herself saying, "Are you going alone, and unarmed? What if someone shoots at you?"

"Then there will be one Englishman less, and that should please any number of people."

"It will be very dangerous, I'm sure," she said dubiously. "I wish you will be careful."

His smile was so unexpected, so warm and brilliant, that she caught her breath.

"Thank you for your solicitude," he said. "I promise I will be very careful."

He had his hand on the door when the pipes twittered over their heads, followed by the slow rolling of a drum; after a brief interval of tramping feet, all sounds died away into silence.

Page looked at Hazard. "What is it?"

"We are to be treated to a flogging," he said curtly. "I heard the captain order the punishment, but I believed I had persuaded him to delay it."

Then she heard the unmistakable whine of the cat-o'-nine-tails as it cut through the air. A man screamed the high unnatural scream of pain. Page swallowed, hearing the rolling drum in her temples like the pounding of her blood.

Hazard took a stride toward her. "Three dozen," he said, "but I wouldn't advise you to count them."

She kept her eyes on Hazard's, as a

drowning person will cling desperately to anything within reach. Without a word he put a hand on either side of her face, covering her ears. Pulling her to him, so that her face was hidden against his coat, he held her there firmly, saying something over her head. She never afterward remembered what he said, but his voice went on and on; and the world was shut away by the strength of his hands over her ears and the steady beat of his heart somewhere just under her face.

Then, mercifully, it was over. He took his hands down and put her away from him, not urgently, and on the deck the drum had ceased and there was another shuffling of feet as the crew went back to their duties.

Hazard said casually, as if nothing had happened, "My apologies for keeping you so long in such a dark dreary place." Then he was gone.

TIME DRAGGED on at an interminable pace. Mr. Buckley came to her door once and suggested that it might be more tolerable for her to wait in the officers' wardroom. Page accepted his invitation graciously.

Seated at the table with a dingy deck of cards left behind by one of the officers, she was toying with the grossly improper idea of asking Farley to join her in a game of piquet when she felt a subtle change in the silence and looked up to see Hazard at the door.

The cards she had so carefully built into a pile collapsed. "I found a young lad who promised to take a message to your father as soon as possible," Hazard told her.

She had no chance to thank him. Outside the wardroom someone called, "Joss, where the devil did you go?"

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and the next moment an officer stepped through the door, talking cheerfully to Mr. Buckley over his shoulder.

"I'm sure you have the best of intentions, my dear fellow, but I'll reserve my opinion until I've seen her. In my experience young ladies in need of being rescued are seldom beautiful, but on the contrary are far more likely to be squint-eyed and abominably disagreeable."

Page, blinking a little at his grandeur, saw a tall thin young man with bright blue eyes, carrying his cocked hat under his arm and wearing a blue coat with brilliant gold trim, thick silk cravat and breeches of a dazzling white.

Hazard looked amused and said, "Noel, you fool, stop chattering." He turned to Page and added, "I have known him a number of years and can vouch for his amiability, if not his tact. Miss Bradley, may I present Commander the Honorable Noel Stuart, of His Majesty's brig Falcon."

Stuart, catching sight of Page, was not in the least disconcerted. "This is the little American. It isn't possible. The most charming face I've seen since I left London." He gave Page an elegant bow, cocked hat over his heart, and when he straightened his bright blue eyes laughed into hers. "I beg your forgiveness, ma'am, and hasten to assure you that I am entirely at your service."

She could not help smiling back at him. Then Hazard said, "I think we may abandon any idea of arranging transportation from Hampton. Miss Bradley. No boats or carriages are available at the moment, and no accommodations where you might wait. Do you know anyone in Norfolk?"

She shook her head. There were Bradley relatives in every corner of Virginia, but at the moment she could think of no one, friend or kin, closer than her sister in Gloucester County. "But MacDougall will be with me," she said. "If you could only find a way to put us ashore, I'm sure we can manage the rest."

No one spoke for a moment. Then Hazard said quietly, "Unfortunately, it isn't that simple. MacDougall has been impressed. Miss Bradley, and is now a seaman in the service of His Majesty's Navy."

Page said, on a note of disbelief, "You must be jesting."

Mr. Buckley cleared his throat uncomfortably. "According to his orders, ma'am, Captain Kincaid is acting within his rights."

"He will be a seaman aboard the Falcon," Hazard reassured her.

"Then why not two passengers?" she asked. "I won't stay in Norfolk without MacDougall."

"I would be delighted," Stuart said promptly.

Hazard stood up. "Get her things, Farley." He gave Page a faint smile. "I would not have left you alone in Norfolk in any event," he said coolly, "but I wanted you to make the choice." When she said nothing, he added, "I have a number of faults, but the vice of abducting young ladies is not among them."

Farley, loaded with portmanteaus and bandboxes, gave her a reassuring smile.

Hazard, searching her face, said lightly, "The adventure is not yet ended. I'm afraid." Then he added, as he had done once before, "Keep a stout heart."

When they came up into the June sunlight, the first face she saw was MacDougall's. Whatever happened, she reflected soberly, there were worse fates than to be alive in a world where Lord Hazard walked beside her with his strong hand under her arm, and Farley followed close behind, and Duncan MacDougall still scowled severely at her for her sins.

The Falcon, with everything aloft unfurled and pulling, stood out to sea in the fading light. By the break in the quarterdeck Page Bradley and Duncan MacDougall were talking, their conversation carrying across to Hazard each time MacDougall's voice rose angrily.

Hazard had been watching them for some time, his face remote and eyes hidden behind their heavy lids; now MacDougall finally disappeared and Page Bradley walked slowly toward him, swinging her bonnet. The wind blew her hair across her face and she pushed it back absently as she glanced up at the sails.

"Was MacDougall very unpleasant?" Hazard asked.

"He gave me a thundering scold," Page said. "He thinks I should have remained in Norfolk, whatever happened to him. He is right, of course, but sometimes it is difficult to see how one is playing the fool until it is too late, and then one is obliged to go on doing one foolish thing after another."

"Did you tell him that I refused to put you ashore?"

After a moment she said, with a troubled honesty, "If I had insisted, wouldn't you have left me in Norfolk?"

"Emphatically not."

"Even if I had pleaded," she asked curiously, "and perhaps wept?"

"Was there the slightest chance that you might have done either?"

She was silent. Then she sighed and said, "No," and added, "so you see that I must share the blame."

"I see that you have very little trust in my ability to return you to Annapolis," Hazard said coolly, "or you would not be so concerned about MacDougall's opinions."

"I have enough to concern me," she said bleakly, "even without that. My lord, where are we bound?"

He said bluntly, "The Falcon is carrying dispatches to the governor of Bermuda."

She lifted her face to him, but he could not see it. She said nothing at all. A gust of wind whipped Page Bradley's muslin gown against her. Even in the darkness she looked small and slight, scarcely reaching to his shoulder, and somehow, in that wild world of wind and straining canvas and surging waves, touchingly forlorn.

"You had better go below," he said and took her arm.

She did not protest, seeming grateful for his assistance. When they paused at the door leading to the after cabin he looked down at her in the flickering light; but the blue eyes were slanted and lowered, and if her face was pale and her mouth uncertain, she managed to keep her voice steady.

"Goodnight," she said.

He did not move. "Don't be distressed," he said quietly. "I hope the journey will not be intolerable. I intend to see that you get swift passage back to Baltimore."

Her eyes lifted swiftly, but she said only, "Thank you," and turned away.

SKILLET DINNER

**1/2 lb. ground beef
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup fine, dry bread crumbs
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce**

**1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 cup MAZOLA Corn Oil
1 10-oz. can tomato soup
3/4 cup milk
1 1/2 cups cooked, mixed vegetables
1/2 teaspoon salt**

**COMBINE first nine ingredients.
SHAPE into 8 medium meat balls; roll in flour.
HEAT MAZOLA in skillet over medium heat, about 3 minutes.
ADD meat balls; fry 10-15 minutes or until browned.
ARRANGE meat balls around side of skillet.
COMBINE soup and milk; pour into centre of skillet.
PLACE vegetables over soup; add salt.
COVER and simmer 10 minutes longer or until hot.
YIELD: 4 servings.**

*1 package frozen mixed vegetables may be substituted; allow 35 minutes for cooking.

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gazing down at the bonnet in her hand so that he could see only the curve of her cheek and her bent head, showing the childish fragility of her shoulders.

He looked at her with an amused exasperation and said gently, "Sleep well, little one," and closed the door.

PAGE LAY on the cot in the small sleeping room, bulkheaded away from the after cabin, and stared above her, eyes wide open in the darkness. A sliver of light from the lantern in the after cabin moved across her face and the door swung restlessly back and forth. The cot was equally unquiet swinging up, hovering then soaring down again as the Falcon pressed on her way.

She had removed the muslin gown and, clad only in her thin shift, wrapped a blanket around her. The air had cooled excessively since sunset and the blanket was pleasantly warm. With resolution she fastened her eyes on the swinging oil lantern, visible through the open door, until it blurred and faded away into a soft impenetrable darkness.

She awoke with a sudden jolt and a slap of pain that brought tears to her eyes. For a dazed moment she did not remember where she was. First she felt the deck under her hands and face, then recognized the light from the lantern. But when she tried to sit up the cabin seemed tilted at such an impossible angle that she immediately tumbled against a bulkhead and banged her head again.

Exasperated, she finally managed to get to her feet; reaching for her gown, she wrapped the blanket tightly around her and began the difficult climb up the slanting deck.

The door was flung open, then slammed closed. Hazard stood there in dripping tarpaulin coat and sou'wester, his dark face running wet with rain.

"Don't be alarmed," he said swiftly. "I only came below to see if I might be of service to you."

The ship shuddered and lurched, and Page grabbed the table. Hazard grinned and said, "She has a devilish roll, hasn't she?"

"Yes," Page said faintly, beset by the problem of keeping her balance and, when she suddenly remembered that she was not dressed, clutching the blanket around her. With the next roll of the ship she staggered, lost her hold on both the blanket and the table, and went headlong across the cabin toward Hazard.

He caught her and held her steady. Then, as if the touch of her bare arms had only just brought the fact

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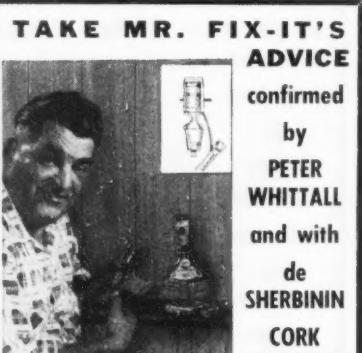
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of her disarray to his attention, he gave her a cursory glance and said, matter-of-factly. "You'll freeze with no more clothes than that. Stay where you are and don't leave go the table."

In a moment he was back, balancing easily to the pitch of the deck, carrying one of his coats over his arm. Tailored to fit across his big shoulders without a crease, it hung loosely on Page and dangled below her hands.

"You should try to sleep. It's a long time yet until dawn."

"I can't seem to stay in one place long enough to sleep."

"Well, you can't stand here the rest of the night," Hazard said reasonably.

He removed the sou'wester and tarpaulin coat and threw them across a chair. He wore no coat and his white shirt, undone at the neck, was sticking to him damply; he did not look like the impeccable viscount she had first seen in Annapolis, but he seemed far more approachable.

"Please don't feel obliged to stay with me. I'm not afraid to be alone."

Bracing one of the chairs against a bulkhead, he said. "Come here," and without waiting for her to obey, picked her up and sat down with her in his arms, propping his feet against the cushioned transom. "Unusual circumstances," he said, "call for unusual measures."

She was quite sure that she should protest, however unusual the circumstances. But she was not at all sure that he would respond in the accepted gentlemanly way. In any case, he would certainly recognize any protest for the lie it was; impropriety, however dangerous, did not at the moment seem as important to her as the comforting assurance of his presence.

"Take a deep breath and close your eyes. I promise I won't let you fall."

She obeyed him wordlessly. The voice of the gale enveloped the ship, but her face was against his shirt, warmed by the hard flesh beneath and the beat of his heart, and his arms held her so firmly that the panic gradually faded away and she was lulled into a drowsy indifference.

When she next opened her eyes the cabin was filled with a dull grey light.

"Good morning," Hazard said. Her eyes widened and she raised her head to meet his lazy smile.

"Have I been asleep?"

"For hours." His eyes were hooded by the heavy lids as he looked down at her and his face was unreadable, but he seemed so wide-awake that she did not believe he had closed his eyes at all. "As peacefully as a babe, too, which speaks well for your conscience."

"And you?" It was discomfiting to find herself in his arms in the cold light of day and she looked away. Then, refusing to bargain with embarrassment, she raised her eyes to his. "I hope you weren't too uncomfortable."

"Quite comfortable," he said, sounding amused, "but I fear my conscience isn't as innocent as yours."

He stood up, putting Page on her feet. The ship was still rolling, but the force of the gale seemed to have subsided somewhat with daylight, and Hazard, shrugging into the tarpaulin coat, said, "If Farley managed to survive the night, I'll send him along with breakfast," smiled at her and was gone.

At once the cabin was not a comforting refuge but an alien and unfamiliar place where she was a stranger among enemies, and suddenly so cold and lonely that her very bones ached with wretchedness.

Wrapping his lordship's exquisitely tailored coat around her, she sat in the chair he had vacated and stared out bleakly at the storm-lashed expanse of sea heaving past the stern windows.

THE DRAWING ROOM was cool and dim, smelling faintly of dampness and the strong flower scent, ordered frequently from London, that hung like a visible aura in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Charlotte Chudleigh.

Page Bradley sat in a stiff chair beside the tall windows, hands docilely in her lap, and listened with patient courtesy as Mrs. Chudleigh's sweet fluttery voice droned interminably.

"I would prefer to leave Bermuda and return to London but with this dreadful war, you know, and the delicate state of my nerves, I have been advised not to undertake the hazards of an ocean voyage."

Page, who might have told Mrs. Chudleigh a great deal about the hazards of ocean travel, nodded dutifully and said nothing.

"One can only trust that Bonaparte will soon be defeated, but how England can hope to be victorious when her ships wander about the Atlantic so far from France, is quite beyond my comprehension."

"England is also at war with America, Charlotte," Miss Eliza Wyndham said gently from the doorway.

"I seem to recall something about it," Mrs. Chudleigh said looking at her sister rather blankly, "although why England should desire another war is more than I can see."

Page regarded the two sisters with a grateful affection. Mrs. Chudleigh was small and wispy and faded. Miss Eliza, on the other hand, was a tranquil monochrome in grey and black, her dark eyes looking out at the world with a calm serenity. She had an uncomfortable way of seeing straight to the truth, but no one who had noticed how often her words were laced with dry humor could long stand in awe of her.

"Eliza, did you send word to Government House that we shall expect Lord Hazard at eight?"

"I did," said Miss Eliza, "and his lordship sent his deepest regrets that he had already accepted an engagement elsewhere."

"How tedious," Mrs. Chudleigh said, disappointed. "I make no doubt he is overwhelmed with invitations, but surely common civility would remind him that he came to dinner only once, and then took his leave so suddenly that I was left in the middle of a sentence."

Page, remembering that disastrous night, stared down at her hands and wished unhappily that Mrs. Chudleigh would talk of something else.

But she would not. "Titled bachelors," she said, "especially one so handsome and wealthy as Lord Hazard, are scarce as diamonds in Bermuda, and all the mamas with eligible daughters are fighting like dogs over a marrow bone."

"Don't worry your head over it," said Miss Eliza. "I'm sure he can take care of himself."

She went to the window and pulled back the heavy silk curtains. "You look a little pale today," she said to Page. "Would you like a walk in the garden?"

Page, who was beginning to feel stifled by the dim room with its heavy rosewood furniture and rows of dark portraits, went willingly with Miss Eliza.

It was the house, Page reflected, that had precipitated her foolish behavior the night Hazard came to dine. "I'm not surprised that he won't come again," she said. "I don't know what possessed me to behave so oddly."

"I'm sure that couldn't be his reason, love," Miss Eliza said gently.

Page was not so sure. He had been at his most charming, and looking so dark and elegant in his white Bermuda linen that Page was obliged to admire his gallantry. Not many London gentlemen, she was convinced, would exert themselves to please three people who mattered so little to them, and she had



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been so disarmed that she even admitted to herself how glad she was to see him again.

AFTER THE NIGHT of the storm Page had stayed close in her cabin.

When they reached Bermuda Hazard had taken her direct to Mrs. Chudleigh's, and whatever explanation he had made, it had apparently satisfied the two sisters. She had been treated as a long-awaited guest; no questions were asked and for almost two weeks she had been cosseted and spoiled, and made to rest in a huge canopied bed draped in mosquito netting.

"I thought I wanted to see him," Page said, picking a yellow rose. "He had been so kind to me, and I wanted to tell him how greatly I appreciated it."

"Of course, love," Miss Eliza said sympathetically.

But there had been that moment in the drawing room when suddenly, without warning, she had looked around her with the growing panic of feeling herself walking and talking in a nightmare. There was the English furniture, the row of English ancestors staring down from the walls, the engravings of London scenes, even a packet of London mail on the sideboard. And there were Mrs. Chudleigh and Miss Eliza and Hazard, two very British ladies and a British lord.

Page stared at them silently while the panic caught her by the throat.



Then, just as she thought she could not sit still another instant, Hazard turned unexpectedly. His eyes flickered to her face, then narrowed slightly; without saying a word, he took a single swift step toward her.

Page stood up and backed away. "Don't come near me," she whispered, then, looking at him despairingly, she flew across the room and wrenched open the door and fled up the stairs.

Even now, it embarrassed her to remember it.

"One would have thought all the Furies were pursuing me," she said ruefully to Miss Eliza.

"I expect they were, in a manner of speaking," said Miss Eliza. "I thought, perhaps, that you had suddenly remembered the war, and were amazed to find yourself sitting among your enemies."

Page nodded, looking out at the cool blue horizon above the sea.

The day was hot and fragrant and brilliant with color, and permeated with such peace that the grimmer realities of life seemed remote and distant. "You have been very kind to me," Page said quietly.

"Nonsense. You know we've been delighted to have you. And now, love, if you're feeling more the thing, the seamstress is waiting to finish fitting the last gown."

"But I don't need another gown." Page hesitated, wishing she could make it plain to Miss Eliza, at least, that she had only a few pennies in her reticule. She had tried to explain, only to have her protests waved aside by Mrs. Chudleigh. "My dear, one cannot go about in a wrinkled muslin forever, and some of the most enchanting pat-

terns have just arrived from London."

"I am already too much indebted to you and Mrs. Chudleigh."

Miss Eliza said thoughtfully, "Charlotte would disagree with me, I fancy, but I think I should tell you that you are in no way indebted to us. The bills are being sent to Lord Hazard, love, by his own request."

Page's eyes widened. "The bills for everything?"

"For everything except our great good fortune in having you with us."

Page took a deep breath. "Why didn't you tell me before? It can't be at all proper for him to do such a thing, and how will I ever repay him?"

"He assured us," Miss Eliza said calmly, "that he was responsible for all your misfortunes, as well as the loss of your luggage, and therefore felt obliged to take your affairs in hand."

"I had no luggage," Page said, "and he is not in the least obligated to me."

"Don't let it upset you, love. I feel sure his lordship would do nothing to place you in an awkward situation."

"Then you don't know him very well," Page said emphatically.

"I know that he charged us both to take every care of you, and to let him know from day to day precisely how you go on. The fresh fruit and eggs for your breakfast come each morning from Government House, and Charlotte has strict orders to see that you eat and sleep properly. He could not be more solicitous of you, love, were you his own sister."

"He is arrogant and highhanded," Page said, "and I am not his sister."

"No, but surely needful of his protection?"

Page's eyes slanted ominously. "He has taken an unfair advantage, and so I shall tell him."

"Do, love," said Miss Eliza cordially. "You are far braver than I. Do tell me, since you know him so well, does he look to be in a tolerable good humor?"

Page whirled around. He was coming toward them across the lawn with long easy strides, impeccably dressed and entirely at his ease. In one hand he carried, of all things, a beruffled parasol and a bonnet.

"Mrs. Chudleigh asked me to give them to you, along with a request that you will please not stand so long in the hot sun." His grey eyes, light and hard as stone, looked down at her gravely.

"Thank you," she said faintly.

"Come along," he said, "we're going for a drive in Mrs. Chudleigh's carriage." He took Page's arm and said to Miss Eliza, "I'll have her back in time for dinner."

Page searched her mind for a suitable courteous excuse. But when none occurred to her she said baldly, "No."

"Craven," he said, and his eyes laughed down at her. "Shall we take one of the maids to assure your safety?"

Page gave Miss Eliza a pleading look, but she received no aid. "I'm sure that won't be necessary. One can drive out with a gentleman in an open carriage with perfect propriety, even in Bermuda."

They were hand-in-glove, two of a kind. Hazard with his quirked eyebrow and Miss Eliza with her dark eyes glinting humorously.

"Go on," Miss Eliza said. "What was that about his lordship taking advantage of you? Do point out his faults, my dear, while you have the opportunity."

"She needs no encouragement, ma'am," Hazard said, "to find fault with an Englishman."

MRS. CHUDLEIGH'S currie was an old-fashioned one and the two greys

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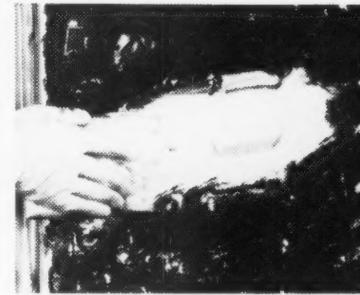
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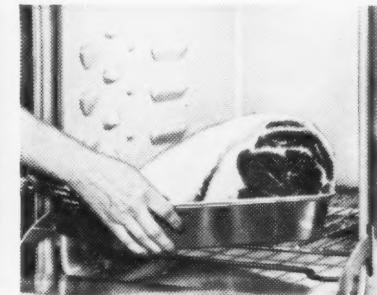
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between the shafts had seen better days. But as they drove down the narrow rutted road winding between stands of tall cedars, Page drew a deep breath. "Such a lovely day," she said, "and such a lovely island."

"Now say you're sorry you were so rude," Hazard said, "and I was right to insist on bringing you out."

"I'm sorry, and you are always tiresomely right."

"Thank you," he said gravely. "May I consider that we have made a fresh start? Unfortunately, I can do nothing about my nationality, but we might avoid one irritating reminder if you would call me Joss instead of 'my lord.'"

They passed under a tall tree with oddly shaped yellow fruit, and Page studied it with deep interest.

"A papaw tree," Hazard said politely. "As for the rest, I shall endeavor to be a model of humility and modesty for the length of our drive."

"Don't be absurd," Page said.

"Well, I admit it sounds rather boring," Hazard said, "but after our last meeting I resolved to take the greatest care not to frighten you into running away again."

The papaw tree gave way to cedars, then to a brief view of the sea, very blue and cool beneath a sun-filled sky.

"It wasn't that," Page said at last. "I wasn't afraid of you."

"I know," he said quietly. "A truce, then?"

She hesitated. "Not until we've discussed a matter of importance."

"I am at your service."

"It isn't proper for you to pay my bills. And however it is done elsewhere, in America a gentleman does not provide clothes for a lady at his expense."

"Nor in London, little one."

"I cannot repay you now," she said, a little awkwardly, "but you must keep a strict accounting for my father."

"Must I? I have long since acquired the habit of discharging my own obligations."

Page lifted her chin. "I don't want to be anyone's obligation."

He turned the currie along a narrow sandy lane, overgrown with foliage and shaded by tall cedars, that led down toward the sea.

"But in England I am the head of my house," he said lightly, "and used to responsibility for my family."

"I might remind you that the head of my house is Samuel Bradley."

"Who is not here," Hazard said promptly, "and therefore I stand to you in his stead."

"I can't imagine anyone thinking you in the least fatherly."

He laughed. "That is the only kind thing you've said to me today."

The currie stopped at the end of the lane and they walked down the hill to the beach, a curving half-moon of white and pale pink sand.

Entranced, Page drew a deep breath of the sweet salty air and held her face up to the sun.

"For this," she said, "I forgive you all your faults."

"A clever piece of strategy on my part," he said, smiling at her. "I know you better than you think."

HE SPREAD his coat on the sand for her to sit on, and stretched out full length beside her, hands behind his head. The silence lengthened, an easy companionable silence broken only by the sound of birds in the cedars and the lazy froth of surf.

"Has it been difficult for you," Hazard asked suddenly, "staying at Mrs. Chudleigh's?"

"Oh, no," Page said quickly. "They've been kind to me, and I shall miss them when I go." Then she

added, hesitantly, "But my conscience pains me, all the same. It is hard to think of them as enemies."

"Doubtless because they aren't," Hazard said. "Nor am I," he added deliberately, "despite Mr. Madison and the King's ministers and all the patriots in America."

"You cannot dismiss a war so lightly," Page said.

"I can do what I please with it," he said carelessly, "and so can you." He rolled over on one elbow, his eyes searching her face. "Your heart and mind are your own, Page."

"But they should be loyal," she said, "to my own country and my own people."

"No one has asked you to be disloyal," he said coolly. After a moment he added, almost absently, "A declaration of war may be binding upon the men sworn to uphold it, but it cannot force them to hatred."

Page caught up a handful of silky sand and trickled it through her fingers. "How did it all begin?" she asked wearily.

It was a foolish and naïve question, perhaps, but she had noticed that however provocative and surprising his answers, he never turned a question aside or laughed at one's ignorance.

Nor did he now. "Like all wars," he said, "with stupidity and misunderstanding. Not to mention an ingenious gentleman named Bonaparte, who is a past master at playing both ends against the middle."

"Papa dislikes the British," Page said, "but he thinks only a fool would trust a Frenchman."

"Such ingratitude. Papa should know that the French had a great deal to do with the victory of the American rebellion."

"But only to spite the British."

"Well, there you have it. Given enough time, history usually repeats itself."

She considered it gravely. "But a Bonaparte is not precisely the same as a Lafayette."

"Granted. And if England had been capable of Bonaparte's duplicity, Mr. Madison would still be debating with

Congress whether France or England was the villain, and you would be safely at home, sighing at the bore-dom of July in Annapolis."

Inexplicably, she felt as if a heavy burden had slipped from her shoulders. She wished that she could have spoken to him sooner, if only to ease the confusion inside her, but perhaps it was just as well; she had needed to be alone with it, to worry it and turn it over in her mind until she had worn away some of the aching numbness that had settled in her bones during the voyage on the Falcon.

The thought suddenly occurred to her that he knew very well how she felt and that was why he had stayed away from Mrs. Chudleigh's for so long; he was as bad as Miss Eliza for seeing straight into one's mind.

Suddenly the wind tasted wet on her face. "It's about to rain," Hazard said, pulling her to her feet. "You'll get a wetting, I'm afraid, and I'll get a rare scolding from Mrs. Chudleigh."

He put his linen coat around her and they ran for the currie, but before they had turned into the main road the rain began to patter on the sand in wet circles. In a matter of minutes it had become a hard downpour. Page was soon soaked through to the skin.

WHEN THEY TURNED into Mrs. Chudleigh's gates and swept up to the drive, a groom ran out to the horses. They ran for the shelter of the doorway and stood there, dripping pools of water; Page, when she had caught her breath, could not stop laughing.

"I trust you enjoyed your afternoon drive, ma'am," Hazard said, "and that you won't suffer any ill effects from the sun."

"Nothing ever goes the way it should when I'm with you," she said unsteadily. "I don't know what it is about you, but you turn the most ordinary things into something extraordinary."

There was, in truth, much that was extraordinary about him even at the most conventional moments. Now, his face running with rain and very dark



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against the white shirt plastered wetly to his wide shoulders, hands on his hips as he laughed down at her, he had an undeniably rakish air. Against Mrs. Chudleigh's prim door he looked a pirate who needed only a knife at his belt and a dangling gold earring; with a backdrop of angels and seraphim he would be a black Lucifer, shamelessly pleased by his fall from grace. Only the quality of evil was lacking, but she had to admit that it might easily be hidden behind the narrowed gaze and the infuriating habit he had of keeping his face as guarded as an Indian's.

Then he said, "You'd better dry off at once and change your clothes," and she had to laugh at her foolish fancies. She started to give him his sodden coat, but when she glanced down at her muslin gown, clinging so wetly to her body that she might have been wearing nothing at all, she held the coat tightly around her with a startled embarrassment.

But he paid no more attention to her disreputable condition than he had the night he helped her in the cabin of the Falcon. "Before you go in," he said, "I have a piece of cheerful news for you."

She waited, thinking that he did not look very cheerful.

"You will be leaving for America within the week. The ship has a Yankee captain, sailing under a British license to trade between the West Indies and Portugal. Whatever his political convictions, however, I am advised that his ship is sound and his seamanship admirable. It should be a safe voyage, and not unduly long."

After a moment she said, "And you?"

"I've received new orders," he said, almost curtly, "else I would go with you, but you will have MacDougall to protect you."

She nodded. There was nothing to say, except to thank him, but somehow she could find no words for that, either. She felt very queer and hoped he wouldn't notice; but his eyes were on her face, searching out the words she didn't say, seeing everything, missing nothing.

"I'll see you again before you sail," he said. "Thank you for a pleasant afternoon."

He had pleaded another dinner engagement, Page remembered, and now he must be in a hurry to get back to Government House to change; she'd warrant he was dining with some fashionable Bermuda mama and her fashionable ladylike daughter. With a swift illogical anger she wished him joy of his evening, but as for herself she could think of nothing so dull and tiresome.

"Good-by," she said distantly.

He looked down at her face silently for a moment. Then, to her surprise, he put his hand under her chin and lifted it. "I am dining with the governor," he said easily, "and it would be most impolitic to be tardy."

For a brief moment his eyes rested on her mouth. Then he smiled faintly and turned away, and she watched, bemused, as he cantered down the drive in the drenching rain and turned out of sight beyond the gates.

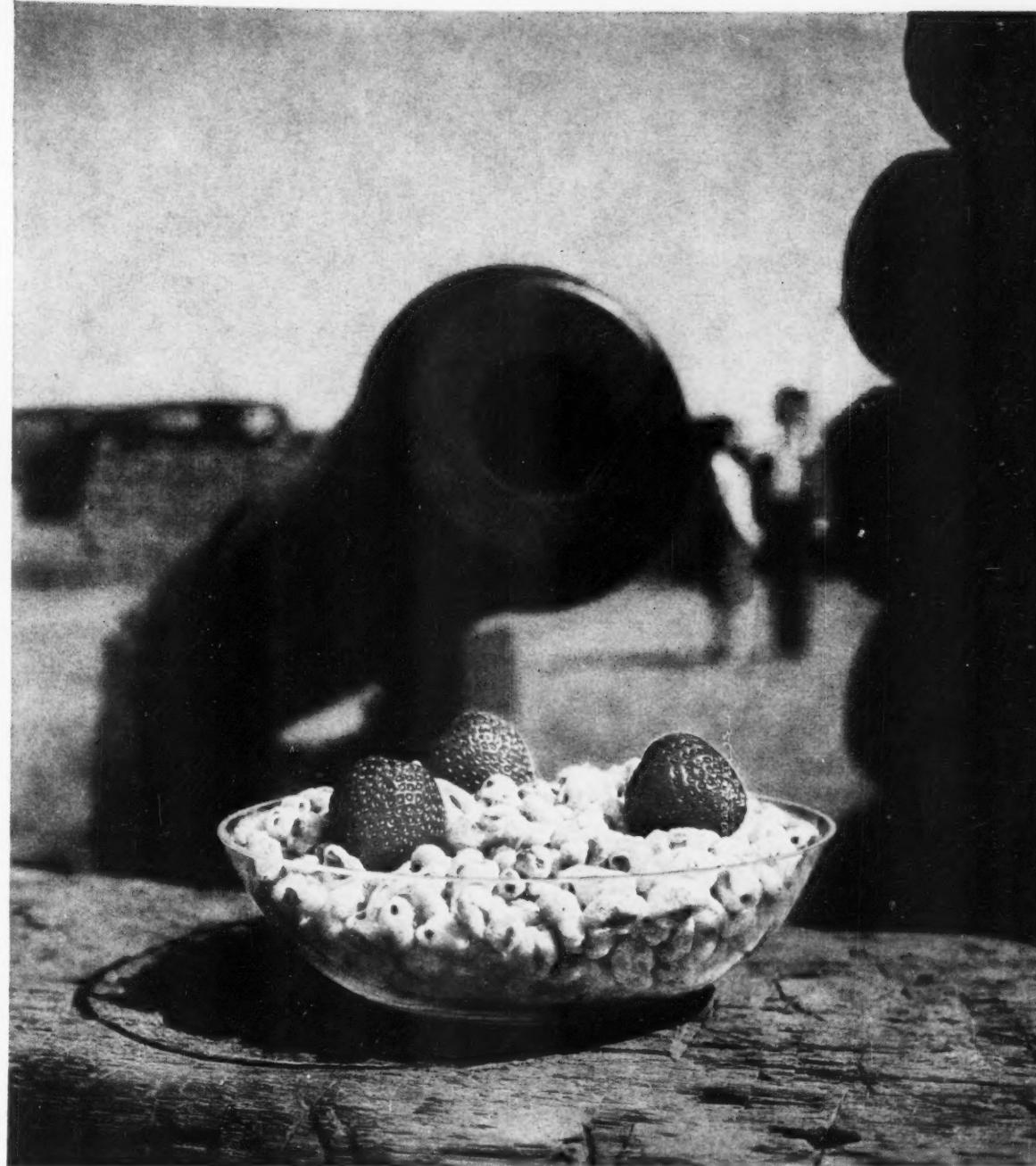
The door opened behind her. "You look pale, love," said Miss Eliza. "Were you frightened by the storm?"

Page looked at her for a moment without speaking.

"I am going home to Annapolis," she said then, a little blankly, "and Lord Hazard is sailing for London."

In the face of her silence Page walked slowly up the stairs, holding a sodden bonnet and a bedraggled parasol that dripped an uneven trail behind her.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE



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YOUR CHILD HEALTH



FLUORIDATION is the boon we need

Large numbers of Brantford, Ont., children of twelve to fourteen, examined after they had been drinking city-fluoridated water for ten years, had only half the number of dental cavities than an earlier examination had revealed among a prefluoridation test group of the same ages. This latest survey, begun in 1945, is only one of several similar long-range studies that prove conclusively the complete safety and the value of fluorides (compounds containing fluorine) as a dental health measure.

More than twenty years ago dental-research specialist Dr. H. T. Dean

examined the teeth of children in five United States cities where the water supply had a natural fluorine content of about one part fluorine to one million parts water. Twenty-two percent of the children had perfect teeth. The other seventy-eight percent averaged only three cavities each. In addition, other surveys showed that adults who had always used similar naturally fluoridated water had only half as many decayed teeth as those using water that lacked fluorine. None of the many surveys made has shown any evidence of harm due to fluorides among the millions of people who for many years have been drinking water containing from seven tenths to two parts per million of fluorine. When more fluorine was present in the water unattractive mottling appeared on the tooth enamel. With about one part fluorine per mil-

lion of water this does not occur.

More than one million Canadians are now using mechanically fluoridated water. The fluoride is added to the municipal water supply on the standard basis of one part fluorine to one million parts water. The machine used at Brantford, where the first Canadian tests were made, cost only five hundred dollars. The city's fifty-five thousand people are supplied with fluoridated water at an annual cost of only ten to fifteen cents a person. Incidentally, the addition of fluorine does not change the taste or appearance of the water in any way.

The greatest benefit from fluoridated water is received if a child drinks the water before his teeth appear. Although the baby teeth begin to form their outer enamel coating about four months before birth, very little of the fluorine the mother receives can reach the unborn child. As

By ELIZABETH
CHANT
ROBERTSON, MD

Canadian specialist
in child-health
research,
in co-operation with
Dr. Gordon
Nikiforuk, professor
of preventive
dentistry, University
of Toronto



small children drink little water, the rate of decay of baby or deciduous teeth is only reduced by thirty-five percent, instead of by sixty-five percent as in the second teeth, when the water they drink is fluoridated. But even though the saving of first teeth is less than that of second teeth it is important when you remember that it means preventing one cavity in three.

If the necessary minute amounts of fluorine are provided when a child's second teeth are forming — from shortly after birth through to twelve — the developing enamel becomes harder and so the decay in permanent teeth is reduced by about two thirds on the average.

Even though Canadians now spend about a hundred million dollars a year on dental care (or five dollars and seventy cents each for every man, woman and child in Canada), less than half the dental work that should be done, is being done. The present shortage of dentists is becoming more acute. If the rate of children's dental decay were cut in half by the introduction of fluoridated water, the dentists might have a chance of keeping up with the need, and families could expect to spend half what they now spend on the repairing of children's teeth.

Three possible ways

Despite the safety and the tremendous advantages of mechanically fluoridated water, and despite the fact that it is recommended by all of the official dental and medical organizations in Canada and the United States, and by the World Health Organization of the United Nations, only about one in seventeen Canadians has the advantage of fluoridation and it may be a long time before all municipal water supplies are fluoridated. What can we do now to benefit from our knowledge of fluorides?

Home fluoridation of water: If you plan to add fluoride to water at home you should first find out how much fluorine is present in the water you are using. If you are using municipal water, this probably has been determined already. Your local or provincial department of health or water works authorities should therefore be consulted. If you have a private well, you can have its fluorine content measured. (This service is provided free, or at a nominal cost, through provincial government laboratories.) Then your doctor or dentist may

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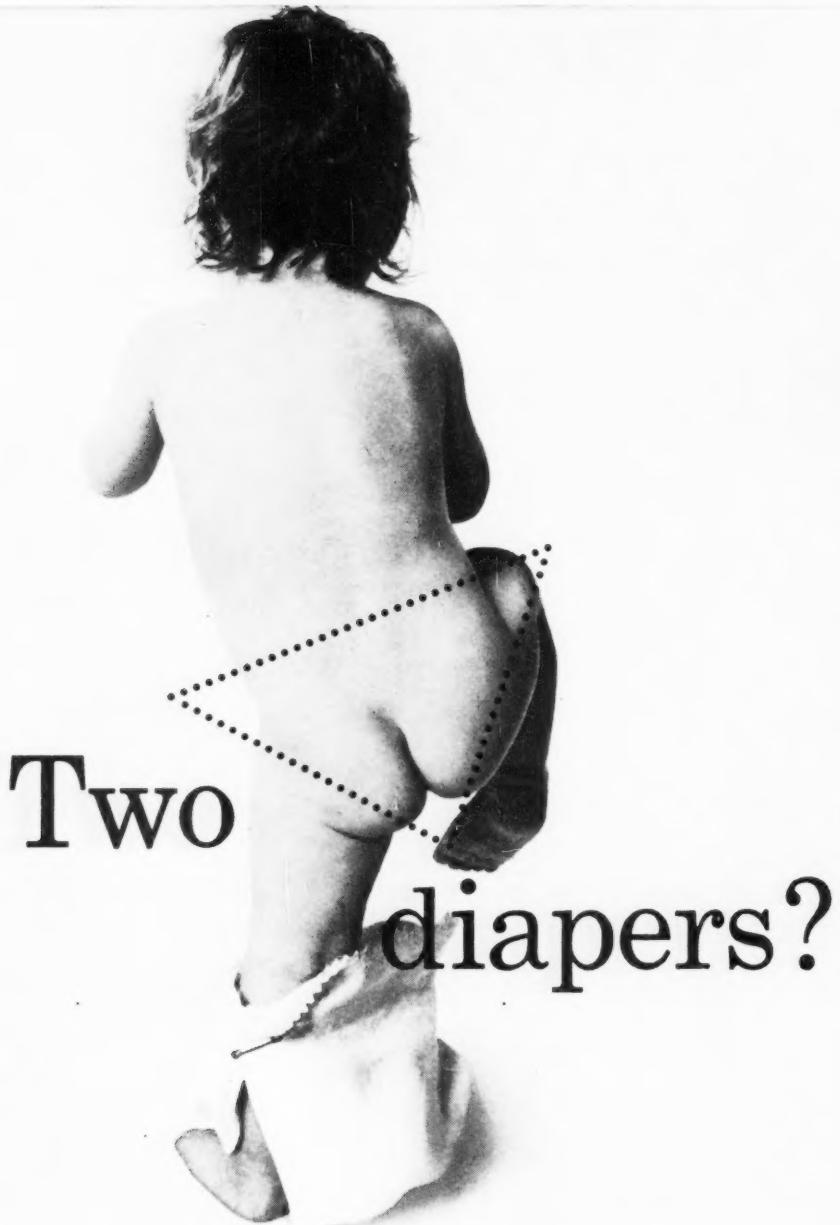
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Wet diapers, you know, cause diaper rash and other infections . . . if baby's skin is not protected. That's why Mennen created "powder diaper." This soft Baby Powder forms an antiseptic "powder diaper" that repels moisture and bacteria . . . stops diaper rash, odor. Ask your doctor about this new non-caking Baby Powder in the blue, pink, yellow cans. 45¢, 75¢.

You'll also like: **Baby Oil With Lanolin**—cleans, soothes. Leaves Baby's skin so soft, so very sweet. **Baby Magic**—a very special lotion inspired by nature's own protection, prevents diaper rash.

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Please send me your samples of **Mennen Baby Magic** and **Mennen Baby Powder**. (35¢ enclosed.)

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY/TOWN PROV.

give you a prescription either for a fluoride solution or for fluoride tablets and tell you how much you should add to your child's water each day. The amount needed varies with the amount of fluorine your water already contains. If it contains seven tenths of one part per million parts of water, or, as the laboratory report would express this, 0.7 p.p.m. or more, you are in luck. You don't need to add more. Fluoridating your own water is quite a lot of trouble, and it costs from four to ten dollars per child per year, compared with the ten to fifteen cents mechanically fluoridated municipal water costs, and from which *all* the youngsters, and eventually the adults, too, benefit.

Tooth decay can be cured

The application of stannous fluoride to the teeth: This method has been thoroughly tested but can only be carried out by a dentist or by a well-trained dental assistant. It should be started when the child is between two and a half and three years old and it needs to be repeated at least once a year. If the child is especially susceptible to tooth decay, twice a year may be necessary. Before the stannous fluoride is applied, the teeth need to be repaired, cleaned, dried and kept dry. Even though no fillings are needed, the total procedure takes the dentist about half an hour and the usual charge is from eight to ten dollars per treatment. By itself, the treatment will cut down tooth decay between thirty and forty percent, which is still not as effective as mechanically fluoridated city water.

Toothpaste containing stannous fluoride: This new type of toothpaste, which is more expensive than the regular types, will by itself cut tooth decay about twenty percent. It is the first dentifrice that the American Dental Association has passed as having real value in curbing tooth decay. It is most effective when used three times a day right after meals. It is especially effective when combined with the stannous-fluoride treatment of the teeth, because it helps to maintain the proper amount of fluoride in the outer layer of the teeth. Sold at present in southern Ontario, it should be available nationally within a year or two.

Other essential tooth care: Even with fluoridation, never neglect regular tooth brushing after meals and regular visits to the dentist from the age of three years on.

END

YOUR CHILD BEHAVIOR



Is your child learning BAD HABITS?

• What habits are bad and why? How bad are bad habits? We are apt to fall into the error of taking it for granted that a certain habit is harmful, merely because everyone says it is, not because it has been seriously examined and found to be bad. But there are good habits, too, habits that control our lives for good rather than for evil; habits that become part of our very lives and make our lives livable to ourselves and tolerable to others.

Let us first look at good habits. Which habits are good, and why? In general, one may say that those habits are good that lead the child into what Professor Leo Kanner, of Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, calls "domestic socialization." In other words, habits that help the child to pass easily through those periods of transition that lead to normal adulthood, to good personal adjustments and to a useful life.

The good habits, therefore, are those that lead to independence; the bad habits are those that continue dependency and prolong the period of infancy beyond its normal term.

The child weaned from the bottle before or by the time that he is a year old will have advanced a large step toward independence. A bad habit, therefore, is continued sucking when a child is old enough to chew. Sucking means infancy and dependency. I have never favored "a little of each" — for

example, continuing the bedtime bottle after other bottles are given up.

Especially I do not favor, in the older child, sucking as a form of soothng, for such a child will seek oral satisfactions for all his difficulties. Such a child could well become the one who eats himself into obesity.

Children are regal tyrants who think that all your attentions and ministrations are their divine right forever. Unless you gently rebel, a child will lie limp and let you dress and undress him so long as you will show a willingness to do so. Dressing and undressing himself is therefore a good habit, and the training for it can be begun and encouraged from the moment that the eager and inquisitive child begins to manifest an interest in doing things for himself. Your child can be taught at, say, fifteen months to pull a shirt over his head, so by all means let him. Don't be annoyed if he gets it on back to front; rather, be

By ALTON
GOLDBLOOM, MD

well-known
Canadian
child specialist



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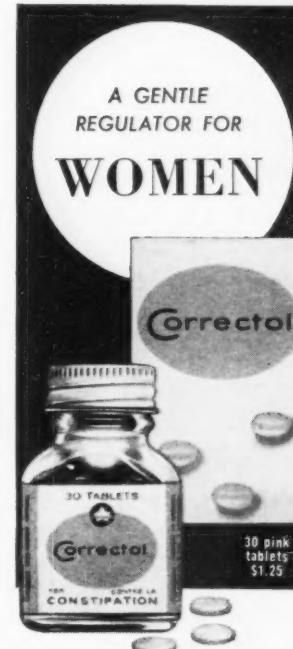
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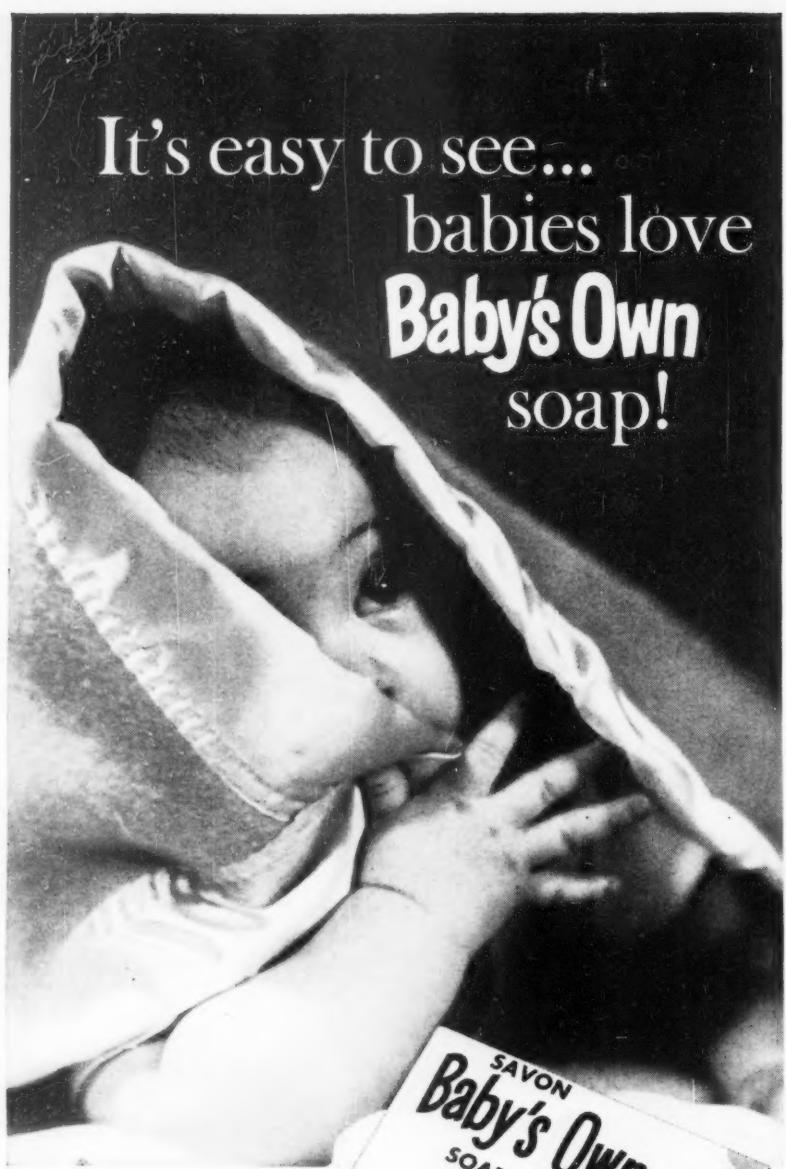
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Baby gentle!
Baby sweet!
That's Baby's Own soap!

BABY'S OWN SOAP is the soap for baby's soft, delicate skin. It *soothes* as it *cleans*, because it is made with skin-softening Lanolin for extra gentleness. BABY'S OWN SOAP is *full-boiled*, with all the harshness and impurities boiled out to assure *full protection* for your baby's sensitive skin. This extra precaution means extra purity and extra gentleness for your baby's tender skin. And BABY'S OWN SOAP has a clean, fresh scent that really lasts.

Baby's Own Powder
Keeps baby sweet from change to change. Protects tender skin against irritation while it helps prevent ammonia diaper rash.



Baby's Own Oil
Protects against burning irritation of continuous wetting. Helps heal diaper rash.

"If we concern ourselves with helping a child develop good habits, the good will crowd the bad habits out"

happy that he has progressed so far.

As soon as he is old enough to understand, make a big to-do over his minor accomplishments. He will become eager to demonstrate his ability in that direction, soon he will push you away whenever you try to help.

So too, with eating. Regular eating is a social habit. The habit of eating three meals a day is rapidly and unconsciously established in us, and therefore in our children, in our North American culture. This rarely presents any problem. What may become a problem is delaying a child in learning to feed himself.

Often the mother's passion for tidiness may prompt her to spoon-feed her child, lest a bit drop on the floor or lest he smear the nice gooey cereal into his hair. A tolerant sense of humor—nay more, a joy in the child's progressive accomplishments — will go far to dispel any chagrin over the cereal in the hair, the cereal bowl gleefully used as a hat, the remnants of the contents dripping slowly over his smiling face. Yet with all this, a good habit is being formed. When the child will become more and more eager to feed himself, he will pettishly turn his head away when you offer a spoon, will eagerly grasp it when you place it in his hand and will delight in his clumsy, sloppy and only partly successful efforts at feeding himself. The mother who has such a child should be proud of him.

What is the worst habit?

By contrast, the accepting dependent child will for years be a source of anxiety to the mother and to all about him. Watch the behavior of such a child; his timidity, his total lack of self-reliance and, later in life, his inability to make decisions. The child who sits passively in his chair and waits like a three-month-old for the spoon to approach his mouth has been aided and abetted in developing one of the worst of all social habits — the habits of dependency.

Indeed, this is worse than all the other bad habits combined; worse than thumb-sucking or hair-pulling or body-rocking and all the other host of behavior habits with which the mother comes complaining to the doctor.

There is no need to enumerate and to deal separately with all the other

so-called bad habits about which parents complain. Each or any or all of them represent a basic fault in the child's adjustment to his surroundings and the habit is no more than a symptom of that want of adjustment. Sucking of all kinds, at all ages beyond the teething stage, represents, among other things, the child's need for finding satisfaction within himself rather than in his surroundings. The much-maligned and much-despised pacifier has, of late, assumed an honorable place in the minds of Freudian psychiatrists and pediatricians.

I do not feel competent to discuss the needs of an infant for constant sucking. Yet, I should imagine that however pleasurable the sensation, its constancy must cloy even the most avid sucker. All pleasures are enhanced by intermissions; so with sucking in an infant. Grant the need for sucking, if you will, but why suck at nothing? Why a "dummy" as it used to be called when I was a boy? I know two things about pacifiers: one is that they tend to prolong the sucking habit well beyond the relative age when sucking is abandoned by all other nursing animals; and second, they not only fill his stomach with air, but also displace his teeth so that later they must be straightened at great expense. I have gotten on very nicely for the past forty years without them and I am looking forward to another forty years of doing without this Freudian adjustment to fulfillment!

If we concern ourselves with helping a child develop good habits there will be little need to worry about bad habits — the good ones will crowd them out. The child who develops habits of happy social relationships, self-reliance, tolerance, reading, learning, taking an interest in an ever-expanding world outside himself, will become the well-adjusted adult who makes his own kind of worthwhile contribution to the world.

You may think that this idealistic picture of an adult seems farfetched in relation to our discussion of spoon-feeding babies, and that it is a lot of new-fangled mumbo-jumbo. Far from it. It is our century's practical application of a rule of human behavior that is neatly summed up in a very old saying: Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

END

"LET'S ABOLISH WOMEN'S CLUBS!"
Continued from page 35

in labor unions and the arts, the professions, the sports — have grown fat of head and fat of body, unworthy of the challenges that confront our nation. You women with your natural superiority of both body and intellect should now step in, spiked heels and all.

And the way to begin is to break up the women's clubs, those symbols of second-class citizenship into which you have permitted yourselves to be segregated for too long.

Canadian women, so underrepresented in business and politics, must be the most overrepresented in the world in the clubs.

In our nation's capital alone there are so many women's clubs that it is hopeless to try to tabulate them. One list, quite incomplete, goes as high as three hundred and fifty. It is in these pastures that the women of Ottawa graze while the men of Ottawa try to run not only the city but the country. This is a ridiculous situation.

For too long now, women have permitted themselves to believe that in burying themselves in the world of committees and meetings and good works that they are doing all they can, or should, to make this a better country in which to live.

Some even underline the secondary position they accept in society by belonging to things called "women's auxiliaries."

You should sweep away the whole kit and caboodle. Instead of thinking of yourselves as auxiliaries, you should think of yourselves as people, and throw yourselves into whatever projects appeal to you, in whatever field. This would place you in competition or co-operation with men, whose claims to superiority in every field except childbearing have now been exposed as fakery.

I predict that many new and exciting things would begin to happen. The good works could perhaps be turned over on a lend-lease basis to some of the men's clubs, quite a few of which seem to be getting a bit frantic for want of things to do, and are turning to bingo and other desperation measures. As the men's clubs expanded to fill the gap, the women could perhaps gradually take over the business of running the country.

If evidence is needed to support my contention, consider a current

Newcomers in Saucy Sleepwear!



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...with charm of checks and pastel pertness... with flirt of pretty pleats in frill and yoke... with crisp, cool look of cotton and its non-cling comfort...

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situation in Ottawa, which finds itself, for the first time in years, without an orchestra.

Orchestras are expensive, and the Ottawa Philharmonic was especially so with its aspirations to national status. The women's committee of the Philharmonic undertook the difficult task of raising the money, and chose to leave the business of administering and running the orchestra to men.

The women made a brilliant success of their side of the bargain, and brought the money rolling in from a variety of bold and highly imaginative fund-raising projects. Their Springtime Party, in addition to raising oodles of cash, provided Ottawans with more fun than they have had since Charlotte Whitton ordered the city council into robes and floated them down the Rideau Canal.

But the men made a botch of their task. In their ponderous, ever-so-sensible way, they negotiated themselves into a position where it became impossible for the orchestra to function. Using the great weight of their experience in these matters, tycoons representing management sat down with hard-bitten representatives of the American Federation of Musicians to haggle about pay, working hours and the number of musicians the orchestra should have.

There was merit in both points of view, but what was lacking was inspiration of the sort displayed by the women in their fund-raising activities. Result: the haggle goes on—there is sound and fury, but no music. The women denied an outlet for their energies, are now contemplating what they can do to jazz up the Centennial celebrations in 1967.

"Girl babies are smarter"

Had the women handled the whole job, I'm sure, we might have had some of the marvelous chaos that surrounds the Springtime Party, but we would have had music, too.

And the same would be true in many other fields, to the general good.

Consider the evidence: as every parent of a female child knows, Canadian girl babies are born smarter than Canadian boy babies. They get even smarter much sooner, as any father can testify. And they stay much smarter even longer, as any husband will admit. It follows that the smartest people in this country are women.

True, Canadian men have some endearing qualities that make them pleasant companions on things like fishing trips (almost always stag),

Canadian men get along better together than Canadian women do, and this single fact may explain their past and continuing lordship over women in most fields of endeavor.

As often as not, men are inclined to like one another, and to forgive one another's many frailties in the interest of comradeship. Sheep display similar instincts. Women, on the other hand, are inclined to loathe one another, and to tear one another apart both in public and in private, especially if one of their number happens to achieve prominence in any field.

Perhaps, it has been suggested, the Almighty in His wisdom planned it that way, to save men from a position of permanent subjection.

But men tend to be pluggers—of limited wit, limited energy, limited

lution in Canadian thinking and, in the process, double the human resources of this country, if they would just put their minds to it.

The energy of her women is Canada's greatest unused national asset—greater than our hidden stores of metals, greater than hydro power, greater than any of the things for which we must find export markets. It can supply the missing ingredient in our national life—verve.

Women are better gamblers

Our women can start by refusing to accept mediocrity in any field of everyday living or thinking. They can do it by goading the men who run things, as American women do, or they can do it by direct participation, posing the threat that if our men don't revise their standards upward, somebody else will take over the job.

I think we are going to see this happen in business, working from the top down. The lists of shareholders are coming to be dominated by women. This is due to the quaint custom women have developed by living longer than men, thereby inheriting such treasure as the poor things may have accumulated in their relatively short span.

Take these holdings, ladies, and do something exciting with them as soon as they fall into your hands.

Women are better and more willing gamblers than men—their craving for excitement is greater, their imaginations are more active. It must be said that they also cheat better. If all the women of wealth in this country suddenly decided to reject male advice and follow their own inclinations about what they should do with their money, the effect would be electrifying. More money would be dug out of more socks than is dreamed of in Bay Street or St. James. The risk capital, the long-range adventure capital for which our country has to look to the United States or Europe because our own men won't ante up, would suddenly become available from within our own resources. Caution would cease to be our national slogan.

The basic doctrines on which most Canadian men run their affairs are the doctrines that hobble our actions as a nation, that hobble our thinking, that win for us the international label of likable but dull.

These are the things that must be swept away if we are to keep the custody of the second-largest piece of real estate on earth—and the hands to wield the broom are those of our women, who could bring about a revo-

USE EASTER SEALS



HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN

horizons, limited ambitions, shunning what is new, content with good, solid mediocrity.

Canadian women aren't like this at all—not instinctively, anyway. Given the slightest chance, they sparkle. They not only have the intuition that is the special gift of their species, they have intellect as well.

The women of this country are closer to the realities of the great international and domestic issues that confront us than are the men, who tend to abandon their minds to the day-to-day business of making a living, of defending the little area of business or professional activity that they have roped off for themselves.

The basic doctrines on which most Canadian men run their affairs are the doctrines that hobble our actions as a nation, that hobble our thinking, that win for us the international label of likable but dull.

The same sort of thing could happen in politics, only on a larger scale. And the way to do it is not for women to rattle around the outskirts of public life, demanding their share of seats on library boards and parking committees. Women must invade the field of active politics with the idea of winning office. It's not that women have tried this, and failed. It's that so few

women have tried. Are we seriously to suppose that Ellen Fairclough is the only Canadian woman qualified for cabinet service?

We would have better government in every way if our parliament contained fifty, or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty or two hundred women, if they can make it, using the brains God gave them to guide this country as it should be guided. Women talk more and argue better than men. They should dominate the profession of the law, as well as politics.

They served our nation well in the pioneer days. Today, where are they being used? Where are the female surgeons and scientists? Where are the women in the field of obstetrics and pediatrics, where men labor long and hard and with great difficulty to acquire knowledge much of which is known instinctively to many women?

Women live in the nation's houses—nobody knows better than a woman what her house should be like. But where are the women among our architects, those men now engaged in filling our landscapes with some of the most unimaginative buildings in the world?

A sort of booby prize

Women buy and in many cases drive our cars—they should be designing them. They work in factories—they should be designing them, too (it has already been pointed out that they are in process of owning them).

They are good at sizing things up—they should be writing the columns and making the television broadcasts.

All these things are being accomplished by women in other lands, to a greater degree than here in Canada. Our women had a head start in emancipation, but haven't taken advantage of it. For all the talk about equality, it remains true that the "acceptable" fields for women in this country are teaching, the libraries, social-service

work and typing. Women pop up in other fields, but it's still a news item when they do, just as it was at the turn of the century.

I have seen women lead the United Nations delegations of Israel, India and now Sweden—while Canada sends the occasional woman to the UN in a minor capacity, as a sort of booby prize.

Because women weigh less than men, are physically more durable, we have the intriguing possibility that the first human being into space may be not one of the strapping American men now being groomed so publicly for the task, but a slight Russian woman. Now, I do not urge that Canadian women rush out and start getting themselves fitted for space capsules. Nor do I deny that their present work in office and in home is long, arduous, and tedious, and frequently without reward. But I still ask them to provide the missing ingredients in our society.

I ask them to spread impatience with mediocrity into every department of our lives;

To ask why, when they see a construction project dragging on into infinity for no apparent reason:

To let their criticisms be heard if they think our standards in the serious or the antic arts too low.

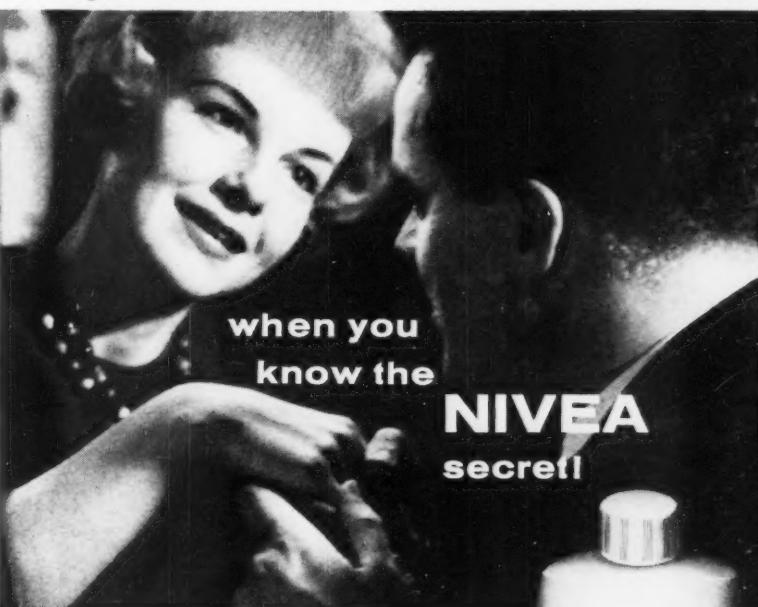
To be critical of shoddy workmanship, shoddy goods, shoddy advertising and shoddy administration wherever they are to be found.

To refuse to be impressed by some of our athletic heroes, who by world standards of achievement are a miserable lot, incapable of training themselves into performances that do credit to Canada abroad.

It is in this cause that I move suspension of the women's clubs, and invite all of you to start things jumping in this country, using your God-given talents, not only to stamp out stag parties, but to influence and enrich the events of our time. END

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE — Paul Rockett (cover, 47, 49, 51), Ray Webber (1, 125), Eamon Kennedy (2), Bergen Evening Record (2), Doug Boult (3), Turofsky (3), Matthews Photo Lab (4), Jim Griffin (6), N. C. Hutchinson (6, 136), Joan Chalmers (8), Universal International (8), Nana Orban (11), Gilbert A. Milne (11), Miller Services (12, 146, 149), RCAF (12), Cathie Breslin (38, 40, 58, 63), Dennis Colwell (46, 48, 50, 104, 124), Peter Croydon (52, 53, 115), Dave Portigal (55), Denny Ransom (55, 83), George Fenyon (55), Jack Long (55, 84), Robert Benyas (55), John Sebert (56, 84), Alex Dellow (76, 90), Joe Michaud (82), Horst Ehricht (146), W. F. McGuinness (149). **ARTWORK**—Walter Steffoff (25, 26, 28), Eugenie Groh (32), Jerry Sevier (36, 37), Tom Bjarnason (42, 43), Fred Oakley (44, 45), Phil Keller (68, 70), Robert Turnbull (80), John Thorne (154).

Busy hands can be beautiful hands...



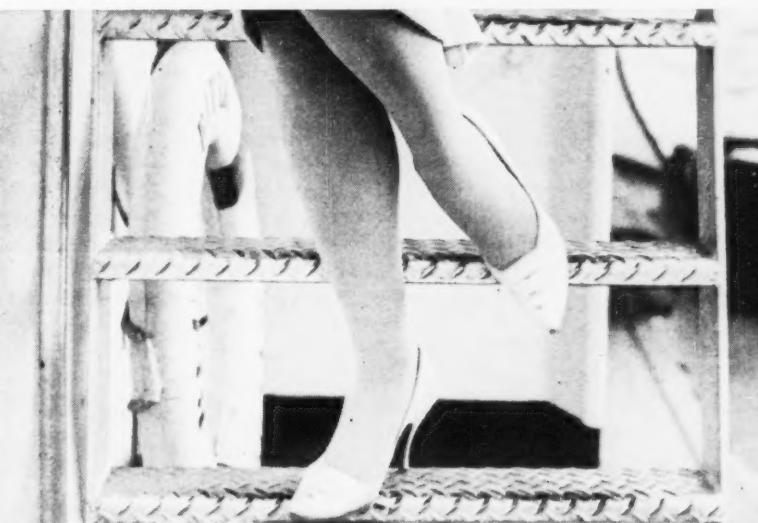
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*That is all-rubber nylon-wrapped threads with built-in "Snapback" action for the long-lasting full support your doctor wants you to have.

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The last word is yours —

Judging from letters praising our January budget feature and the many requests for our budget pamphlet (see how to get one below) CHATELAINE readers are off en masse to a sane sensible '61. As for romance, a Briton asks, Why not a Canadian consort for royalty?

How to make the most of your money

Thank you, thank you for How to Make the Most of Your Money [January]. My weekly trip to the supermarket has recently brought me to the edge of tears with the total the girl at the cash desk always managed to ring up, so the section on food thrift was especially appreciated.

Mrs. Marion Wilkens, Toronto.



Your January budgeting is a big help to all on low incomes. I sure like the menus for the week you planned.

Mrs. J. Egglestone, Midway, B.C.

Enjoyed your budget article, though in our area we find it hard to purchase a roast as reasonable as that (lamb) for your Sunday dinner. I would certainly love to see more articles of this type.

Mrs. L. A. Mills, Saskatoon.

At last an article on a moderate-priced wardrobe. Eighty-five dollars is about all the average wife has to spend on clothes.

Mrs. A. Ball, Geraldton, Ont.

May I comment how interested my wife and I were . . . More articles of this nature should benefit any family reading them.

Mr. H. A. Jenkins,
North Surrey, B.C.

I notice there is nothing budgeted for church givings and charitable donations. Perhaps this was an oversight.

Flora P. Harmer, St. Thomas, Ont.

Donations are covered under Gifts in the Joannise budget chart. Chatelaine's budget pamphlet, available to readers who send a stamped, addressed envelope, shows a more generous sum for

the Extras category which includes church and charity donations.

—The Editors.

Don Messer's happy gang

My heartfelt appreciation to Christina McCall Newman for her fine and appropriate write-up on Don Messer [January]. Everyone in Messer's outfit are real humans, no skittish malarkey or wisecracks to mar the human touch, and as for the CBC fellows at Halifax they have the best cameramen and picture dispatch on CBC.

Jas. I. Allan, Bechard, Sask.

I wondered at the lack of consideration of the rural woman in so many of your leading articles. I don't agree with this article. First of all, the music that Don Messer plays is not country corn. It is the very music of the pioneers. The country music which is on the hit parade may be called corn. The old reels and waltzes which Messer plays are not.

Perhaps if CHATELAINE were to delve more into the countrywoman's life, it would find us less rubbish than it thinks. We are educating our young, looking after our homes, and keeping up on the world just as the city woman is. Perhaps we do it less selfishly, perhaps we go without the season's newest hat so that our husbands may further their farming or ranching interests. We are homemakers before we are rubes.

Mrs. Dennis Bude, Lake Alma, Sask.

New Year — never better

Never have I read a more thoroughly enjoyable issue [January], and never have I missed one in years.

Mrs. Margaret Ford, Montreal.

Congratulations on growing up to be a first-rate women's magazine, and a Canadian one, too.

Mrs. Phillip Doucet, Meteghan, N.S.

I am pleased indeed to know that at last we have a truly Canadian magazine! Keep up the good work.

Mrs. F. A. Sherri, Toronto.

Do you know yours is the only magazine I actually read from cover to cover? Keep it Canadian, though.

Mrs. Peter Tulle, Toronto.

The articles are very interesting, the editorials thought-provoking — all in all yours is a magazine for the housewife who likes to have something to read that is more than entertaining.

Mrs. Sheila Richards,
Burlington, Ont.

Why not a Canadian consort?



Graham and Heather Fisher's article [Europe's Princesses — No One to Marry, December] shows a sad lack of understanding with regard to our own royal family. Ordinary people do not want our princes and princesses to marry foreign royalty unless it is a love match.

Three of the four sons of King George V married commoners, as did his daughter. The Duke of Windsor could have married an American without any question of having to abdicate, had she not been a divorcee.

There is already a very close blood tie with the Germans, so quite apart from anti-German feelings, it is unpleasant to read of suitable German princesses and princelets for Charles, Anne (and Andrew). We would be much happier if they married commoners, and in particular would welcome a Commonwealth link—especially a Canadian or Anzac. We don't ask for titles, just for a loving and religiously eligible helpmate.

Mrs. Betty Streete,
Abergavenny, Great Britain.

P.S. Please thank the Fishers for calling us Britons and not Britishers. Even our own people have caught the beastly word lately.

The Torontonians — is this Life?

The Torontonians [by Phyllis Brett Young, November, December] is a vivid portrayal of just how I feel. Where's the purpose to living anyway? To see my children face a future filled with uncertainties and death all around? To be part of a decaying social structure when to want to be part of a new and promising system would brand you a traitor? To work from dawn to dusk to buy shoddy goods that don't last? To have my children denied the full education for its own sake, simply because it's becoming too expensive to send your kids through schools that seem to place more importance on what they wear and drive than how much they learn.

Yes, The Torontonians was good, but the ending was a letdown, and an evasion of the facts of life.

Mrs. Robert Bell, Kenora, Ont.

Pen friends, anyone?

Two of my hobbies are favorite recipes and cookbooks. I am wondering if CHATELAINE friends would care to exchange?

Mrs. C. R. Van Dame, 3233 Escott Ave., Toledo 14, Ohio, U.S.A.



Milk-cured
six
years
ago

After seeing Milk for Burns—a New Discovery [Here's Health, January], I am amazed that it seems to be causing such a sensation.

Six years ago when I burned my hand badly with wax, our young doctor immediately told me to keep my hand in a basin of cold milk and when I went to bed that night to put on a compress of the milk. The pain immediately subsided on putting it in the milk and returned when I took it out. Two days later when I took off the bandage I didn't have the faintest sign of any burn.

B. Bissonnette, Beauport, Que.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

MEET MRS. CHATELAINE

The picture-story of our Paris-holiday winner

MY SISTER JULIETTE,

by Suzanne Sysak

WHY CANADA'S DIVORCE LAWS NEED CHANGING

How to Grow Old — And Start Living





A trip to Europe is no longer necessary to buy the world's most luxurious foundations

Leading couturiers in all 5 fashion centers of Europe shape their newest creations on Distinction foundations. Does your new dress deserve less...do you? Think of your-

self in imported lace or the finest embroidery. See the exquisite detailing of fine lace lingerie straps...linings of expensive dress material. And control is just a matter

of design. Unique nylon boning...strategic placement of panels...mold you firmly...while you feel blissfully free! Distinction, Europe's leading foundation maker, offers

30 new creations in bras, girdles, and corselets. From \$5.00 to \$37.50.

Distinction
by Triumph of Europe, Inc.

Above: In imported embroidered nylon marquisette and nylon elastic, #616. Long-leg panty girdle, satin elastic side panels. Sizes 25-30. \$17.50. #212. Matching brassiere B, C, D cups. \$8.50. In white, black-on-French nude, black-on-Rosina, helio, iris blue, Capri aqua. At better stores in the United States and Canada. Triumph of Europe, 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16. In Canada: 111 Queen Street East, Toronto. Triumph of Europe, Inc., 1961.

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